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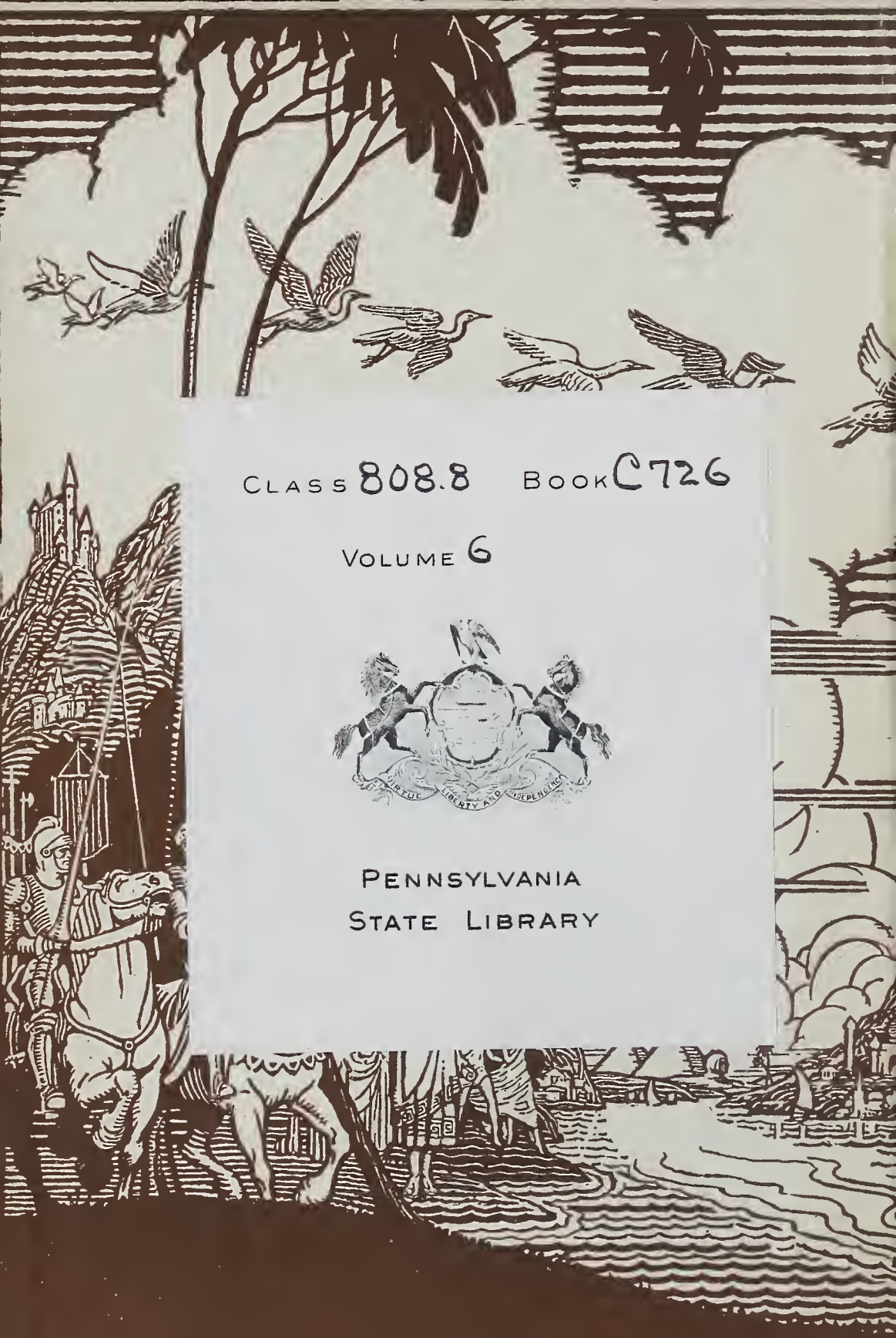

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Volume 6

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INTRODUCTION

THE long period of time covered by the present volume permits ample opportunity to observe successive modifications of French thought and expression, so profound and far-reaching as to constitute a phenomenon unique in the history of letters. What, indeed, are those qualities which we think of as peculiarly French? Are they present in the same degree in all periods from the fourteenth century to the twentieth? Or is not, rather, any period or any man the sum of two forces perpetually in conflict throughout French history?

The Middle Ages had been in France an epoch of intensely imaginative production. No doubt the intellectual faculties had had their share. The object of Scholastic philosophy was to use Reason for the upholding of Faith, and dialectic was the method adopted in disputations. But scholasticism had remained a thing of the schools and had exercised practically no influence upon literature. For several centuries the French had resorted to poetry as to the only natural form of literary expression, and all through that era they had actually lived in a world peopled by magnificent visions with which they tried to satisfy their aspirations after an ideal life. By the pathways of mysticism they had discovered a beatific land all aglow with the innumerable marvels of Biblical stories and the miracles of the Virgin and of the saints. In their profane moods they had given birth to a prodigious mass of romanesque literature — *chansons de geste* or epics, tales about the Crusades and ancient legends relating to Celtic heroes, in which were depicted fabulous countries and supernatural beings: invincible knights, magicians, terrible giants and malicious dwarfs, engaged in adventures wildly improbable. All this formed a collection of fables so full of unbridled fantasy as sometimes to fall into pure extravagance.

Only at the time of the Renaissance do we notice the full flowering of the intellectual qualities which are now regarded as particularly French. Then it was that France received from the sister country, Italy, a new impetus which well-nigh effected a complete rupture with the national literary tradition. The Italians, probably because they were the direct descendants of Old Rome, had brought to the interpretation of the ancients a spirit of sympathetic penetration which had set in their proper light that love of truth and life, that belief in the all-powerfulness of man's reason that are so conspicuous in the works of classical antiquity. This new spirit the French of the Renaissance imbibed eagerly, possibly because it harmonized with a certain realistic disposition which has never been absent from their literature, or, more probably, because

they welcomed the sharp contrast it afforded with the conceptions that had till then prevailed. They accepted it so thoroughly that they exaggerated the Italian tendencies and carried them to their extreme consequences. Henceforth they developed an absolute taste for the research of truth, which, in turn, involved a no less absolute taste for reason, the only faculty capable, in their eyes, of achieving the discovery after which they were striving with uncompromising zeal. And throughout the sixteenth century, as all sorts of moral and religious problems were being freely discussed, that belief in reason acquired strength and became so firmly established that in the early part of the seventeenth century there had been evolved a method which began to be considered as specifically French, and found in good time its exponent. Descartes, in constituting Reason the sole arbiter of Truth, gave the support of a coherent system to what had by now become a national practice. His 'Discourse on Method,' purporting to supply the means "well to conduct one's reason for the discovery of truth in sciences," is an epoch-making book, for it crystallized the new intellectual tendencies of the French, and, by giving them definite expression, it contributed in its turn to diffuse the new way of thinking. It is well known with what earnestness the seventeenth century adopted Cartesianism. The 'Discourse on Method' established once for all the dogma of Reason and the cult of abstract ideas; it even became the breviary of the men of the world when they felt the need of intellectual pursuits. Reason, which heretofore had been confined to philosophical speculation, passed into the domain of literature and of practical life. At any rate, during the seventeenth century, with the best French authors, whether they be orators, dramatists, or poets, the germ of their works is always to be found in some notion issuing from the deepest part of the intellect. Corneille, Molière, Bossuet followed the dictates of Reason as much as did Boileau himself. And Pascal, who so carefully safeguarded the intangible character of Faith, nevertheless saw in Reason a means of bringing the agnostic back to religion. The eighteenth century went still further in that direction. Descartes and Pascal believed that there was a domain into which Reason could penetrate only with infinite precaution and humility, and people were warned against the narrowness of a method which presumed to apply the understanding to matters which the understanding could not grasp. But in the following age Reason boldly asserted its supremacy and claimed predominance, with that result that it nearly eliminated Faith and the other forces of sentiment or imagination. This triumph was such that, as has been aptly said, Reason abandoned the province of reality "to work only on ideas." The thinkers of the time were more or less like the poet La Motte, of whom Fénelon remarked that "he raised in his mind a temple to his own reason."

Along with the reign of Reason came the development of other qualities which also pass for characteristically French: I mean that taste for concentration, proportion, and order which makes for clarity of thought and of style. That these characteristics are acquisitions of the French mind rather

than innate qualities can scarcely be doubted. The authors of *chansons de geste* are not precisely remarkable for self-restraint and sense of form. Even the writers of the Renaissance, men like Rabelais and Montaigne, however deeply influenced they may have been by the new spirit, cannot be given as models either of orderly composition or artistic reserve. The former had too exultant a vitality to allow himself to be confined in tight swaddling-bands. Exuberant was his interpretation of life and torrential was the flow of his vocabulary: his work has the expansive formlessness of some antediluvian monster, the hugeness and disorder of life itself. As to Montaigne's method of jotting down his observations as they occurred to him, in blissful ignorance of repetitions or contradictions, it did not tend to economy of matter or to unity of arrangement. Montaigne is no logician and he follows the vagaries of his thought in as desultory a manner as the most charming among the English essayists who caught the trick from him. French prose had to wait until the seventeenth century — when the Renaissance had already borne its fruitage — in order to acquire those qualities which have since become its distinctive mark.

Now, those qualities are the direct outcome of the method which, as we have seen, prevailed at that time. As the French developed their trust in Reason they acquired in consequence the habit of presenting their ideas in that strictly logical order which is the chief secret of French lucidity. For it is by the application of the logical method that one groups ideas according to an arrangement that can be readily grasped. One might say that the whole art of composition lies in the rigorous co-ordination of the development. "Style," said Buffon, himself one of the most lucid among French writers, "is only the order and the movement which we give to our thoughts. If we connect them closely, if we constrict them, the style becomes firm, nervous, and concise; if we allow them to follow one another slowly, only joined together by aimless words, however beautiful the latter may be, the style will be diffuse, weak, and dragging." To put each part in its proper place, to deduce the secondary thoughts rigorously from the principal ones, to unite them to one another according to the connections of dependence which logically govern them and in such a way that they form a chain from which no argument can be omitted without weakening or obscuring the rest, to observe all the time the natural hierarchy of ideas, to pass from the simple to the complex, so that the interest shall not be merely sustained, but shall continuously increase until the conclusion or ultimate unfolding of the essential and profound truth which has been pursued throughout, and of which each part was only a contributory fragment — such are the rules by virtue of which the French writers obtain those harmonious and convincing developments which lead the reader by easy paths through the mazes of thought, give him the pleasure of foreseeing the end, make him unconsciously use his reason, and so obtain a lucidity which disorganized argumentation, even though it be inspired by genius, can never

give.[1] And for two centuries that process of sublimation continued, until with writers like Voltaire French prose became so limpid that it acquired the transparency of the purest crystal. And after what has just been said no one will be surprised when I point out that Voltaire was at the same time the very embodiment of Reason carried to an extreme.

The effects of that self-imposed discipline are so important and so striking that it seems, at first, as if they had brought about a thorough transformation of the French mind. That the French have acquired a method of expression with which they will probably never part, is certain. But it would be a mistake — a mistake often made — to suppose that the change affected the very nature of the French mind. It did not certainly eradicate those qualities of imagination, which, the more I think of them, the more they seem to me to be the essential trait of the French temperament. The triumph of the forces of the intellect led by Reason was more apparent than real. Even if the imaginative faculty was at times forced to recede, it did not, for all that, relax its hold upon the inward life of the people. In the seventeenth century the poetical impulse continued to assert itself in the face of the Cartesian tyranny and despite the blasting authority of logic. The existence of La Fontaine is the best proof of the persistence of the old spirit. La Fontaine is the very embodiment of poetry, nay of poetry of the most fanciful, lawless kind, irreducible to any reasonable standard, ruled only by the transiency of moods, by turns sensitive and ironical, voluptuous and moral, naïve and clear-sighted, idealistic and realistic, witty, changeful, irresponsible, but all the time inspired by a delicately artistic sense which could draw from every object its most intimate beauty and clothe it with adequate form and rhythm. And when imagination did not find an outlet in poetry proper it still managed to manifest itself in that wonderful outburst of romanesque literature which is just as characteristic of that age as its rational propensities. During the seventeenth century, the passion for the marvelous was still potent and found satisfaction by means of romances set in pastoral surroundings or imaginary landscapes, in which incredibly noble heroes performed impossible deeds. Towards the middle of the century the demand for that sort of fiction was such that if we are to believe Charles Sorel "many a young man almost lost his mind by this kind of reading." Even the authors who, following another bent, sought to introduce a little reality into those romances by depicting fashionable sentiments or by representing contemporary types — Mlle. de Scudéry, for instance — could not help founding the plots upon extraordinary adventures and impossibilities. That century, supposedly so rational, gave also enthusiastic welcome to a literature of the marvelous which reminds us of the most typical inventions of the Middle Ages. Perrault's 'Contes' opened the way for the return of some of the personages most frequently met with in the old medieval romances,

[1] I apologize for borrowing the above fifteen lines nearly verbatim from my own book: 'French Life and Ideals' (Yale University Press, 1925). It is another French belief that there is but one adequate expression of a given thought.

easily recognizable under transparent disguises, fairies, ogres, and talking animals. And close upon his heels trod the crowd of the writers of fairy tales. Fénelon himself did not disdain to put his melodious pen to the service of old nursery stories. So abundant was this imaginative production that in 1785 it was possible to gather under the title of 'Cabinet des Fées' no fewer than forty volumes containing only the best examples of the *genre*.

The eighteenth century was no less remarkable in that respect. The domination of the philosophers was exerted in vain. Though officially banished, imagination only burned the clearer in men's minds. We must not forget that this century manifested an irrepressible curiosity for Shakespeare's works and greeted Rousseau with loud enthusiasm, and that 'The Arabian Nights' were its delight. People discussed philosophy, but for their pleasure devoured the 'Cabinet des Fées.' Voltaire, high priest of Reason though he was, wrote 'Micromégas,' a fantasy in the manner of Swift. Montesquieu, the author of 'L'Esprit des Lois,' is also the author of the 'Temple de Gnide.' Diderot, the founder of the Encyclopédie, charmed the salons of the time with 'L'Oiseau Blanc' and 'Les Bijoux Indiscrets.' Bernardin de Saint-Pierre in the pursuit of his utopian dreams discovered exoticism, and Cazotte openly reinstated the fantastic by writing his 'Diable Amoureux,' which a few years later was to inspire Hoffmann.

So that when Romanticism broke out it did not rediscover the value and charm of imagination under the influence of foreign literatures, as is constantly affirmed; it merely released pent-up sentiments which had never ceased to exist and had valiantly struggled for expression. In the works of English and German writers the French Romanticists only found an encouragement to, and a confirmation of, their own yearnings. But, as they themselves liked to point out, their direct ancestors and inspirers were the men of the Middle Ages. They were simply renewing an old tradition — the true French tradition.

After the Romantic explosion it is no longer possible to uphold the opinion that the bent of the French mind is above all classical. The history of the development of French literature in the second half of the nineteenth century and the first decades of the twentieth is marked by a prolonged conflict between the forces of Imagination and the forces of Reason, the former, I insist, being innate, the latter, acquired, but both equally dear to the modern French way of thinking. So that no one triumphs for a long time. A period of essentially imaginative expression is sure to be followed by a reaction of the intellectual method and, *vice versa,* a spell of intellectualism ends in a glorification of sensibility. And thus in recent times the pendulum has been swinging from right to left, from left to right. And there is every likelihood that, in the future, it will still continue to oscillate between what can now be considered as the two poles of French thought — the most typically French writers being, I imagine, those who succeed in reconciling within themselves those opposite tendencies of their temperament.

ALBERT FEUILLERAT

THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING

THE DECAY OF MEDIEVALISM

WHEN Philip VI, the first of the House of Valois, came to the throne of France in 1328, medievalism was on its death-bed. Dante, the supreme poet who gave expression to that period, had done his work and died in 1321; the Italian humanists, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and their fellows, heralds of a new order, were growing up to manhood; and in France herself it was becoming apparent that the social structure, the ideals, and the literary forms of the Middle Ages were worn out.

The chivalric conception of duty and honor and the monastic conception of holiness were generally neglected, even scoffed at, by those whose business it had once been to maintain them intact. The gentle knights of the medieval romances were no more, and their later representatives, with the mounted men-at-arms who had carried all before them in previous centuries, began to cut a sorry figure before the English bowmen at Crécy in 1346 and Poitiers in 1356. The invention of gunpowder made heavy defensive armor more of an encumbrance than a protection, and helped to render the feudal baron a much less formidable figure to the lightly-armed peasant or citizen than he had been in former days, while the ease with which artillery breached the walls of his hitherto impregnable castle showed that the time of his domination was ended. Nor can his passing be much regretted. The heroes of the Hundred Years' War, from a modern point of view, seem to be little more than disciplined brigands; all our sympathy goes out to the luckless owners of the villages they burned and the crops they ravaged.

In the religious sphere, a similar degradation was taking place. The Papal Schism with its spectacle of two rival heads of the Western Church existing simultaneously, the ambition and luxury of church dignitaries, the open practice of simony, all these combined, not indeed to overthrow the general belief in dogma, but to undermine all trust in those who were its authorized exponents.

As power dropped from the hands of the mail-clad lord and the fighting bishop, it was caught up by those of the king and the merchant. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries we can perceive an almost unchecked decline of the nobility and the church militant in face of the growing strength, on the one hand of the crown, and on the other of the organized communities of the townsmen, who could often fight as well as they could trade.

The tendencies sketched above were accentuated and hastened in their operation by the terrible misfortunes that befell the country as a result of the war with England and of the Black Death in 1348–49. These brought in their train strife between the peasants and their masters, intestine struggles among the French nobles, some of whom sided with the English, and the curse of mercenary bands of professional soldiers, who preyed on friend and foe alike. The whole edifice of medieval society had already begun to crumble; such disasters hastened the fall of the fabric and at least helped to destroy part of the rubbish.

The age, decidedly, was not an inspiring one. In point of fact, it has left in literature very few works of abiding value. The best examples of prose are to be found in the narratives penned by Froissart, the indefatigable chronicler of the Hundred Years' War. French poetry was almost non-existent, dissipated in the maintenance of certain fixed forms like the rondeau, the virelai, and the ballade, without much true lyrical power. Froissart has left us some examples of allegorical verse, and the works of Guillaume de Machault and Eustache Deschamps, which were once part of Chaucer's reading, are still known to students.

THE BEGINNINGS OF HUMANISM

With the first few decades of the fifteenth century, however, it becomes increasingly plain that side by side with the forces of decay there are forces of regeneration at work. It is generally with bitter irony that the aims and achievements of chivalry are set forth by the story-teller Antoine de la Salle in his 'Le Petit Jehan de Saintré' in 1459. The late medieval brutality and cynicism, it is true, fill the pages of the 'Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles' of 1462, to which he contributed largely, but the tendency of the age in a new direction had already been shown by him.

The impulse came from without. In Italy, the rediscovery of classical antiquity, dimly made by the humanists in the fourteenth century, had been steadily advancing during the early years of the fifteenth through the visits paid to Constantinople by scholars of Greek, and through their teaching in Florence on their return. It was immensely furthered when in 1439 a party of eminent Greeks arrived at Florence. The year previous had seen the calling of a council at Ferrara to discuss the union of Eastern with Western Christendom. When the council removed to Florence, a mile-post in the intellectual history of Italy and of Europe was set up. For although the original project came to nothing, the keen-witted Florentines, avid for knowledge, kept with them several of the Greek scholars, who by their lectures and conversation created a passion for their ancient literature in general, and for Plato in particular, which went far towards shaping the whole thought of the Revival of Learning. The faces of John Paleologus, the Eastern Emperor, and his

train, still look out from the frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli in the Medici Palace, and remind us of this event.

Echoes of the new and fascinating studies had already crossed the Alps. The poems of Petrarch, the tales of Boccaccio, had found eager readers and imitators among French men and women, and traces of Italian influence are plain in the haunting verses of a Charles d'Orléans (1391–1465), although the forms used are as yet medieval. The contact between the two countries was, however, too slight and too occasional for the full current of humanism to strike into France at this time. It remained for the Italian wars at the end of the fifteenth century and the opening of the sixteenth to give the opportunity for a closer and more durable union of thought and feeling between the two countries.

The outstanding literary figure of the fifteenth century in France is, indeed, no learned disciple of the early humanists, but the veriest ragamuffin among poets — François Villon. Villon wrote ballades and rondeaux, and by his preoccupation with the themes of death and decay showed his medieval descent, but by his passionate individualism and self-revelation he was a man of the new world that was shaping around him. In practically every essential, his poetry looked forward to the age succeeding his own rather than back at that earlier one, and this no doubt helps to explain why he is still read today, while most of his French contemporaries are forgotten.

THE FLOOD OF ITALIAN INFLUENCE

In 1494 Charles VIII invaded Italy in order to reduce the power of the Holy Roman Empire and to assert his claims to Milan. By doing so, he made a channel for the direct passage into France of the whole current of the Italian Revival of Learning. When he came back, he brought with him to his castle of Amboise a group of Italian architects, scholars, and retainers. His courtiers were not slow to follow the royal example, and everywhere the taste for things Italian spread. French gentlemen collected Italian antiquities, copied Italian dress and customs, and employed Italian teachers for their children. The Italian builders, painters, and sculptors were eagerly sought after; no words of praise were too strong for the products of their glowing and varied art.

With the accession of François I in 1515, the Italianization of France grew apace, for the new king was something more than a rough soldier enamored of a culture he could not share — he was a monarch with an artist's soul, genuinely and passionately interested in furthering the causes of scholarship and art in his kingdom. He brought to France the great painter and universal genius, Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519), and that accomplished craftsman and firebrand, Benvenuto Cellini (1500–1571), entertained the Italian poet Luigi Alamanni (1495–1556), and delighted in the conversation of such

humanists as the learned Guillaume Budé (1467–1540). "The table of the king," says Brantôme the historian, "was a real school, for they talked of everything there from war to the sciences."

The influence of Italy, then, was apparent in almost every walk of French life at this period; but it brought forth no great masterpieces of painting and sculpture. In scholarship and creative literature, on the other hand, Frenchmen, under the spell of the new light that had shone upon them, produced work of the most enduring kind.

THE SCHOLARS

France can point with pride to her classical scholars of the sixteenth century, headed by Budé, whom Erasmus called "the French prodigy." They drew their inspiration partly, it is true, from Italian sources, but brought to the task of editing and commenting on Greek and Latin authors a skill and a keenness that enabled them to surpass most of their forerunners. The names of Robert Estienne (1503–1559), printer to François I, and his gifted son, Henri Estienne (1528–1598), are inseparably linked with the diffusion of classical learning in France. Henri, too, stoutly opposed the overzealous admirers of Italy who had introduced into French a number of Italian words and turns of expression, and thus is an ancestor of the purists of a later generation. The French erudition, exactness, and thoroughness became proverbial during the century, while the Greek type chosen by French editors set the fashion in Europe for two hundred years.

Nor were brilliant translators lacking. Jacques Amyot (1513–1593), who turned Plutarch's 'Lives' into French in 1559, made this book immensely popular through the familiar, racy style he employed. It was from Amyot, in the English dress given him by Thomas North, that Shakespeare drew the material he worked with such genius into 'Julius Caesar,' 'Coriolanus,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Clément Marot, the poet, exhibited his interest in the classics by translating parts of Theocritus, Ovid, and Virgil.

RELIGIOUS REFORMERS

In 1541 Jean Calvin (1509–1564), translated into French his Latin theological treatise, the 'Institutes,' and made it clear that he was addressing himself to the bulk of the nation, not to the learned alone. The version is a masterpiece of vigorous French; more than that, it marks an epoch in the history of the Reformation. The new religious views had already begun to filter into France from Germany and Switzerland, but had as yet found no such masterly defender as Calvin, whose logical power of analysis made him the natural head of French Protestantism. This translation of the 'Institutes' shows us the Latin scholar and humanist turning away from the main paths of the Revival of Learning to concentrate upon the problem of man's re-

lation to God and to the established faith, and employing a language he knew all could comprehend. With Calvin may be placed Théodore de Bèze, better known as Beza (1519–1605), who was his biographer, and who threw into the defense of the Protestant cause all the weight of his erudition and enthusiasm.

Yet in spite of its having such notable exponents, that cause met in France with the fiercest opposition. François I regarded the new ideas with suspicion and alarm, which were heightened when the Sorbonne theologians warned him that unless they were checked all authority would be ruined. In 1534 persecution of the Protestants began; it increased steadily in violence and thoroughness during the reigns of François and of his son Henri II (1547–1559), whose Italian wife, Catherine de' Medici, was one of the most implacable enemies of the reformers.

MARGUERITE D'ANGOULÊME AND MAROT

There were, however, divisions in the reigning family over religious matters; the sister of François I, the gifted Marguerite d'Angoulême (1492–1549), was by no means hostile to the Huguenots, as the French Protestants were called, if she did not actually join them. This royal lady is representative of all that was best in the Revival of Learning. She was broadminded and kindly, poetical, and learned in six languages besides her own. Her 'Heptaméron' (written after 1545) is an imitation of Boccaccio, differing from its model in that the stories are founded on fact and intermingled with moral observations. Marguerite also left some short poems, many of which show genuine feeling and imagination.

It was under her protection that the Protestant poet, Clément Marot (1497–1544), was able for a time to escape persecution, although finally forced to flee to Italy. Marot began to write in a pedantic strain, using the familiar forms bequeathed by the medieval poets and by Villon. Then, feeling the touch of the Revival of Learning, he became a translator of the Greek and Latin classics. Finally he developed an original style of poetical composition, depending for its appeal on an airy grace to which French critics have applied the adjective "marotique." Most of Marot's work was occasional — celebrating some occurrence in his life, or intended merely to amuse and gratify his patrons — but it breathed a personal and distinctive charm which it has never quite lost. When Spenser was composing his 'Shepherd's Calendar' in 1579, he plainly showed the effects of a study of Marot; one whole eclogue, the eleventh, is practically a translation of the French poet's elegy on Louise of Savoy.

RONSARD AND THE PLÉIADE

After all, however, the sweetness and grace of Marot were not enough to enable us to call him great. It was left to Pierre de Ronsard (1524–1585) to make himself the spokesman of his age in poetry, and the literary idol of Frenchmen for over a generation. The group of writers associated with Ronsard under the name of the 'Pléiade' — the most important were Joachim du Bellay (1522–1560), Jean-Antoine de Baïf (1532–1589), and Remy Belleau (1528–1577) — and thus likening themselves to the seven stars of the Pleiades, held in common certain views concerning poetry which are of the utmost importance for the understanding of what they composed.

First, they believed that the French language, in order that poets might use it to as good effect as the classical writers had used Latin and Greek, must be enriched and expanded. Words must be borrowed from those tongues and from the local dialects of France, while new words must be boldly formed where needed.

Next, poets were to discard the medieval forms of versification in favor of those used by the ancients, such as the epic, the ode, and the elegy. "First, then, O future poet," says Du Bellay in his 'Défense,' "read and re-read, pore over night and day the Greek and Latin models; then leave all those old French measures, like Rondeaux, Ballades, Virelais, Chants Royaux, Chansons and other such trumpery, which corrupt the taste of our language and serve only to bear witness to our ignorance."

Furthermore, the Pléiade taught and practised a close attention to regularity in the handling of the cesura (the pause in the middle of the line), the elision of unaccented final e's, and the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes. They never reduced these precepts to a mechanical process as some writers of the next century did; the poet was still left a good deal of freedom.

Although to a modern reader much of the poetry of this group, and even of Ronsard, is rendered obscure by their too frequent classical allusions and by the number of new or unusual words they used, they had a richness, a suppleness, and a singing note which have been fully recognized only in recent years. Ronsard's shorter poems are among the finest ever written in French.

THE GREAT PROSE WRITERS

As in this poetry we can see the current of classical restraint running side by side with the exuberance of the Revival, so we may trace the development of French life and thought during the century in the work of those who were its greatest products — the phenomenal humorist Rabelais and the essayist Montaigne. They show us how the tumultuous energy of the earlier years, full of revolt against the past and plans for the future, was directed by reason

into less radical and more practical channels, as the men of the new Europe were here disappointed and there saw their ideals blossoming and bearing fruit.

François Rabelais is the most complete representative of the passionate enthusiasm for learning felt by so many Frenchmen of his day. No one can read the letter of Gargantua to his son, in the 'Pantagruel' (1533), without feeling his blood stirred by its exultant notes, — "Now are all studies restored, and languages again held in honor: Greek, without which it is a shame that a person should call himself learned, Hebrew, Chaldee, Latin; printed books, so elegant and so correct, are in use, which have been invented in my time by divine inspiration as, contrariwise, artillery was by suggestion of the devil. The whole world is full of knowing men, of most learned preceptors, of ample libraries, and 'tis my belief that neither in the days of Plato, nor of Cicero, nor of Papinian, was there such commodity of study as men may now see." In his discussion of Gargantua's education by the wise Ponocrates, too, Rabelais has before him an ideal of universal accomplishment, and shows himself a true humanist, saturated with the study of the ancients.

MONTAIGNE

Michel Eyquem de Montaigne (1533–1592) is later than Rabelais; he has behind him the cruel history of the religious wars, which have brought disillusionment and scepticism. In his 'Essais' we miss the joyous exuberance of Rabelais, but by his worldly wisdom, his kindly tolerance, and his general tendency to accept life as it is, Montaigne will always hold his place as one of the greatest of Frenchmen. More completely than any prose author before him, he sets himself down in his book, yet so easily and dispassionately as never to displease the reader.

There is little of the reformer about him. His philosophy tells him that, after all, it is best and safest, in the absence of a sure guide, to stick to the established order in religion, morals, and manners. "Que sais-je? [what do I know?]" is his reply to most of life's great questions.

Montaigne, however, through his constant use of reason to display the follies of prejudice and fanaticism, is a direct antecedent of the great rationalists of the next century, whose leader was Descartes. In the literary field, his common-sense dislike of extremes prepares us for the neo-classical age that was to follow him.

HISTORICAL EVENTS	LITERARY DATES
1328 Philip VI of Valois becomes King of France	
1337 The Hundred Years' War begins	
1346 Edward III and the Black Prince defeat the French at Crécy	
1348–49 The Black Death rages in Europe	
1356 The Black Prince defeats the French at Poitiers and takes King John prisoner	
1360 The Peace of Bretigny is made between England and France, giving England large territories south of the Loire	1376–83 Froissart revises his chronicles
1415 Henry V defeats the French at Agincourt. He later marries Catherine of France and is recognized as heir to the French throne	
1429 Joan of Arc raises the siege of Orléans and has Charles VII crowned King of France	
1431 Joan of Arc is burnt at Rouen	
1450 Gutenberg prints the first book	
1453 The Turks take Constantinople	1461 Villon writes his *Grand Testament*
1492 Columbus discovers America	
1494 Charles VIII invades Italy	
1515 François I becomes King of France	
1517 Luther nails his theses to the door of Wittenberg church	1533 Rabelais publishes *Pantagruel* at Lyons
1534 Persecution of French Protestants begins	1535 Rabelais publishes *Gargantua*
1541 Calvin becomes dictator at Geneva	1541 The French version of Calvin's *Institutes* appears

1545 The Council of Trent opens. The Protestants are condemned, and the Roman Catholic Church reformed

1549 Du Bellay launches his treatise *Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française*

1550 Ronsard publishes his first volume of poems

1552 Jodelle presents *Cléopâtre,* the first French tragedy

1559 Amyot brings out his translation of Plutarch's *Lives*

1562 Civil War begins between French Catholics and Huguenots

1572 The Huguenots are massacred on St. Bartholomew's Eve

1580 The first two volumes of Montaigne's *Essais* appear

1588 The third volume of Montaigne is published

1589 Henri IV becomes King of France

1592 Montaigne dies

1598 The Edict of Nantes secures liberty of conscience to the Huguenots

FROISSART

FROISSART is the artist of chivalry. On his pages are painted, with immortal brilliancy, the splendid shows, the coronations, weddings, tourneys, marches, feasts, and battles of the English and French knighthood just before the close of the Middle Ages. "I intend," he says in the Prologue to his chronicle, "to treat and record history and matter of great praise, to the end that the honorable emprises and noble adventures and deeds of arms, which have come about from the wars of France and England, may be notably enregistered and placed in perpetual memory, whereby chevaliers may take example to encourage them in well-doing."

Chivalry, in the popular understanding, is the fine flower of feudalism, its bloom of poetic and heroic life. But in reality it was artificial, having grown from an exaggerated respect for certain human qualities, at the expense of others fully as essential and indeed no less beautiful. Courage is good; but it is not rare, and the love of fighting for fighting's sake is made possible only by disregarding large areas of life to which war brings no harvest of happiness, and over which it does not even cast the glamor of romance. The works of civilized communities — agriculture, industry, commerce, art, learning, religion — were nearly at a standstill in the middle of the fourteenth century, when Europe was turned into a playground for steel-clad barbarians.

This perversion of nature could not last. The wretched Hundred Years' War had run but half its course when the misery and disgust among the real people, who thought and wrought, drove them to such despairing efforts as the Jacquerie in France and Wat Tyler's Rebellion in England. It was the English archers, as Froissart reluctantly admits, and not the knights, who won the battle of Poitiers. Gunpowder and cannon, a few years later, doomed the man-at-arms, and the rise of strong monarchies crowded out the feudal system. The thunder of artillery which echoes faintly in the last pages of Froissart is like a parting salvo to all the pageantry the volume holds. From cannon-ball and musket-shot the glittering procession has found refuge there. Into the safe retreat of these illuminated parchments, all the banners and pennons, lances, crests, and tapestries, knights and horses under clanking mail, had time — and but just time — to withdraw. We find them there, fresh as when they hurried in, the colors bright, the trumpets blowing.

Jean Froissart was born at Valenciennes in Hainault, in 1337, the year of his birth almost coinciding with Chaucer's. He tells us in his long autobiographical poem, 'L'Espinette Amoureuse,' that he was fond of play when

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a boy, delighted in dances, carols, and poems, and had a liking for all those who loved dogs and birds; and there is no doubt of the accuracy of his description of himself in the opening lines, as fond of pleasure, prone to gallantry, and susceptible to all the bright faces of romance. From love and arms, he says, we are often told that all joy and every honor flow. He informs us elsewhere that he was no sooner out of school than he began to write, putting into verse the wars of his time.

In 1361 he went to England, where Edward III was reigning with Philippa his queen, a daughter of the Count of Hainault. His passport to the favor of his great countrywoman was a book, the result of these rhymings, covering a period from the battle of Poitiers, 1356, to the time of his voyage. This volume is not known to exist, nor any copy of it. The Queen made Froissart a clerk of her chamber. He had abundant opportunity in England to gratify his curiosity and fill his note-book, for the court was full of French noblemen, lately come over as hostages for King John of France, who was captured at the battle of Poitiers.

In 1365 he took letters of recommendation from the Queen to David Bruce, King of Scotland, whom he followed for three months in his progress through that realm; spending a fortnight at the castle of William Douglas and making everywhere diligent inquiry about the recent war of 1345. In his delightful little poem 'The Debate between the Horse and the Greyhound,' beginning, "Froissart from Scotland was returning," we have a lifelike figure of the inquisitive young chronicler, pushing unweariedly from inn to inn on a tired horse and leading a footsore dog.

Between his thirtieth and his thirty-fourth year he was sometimes in England and sometimes in various parts of the Continent. In August 1369, while he was abroad, his patroness Queen Philippa died. She had encouraged him to continue his researches and writings, and he had presented her with a second volume, in prose, which has come down to us as a part of the chronicle. On hearing of the Queen's death, Froissart settled in his own country of Hainault. There he won favor from princes, as was his custom, by giving them manuscripts of his chronicle, which was growing apace. By the middle of 1373 we find him become a churchman and provided with a living, in which he remained ten years, compiling fresh history and correcting what he had already written and put in circulation. A little later, 1376 to 1383, he made a more thorough revision of his chronicle, going so far as to modify its spirit, which had been favorable to English character and policy, and make it more agreeable to partisans of France. Although Froissart was not a Frenchman, his writings are all in the French language, which was of course his native tongue.

About the beginning of 1384 he was made a canon of the Church, at Chimay, a small town near the French frontier, and in this region he observed the military movements then going on there, and recorded them immediately in Book ii of his chronicle. Four years of quiet were however too much for

his mobile and energetic spirit; and in 1388, hearing that the Count Gaston de Foix, in the Pyrenees, was a man likely to know many details of the English wars in Gascony and Guyenne, he set out to visit him, taking among other presents a book of his poetry and two couples of hounds. When he still had ten days to travel he met a gentleman of Foix, with whom he journeyed the rest of the way, beguiling the time with talk about the sieges the various towns upon their route had suffered.

"At the words which he spoke I was delighted, for they pleased me much, and right well did I retain them all; and as soon as I had dismounted at the hostelries along the road which we traveled together, I wrote them down, at evening as in the morning, to have a better record of them in times to come; for there is nothing so retentive as writing."

Count Gaston received him hospitably, and filled his three months' sojourn with stories of great events. Then Froissart visited many towns of Provence and Languedoc. These peregrinations furnished much of the material for Book iii. Little more is known of his life, except with respect to a visit to England which he made in 1394, and which enabled him to collect material for a large part of Book iv, the last in the chronicle. He is supposed to have died at Chimay, later than 1400, and perhaps, as tradition asserts, in 1410.

It is an engaging picture, this, of a genial, sharp-eyed, somewhat worldly churchman, riding his gray horse over hill and dale in quest of knowledge. We can fancy him arriving at his inn of an evening, and at once asking the obsequious host what knight or other great person dwells in the neighborhood. He loses no time before calling at the castle, and is gladly admitted when he tells his well-known name. He is ready to pay for any historical information with a story from his own collection. He is welcome everywhere, and for his part does not regret the time thus spent, nor the money — several fortunes, by his own count — for he has the light heart of the true traveler. It is always sunshine where he goes. To realize the charm of journeying in those days, we must remember that the local customs and qualities were almost undisturbed by communication; two French cities only a score of miles apart would often differ from each other as much as Nuremberg does from Venice.

"And I tell you for a truth," we read, "that to make these chronicles I have gone in my time much through the world, both to fulfil my pleasure by seeing the wonders of the earth, and to inquire about the arms and adventures that are written in this book."

So to horse, good Canon of Chimay! Throw aside books; there is news of fighting in the South; after the battle, soldiers will talk. There have been deeds of courage and romance. Hasten thither, while the tale of them is new!

If he were not so celebrated as a chronicler, Froissart would be known as one of the last of the wandering minstrels. He had the roving foot; he lived by charming the rich into generosity with his recitals. And he wrote much poetry, which is little read, except where it has some autobiographical in-

terest. We possess the long poems, 'L'Espinette Amoureuse,' 'Le Buisson de Jeunesse,' 'Le Dit du Florin,' and several shorter pieces, with fragments of his once famous versified romance 'Méliador.'

His great prose work, while professing to be a history, in distinction from the chronicles of previous writers, is however not an orderly narration, nor is it a philosophical treatment of political causes and effects. It is a collection of pictures and stories, without much unity except the constant purpose of exhibiting the prowess of knighthood. There is little indication even of partisanship or patriotic feeling. Froissart generally gives due meed of praise to the best knight in every bout, the best battalion in every encounter, regardless of sides.

The subjects treated are so numerous and disparate that no general idea of them can be given. They cover the time from 1326 to 1394, and lead us through England, Scotland, Flanders, Hainault, France, Italy, Spain, and Northern Africa. Among the most interesting passages are the story of King Edward's campaign against the Scots; his march through France; the battle of Crécy; the siege of Calais; Wat Tyler's Rebellion, which Froissart the well-fed parasite treats with an odd and inconsistent mingling of horror and contempt. The Jacquerie, which he says was the work of peasant dogs, the scum of the earth; the battle of Poitiers, with a fine description of the Black Prince waiting at table on poor captured King John, and the rise and fall of Philip van Artevelde.

Froissart's chronicle used to be regarded as authoritative history. But as might have been expected from his mode of inquiry, it is full of geographical, chronological, and other errors. Getting his information by ear, he wrote proper names phonetically, or turned them into something resembling French. Thus Worcester becomes "Vaucestre," Seymour "Simon," Sutherland "Surlant," and Walter Tyler "Vautre Tuilier." The persons from whom he got his material were generally partisans either of France or of England, and often told him their stories years after the events; so that although he tried to be impartial himself, and to offset one witness by another, he seldom heard a judicial account of a battle or a quarrel. He seems to have consulted few written records, though he might easily have seen the State papers of England and Hainault.

It is useless to blame him, however; for the writing of mere history was not his purpose. With all his fine devotion to his life work — a devotion which is the more admirable when we consider his pleasure-loving nature — with all his attention to fairness, his great concern was not so much to instruct as to delight, first himself, secondly the great people of his age, and lastly posterity, on whom he ever and anon cast a shrewd and longing glance. To please his contemporaries, he several times revised his work. Posterity has nearly always preferred what might be called the first edition, which is the most unconscious and entertaining, though the least precise.

But if we must deny him much of the value as a political historian which was once attributed to him, we may still regard him as a great authority for the general aspect of life in the fourteenth century. Manners, customs, morals, as well as armor and dress, are no doubt correctly portrayed in his book. We learn from it what was deemed virtue and what vice; we learn that although religion was sincerely professed by the upper classes, it was not very successfully practised, and had amazingly little effect upon morals. We are struck, for instance, with the absence of imagination or sympathy which permitted people to witness the horrible tortures inflicted on prisoners and criminals, although their minds were frequently filled with visions of supernatural beings. Froissart unconsciously makes himself, too, a medium for studying human character in his time, by his negative morality, his complacent recording of crimes, his unconcerned mention of horrors. There is an indifference colder even than cynicism in his failure to remark on the sufferings of the poor, which were so awful in his age. It is the result of class prejudice, and seems deliberate. The burned village, the trampled grain-field, the cowering women, the starved children, the rotting corpses, the mangled forms of living and agonizing foot-soldiers — all these consequences of war he sees and occasionally mentions, yet they hardly touch him. But he is forever mourning the death of stricken knights as if it were a woeful loss.

Froissart's merit, then, is not that he is a great political historian, nor even a great historian of the culture of his time. He did not see accurately enough to be the first, nor broadly and deeply and independently enough to be the second. But kindly Nature made him something else, and enabled him to win that name "which honoreth most and most endureth." She gave him the painter's eye, the poet's fancy, and it is as the artist of chivalry he lives today. His chronicle may be often false to historical fact, it may not display a broad and sympathetic intelligence or a generous impatience of conventionality, but it does please, it does enthrall. It is one of those books without moral intent, like 'The Arabian Nights,' which the boys of all ages will persist in reading, and which men delight in if they love good pictures and good story-telling. No more lasting colors have come down to us from Venetian painters than those which rush out from the words on his pages. His scenes do not take shape in our minds as etchings or engravings, but smile themselves into being, like oil-paintings. Sunlight, the glint of steel, red and yellow banners waving, white horses galloping over the sand, flashing armor, glittering spurs, the shining faces of eager men, fill with glory this great pictorial wonder-book of the Middle Ages.

George M'Lean Harper

OF THE BATTLE OF BLANCHE-TAQUE

[Charles IV of France had died in 1328, leaving no male issue. The King of England, Edward III, who was his sister's son, laid claim to the French throne and added the lilies of France to the lions on his coat of arms. The French, however, declared that by their Salic Law the descent of Edward from a French king on his mother's side only was insufficient, and chose a distant relative of Charles IV, Philip of Valois, to succeed him. Edward III then decided to enforce his claim by war.

In 1346 he landed in Normandy, captured Barfleur, Cherbourg, and Caen, and marched towards Paris. Philip IV gathered an immense host and followed Edward, trying to overtake him before he had crossed the Somme. When the English came to the river they found all the bridges and fords well guarded; but at last a peasant, Gobin Agace, offered to show them a crossing at a place called Blanche-Taque.]

THE King of England slept not much that night, for at midnight he arose and sowned his trumpet; then incontinent they made ready carriages and all things, and at the breaking of the day they departed from the town of Oisemont and rode after the guiding of Gobin Agace, so that they came by the sun-rising to Blanche-Taque: but as then the flood was up, so that they might not pass, so that the King tarried there till it was prime; then the ebb came.

The French King had his currours in the country, who brought him word of the demeanor of the Englishmen. Then he thought to close the King of England between Abbeville and the river of Somme, and so to fight with him at his pleasure. And when he was at Amiens he had ordained a great baron of Normandy, called Sir Godemar du Fay, to go and keep the passage of Blanche-Taque, where the Englishmen must pass or else in none other place. He had with him a thousand men of arms and six thousand afoot, with the Genoways; so they went by Saint-Riquier in Ponthieu and from thence to Crotoy, whereas the passage lay: and also he had with him a great number of men of the country, and also a great number of them of Montreuil, so that they were a twelve thousand men one and other.

When the English host was come thither, Sir Godemar du Fay arranged all his company to defend the passage. The King of England let not for all that; but when the flood was gone, he commanded his marshals to enter into the water in the name of God and St. George. Then they that were hardy and courageous entered on both parties, and many a man reversed. There were some of the Frenchmen of Artois and Picardy that were as glad to joust in the water as on the dry land.

The Frenchmen defended so well the passage at the issuing out of the water, that they had much to do. The Genoways did them great trouble with their cross-bows; on the other side the archers of England shot so wholly together, that the Frenchmen were fain to give place to the Englishmen. There was a sore battle, and many a noble feat of arms done on both sides. Finally the Englishmen passed over and assembled together in the field. The King and the Prince passed, and all the lords; then the Frenchmen kept none array, but departed, he that might best. When Sir Godemar saw that discomfiture, he fled and saved himself; some fled to Abbeville and some to Saint-Riquiers. They that were there afoot could not flee, so that there were slain a great number of them of Abbeville, Montreuil, Rue, and of Saint-Riquiers; the chase endured more than a great league. And as yet all the Englishmen were not passed the river, and certain currours of the King of Bohemia and of Sir John of Hainault came on them that were behind, and took certain horses and carriages and slew divers, or they could take the passage.

The French King the same morning was departed from Airaines, trusting to have found the Englishmen between him and the river of Somme; but when he heard how that Sir Godemar du Fay and his company were discomfited, he tarried in the field and demanded of his marshals what was best to do. They said, "Sir, ye cannot pass the river but at the bridge of Abbeville, for the flood is come in at Blanche-Taque;" then he returned and lodged at Abbeville.

The King of England, when he was past the river, he thanked God, and so rode forth in like manner as he did before. Then he called Gobin Agace and did quit him his ransom and all his company, and gave him a hundred nobles and a good horse. And so the King rode forth fair and easily, and thought to have lodged in a great town called Noyelles; but when he knew that the town pertained to the Countess d'Aumale, sister to the Lord Robert of Artois [she was in fact his daughter], the King assured the town and country as much as pertained to her, and so went forth: and his marshals rode to Crotoy on the seaside and brent the town, and found in the haven many ships and barks charged with wines of Poitou, pertaining to the merchants of Saintonge and of Rochelle; they brought the best thereof to the King's host. Then one of the marshals rode to the gates of Abbeville and from thence to Saint-Riquiers, and after to the town of Rue-Saint-Esprit. This was on a Friday, and both battles of the marshals returned to the King's host about noon and so lodged altogether near to Cressy in Ponthieu.

The King of England was well informed how the French King followed after him to fight. Then he said to his company, "Let us take here some plot of ground, for we will go no farther till we have seen our enemies. I have good cause here to abide them, for I am on the right heritage of the Queen my mother, the which land was given at her marriage: I will challenge it of mine adversary Philip of Valois." And because that he had not the eighth part in number of men as the French King had, therefore he commanded his marshals

to choose a plot of ground somewhat for his advantage; and so they did, and thither the King and his host went. Then he sent his currours to Abbeville, to see if the French King drew that day into the field or not. They went forth and returned again, and said how they could see none appearance of his coming; then every man took their lodging for that day, and to be ready in the morning at the sound of the trumpet in the same place. This Friday the French King tarried still in Abbeville abiding for his company, and sent his two marshals to ride out to see the dealing of the Englishmen; and at night they returned, and said how the Englishmen were lodged in the fields. That night the French King made a supper to all the chief lords that were there with him, and after supper the King desired them to be friends each to other. The King looked for the Earl of Savoy, who should come to him with a thousand spears, for he had received wages for a three months of them at Troyes in Champagne.

OF THE ORDER OF THE ENGLISHMEN AT CRESSY

On the Friday, as I said before, the King of England lay in the fields, for the country was plentiful of wines and other victual, and if need had been, they had provision following in carts and other carriages. That night the King made a supper to all his chief lords of his host and made them good cheer; and when they were all departed to take their rest, then the King entered into his oratory and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly that if he fought the next day, that he might achieve the journey to His honor; then about midnight he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard mass, and the Prince his son with him, and the most part of his company, were confessed and houseled; and after the mass said, he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field to the same place before appointed. Then the King caused a park to be made by the wood-side behind his host, and there was set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their horses, for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry. Then he ordained three battles: In the first was the young Prince of Wales, with him the Earl of Warwick and Oxford, the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt, Sir Raynold Cobham, Sir Thomas Holland, the Lord Stafford, the Lord of Mohun, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew de Burghersh, Sir Robert Nevill, the Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bourchier, the Lord de Latimer, and divers other knights and squires that I cannot name; they were an eight hundred men of arms and two thousand archers, and a thousand of other with the Welshmen; every lord drew to the field appointed under his own banner and pennon. In the second battle was the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Ros, the Lord Lucy, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Basset, the Lord of Saint-Aubin, Sir Louis Tufton, the Lord of Multon, the Lord Lascelles and divers other, about an eight hundred men of arms and twelve

hundred archers. The third battle had the King; he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers. Then the King leapt on a hobby, with a white rod in his hand, one of his marshals on the one hand and the other on the other hand: he rode from rank to rank desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor. He spake it so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him. And when he had thus visited all his battles, it was then nine of the day; then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure. And afterward they ordered again their battles; then every man lay down on the earth and by him his salet and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come.

THE ORDER OF THE FRENCHMEN AT CRESSY, AND HOW THEY BEHELD THE DEMEANOR OF THE ENGLISHMEN

This Saturday the French King rose betimes and heard mass in Abbeville in his lodging in the abbey of St. Peter, and he departed after the sun-rising. When he was out of the town two leagues, approaching towards his enemies, some of his lords said to him, "Sir, it were good that ye ordered your battles, and let all your footmen pass somewhat on before, that they be not troubled with the horsemen." Then the King sent four knights, the Moine [of] Bazeilles, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu, and the Lord d'Aubigny, to ride to aview the English host; and so they rode so near that they might well see part of their dealing. The Englishmen saw them well and knew well how they were come thither to aview them; they let them alone and made no countenance toward them, and let them return as they came. And when the French King saw these four knights return again, he tarried till they came to him and said, "Sirs, what tidings?" These four knights each of them looked on other, for there was none would speak before his companion; finally the King said to [the] Moine, who pertained to the King of Bohemia and had done in his days so much that he was reputed for one of the valiantest knights of the world, "Sir, speak you." Then he said: — "Sir, I shall speak, sith it pleaseth you, under the correction of my fellows. Sir, we have ridden and seen the behaving of your enemies: know ye for truth they are rested in three battles abiding for you. Sir, I will counsel you as for my part, saving your displeasure, that you and all your company rest here and lodge for this night; for or they that be behind of your company be come hither, and or your battles be set in good order, it will be very late, and your people be weary and out of array, and ye shall find your enemies fresh and ready to receive you. Early in the morning ye may order your battles at more leisure and advise your enemies at more deliberation, and to regard well what way ye will assail them; for, sir, surely they will abide you."

Then the King commanded that it should be so done. Then his two marshals

one rode before, another behind, saying to every banner, "Tarry and abide here in the name of God and St. Denis." They that were foremost tarried, but they that were behind would not tarry, but rode forth, and said how they would in nowise abide till they were as far forward as the foremost; and when they before saw them come on behind, then they rode forward again, so that the King nor his marshals could not rule them. So they rode without order or good array, till they came in sight of their enemies; and as soon as the foremost saw them they reculed then aback without good array, whereof they behind had marvel and were abashed, and thought that the foremost company had been fighting. Then they might have had leisure and room to have gone forward, if they had list; some went forth, and some abode still. The commons, of whom all the ways between Abbeville and Cressy were full, when they saw that they were near to their enemies, they took their swords and cried, "Down with them! let us slay them all." There is no man, though he were present at the journey, that could imagine or shew the truth of the evil order that was among the French party, and yet they were a marvelous great number. That I write in this book I learned it specially of the Englishmen, who well beheld their dealing; and also certain knights of Sir John of Hainault's, who was always about King Philip, shewed me as they knew.

OF THE BATTLE OF CRESSY, AUGUST 26, 1346

The Englishmen, who were in three battles lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste, and arranged their battles. The first, which was the Prince's battle, the archers there stood in manner of a herse [harrow] and the men of arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel with the second battle were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the Prince's battle, if need were.

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after, in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French King saw the Englishmen his blood changed, and said to his marshals, "Make the Genoways go on before, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis." There were of the Genoways' cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day a six leagues armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables, "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms: we have more need of rest." These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also the same season there fell a great rain and a clipse with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then

anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyen and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoways were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that; then the Genoways again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stept forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot; thirdly, again they leapt and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stept forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly [together] and so thick, that it seemed snow. When the Genoways felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings and returned discomfited. When the French King saw them fly away, he said, "Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them and kill a great number of them; and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw thickest press: the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoways, and when they were down, they could not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires; whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant King of Bohemia called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble Emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him, "Where is the Lord Charles my son?" His men said, "Sir, we cannot tell; we think he be fighting." Then he said, "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey: I require you bring me so far forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the King before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself King of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The King his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea, and more than four, and fought valiantly, and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward that they were there all slain, and the next day they were found in the place about the King, and all their horses tied each to other.

The Earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordinately [in good order] and fought with the Englishmen, and the Earl of Flanders also on his part. These two lords with their companies coasted the English archers and came

to the Prince's battle, and there fought valiantly long. The French King would fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him. The same day the French King had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and he made the Lord Thierry of Senzeille to ride on him and to bear his banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth and brought him through all the currours of the Englishmen, and as he would have returned again, he fell in a great dike and was sore hurt, and had been there dead, an his page had not been, who followed him through all the battles and saw where his master lay in the dike, and had none other let but for his horse; for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battle for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master: then he went not back again the same way that they came; there was too many in his way.

This battle between Broye and Cressy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometime came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain; for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning the day of the battle certain Frenchmen and Almains perforce opened the archers of the Prince's battle, and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succor the Prince's battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado; and they with the Prince sent a messenger to the King, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the King, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Raynold Cobham and other, such as be about the Prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the King said, "Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the King, "return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them and shewed the King's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and repoined in that they had sent to the King as they did.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt would gladly that the Earl of Harcourt, his brother, might have been saved; for he heard say by them that saw his banner how that he was there in the field on the French party: but Sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain or he could come at him, and so was

also the Earl of Aumale his nephew. In another place the Earl of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner; but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires. Also the Earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French King, and the Duke of Lorraine, fought under their banners; but at last they were closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess. Also there was slain the Earl of Auxerre, the Earl of Saint-Pol, and many other.

In the evening the French King, who had left about him no more than a threescore persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Hainault was one, who had remounted once the King, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the King, "Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lose not yourself wilfully: if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the King's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce. Then the King rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed, because it was by that time dark: then the King called the captain, who came to the walls and said, "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the King said, "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France." The captain knew then it was the King, and opened the gate and let down the bridge. Then the King entered, and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord d'Aubigny, and the Lord of Montsault. The King would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested.

This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battles for chasing of any man, but kept still their field, and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about evensong time.

From the 'Chronicles': translated by
John Bourchier, Lord Berners.

FRANÇOIS VILLON

VILLON was undoubtedly born in 1431, but the place of his birth and the identity of his parents have so far eluded the best of his biographers. In his 'Grand Testament,' he says of himself: —

Povre je suis de ma jeunesse
De povre et de petite extrace.

[Poor I have been from my youth, of poor and mean descent.]

and little else can be gathered from his writings. He grew up at Paris under the care of Guillaume de Villon, chaplain of Saint-Benôit-le-Bétourné, for whose name he discarded his own — Montcorbier. Educated at the University of Paris, he became a Bachelor in 1449 and a Master of Arts in 1452, but already his feet were in the paths of dissipation and crime. In later years he sighed: —

Hé! Dieu! se j'eusse estudié
Ou temps de ma jeunesse folle,
Et a bonnes meurs dedié,
J'eusse maison et couche molle!

[Ah, God! Had I but studied in the days of my wild youth, and schooled myself in honest ways, I should have had a house and a soft bed to lie on.]

On June 5, 1455, Villon became involved in a brawl which ended in his killing a priest named Philippe Sermoise. He fled from Paris and we hear no more of him until the following year, when he obtained a pardon and returned to the city — but not for long. About Christmas of 1456 he and some accomplices broke into the Collège de Navarre and stole a bag of five hundred gold crowns. Another retreat to the country followed this crime. The summer of 1461 was one of particular misery for him; he spent it in a prison at Meung-sur-Loire, into which the Bishop of Orléans had flung him for theft from a church. During this imprisonment he is supposed to have put together his 'Grand Testament,' the most considerable of his works.

Fortunately for Villon, the newly-crowned king, Louis XI, happened to pass through the town and, hearing of his plight, caused him to be set at liberty. Again the poet-vagabond made for Paris, where he was soon embroiled as before, and sentenced to be hanged (1463). The sentence was commuted to banishment from Paris for ten years, but it is hardly likely that Villon sur-

vived for long. There is no mention of him in court records after 1463, and no new poems appeared from his pen.

All of Villon's works that have come down to us are contained in two collections, the 'Petit Testament' (1456), a poem of forty eight-line stanzas, and the 'Grand Testament' (1461), a much longer work consisting of one hundred and seventy-three stanzas, with a score of ballades and rondeaux interspersed. The central idea of each is the same: a burlesque will, in which the poet, on his death-bed, leaves all the possessions he has been denied to his friends and acquaintances. The second 'Testament,' however, is a far finer thing than the first, and upon it Villon's fame rests. This fame was considerable for at least a century, as is shown by the fact that François I in 1533 had the works of Villon edited by Clément Marot, and that ten editions, based on Marot's, followed before 1542.

In defense of Villon's character not very much can be said; he was confessedly a rogue. Robert Louis Stevenson has summed him up in the remark, "I would not go down a dark road with him for a large consideration." The men with whom he consorted and with whom he drank were mere tatterdemalion cheats and vagabonds, and Villon never pretended to be better than they. Yet he felt gratitude towards Guillaume de Villon, his "more than father"; while his words concerning his

pauvre mère,
Qui pour lui eut douleur amère
Dieu le sait, et mainte tristesse

[. . . poor mother, who on his account had bitter pain, God knows, and many sorrows] are sincere and touching. Another point in his favor is his strong feeling of patriotism. In the 'Ballad of Dead Ladies' he laments

Jehanne, la bonne Lorraine,
Qu' Englois brulerent a Rouen.

[Joan, the good Lorrainer, whom the English burned at Rouen.]

And in another poem he vigorously curses those who wish ill to the kingdom of France.

As a poet, however, Villon stands alone in his century. His writings bear the stamp of genius. More than any others of the time, they provide us with a link between the Middle Ages and the Revival of Learning. Like the medieval poets, Villon dwelt with a shuddering fascination on death in all its forms, even the most loathesome. Viewing the life of the Paris streets with its vivid, colorful, everchanging figures, he kept before him the idea of old age and disease which would strike them down, and death which would leave of them only dust and corruption, returning over and over again to the theme. His

answer to the problem of change was only the despairing question, "Where are the snows of yester-year?"

The form, too, of Villon's poems is medieval. His ballades and rondeaux, in their complicated and artificial measures, recall the work of many predecessors. They are written without the smoothness of finish found in the best work of the medieval poets; at times there appears to be a struggle between the tremendously vigorous thought and the rigid molds into which Villon has poured it.

In all else Villon is thoroughly modern. It is true that he cared nothing for nature; but then his specifically descriptive gifts were small. His portraits of those he had known were catalogues of details instead of evocations. The energy and completeness with which he threw himself into every line of his finer poems, however, mark him off from most writers of the Middle Ages, with their careful suppression of the individual. As we read these songs we feel we know Villon's innermost soul, and follow it through all its stormy progress. It is for this reason that the reader of today realizes the personality of the poet, in spite of the shadowiness of the historical figure; François Villon is made vivid to us through his writings as other men are through their actions.

THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES

TELL me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thaïs,
Neither of them the fairer woman?
Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
Only heard on river and mere —
She whose beauty was more than human?
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,
For whose sake Abelard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
(From Love he won such dule and teen!)
And where, I pray you, is the Queen
Who willed that Buridan should steer
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
With a voice like any mermaiden —
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
And Ermengarde the lady of Maine —

And that good Joan whom Englishmen
At Rouen doomed and burned her there —
Mother of God, where are they then? —
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Except with this for an overword —
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

BALLAD OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS

ALBEIT the Venice girls get praise
For their sweet speech and tender air,
And though the old women have wise ways
Of chaffering for amorous ware,
Yet at my peril dare I swear,
Search Rome, where God's grace mainly tarries,
Florence and Savoy, everywhere,
There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.

The Naples women, as folk prattle,
Are sweetly spoken and subtle enough:
German girls are good at tattle,
And Prussians make their boast thereof;
Take Egypt for the next remove,
Or that waste land the Tartar harries,
Spain or Greece, for the matter of love,
There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.

Breton and Swiss know nought of the matter,
Gascony girls or girls of Toulouse;
Two fishwives here with a half-hour's chatter
Would shut them up by threes and twos;
Calais, Lorraine, and all their crews,
(Names enow the mad song marries)
England and Picardy, search them and choose,
There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.

Prince, give praise to our French ladies
  For the sweet sound their speaking carries;
'Twixt Rome and Cadiz many a maid is,
  But no good girl's lip out of Paris.

Translated by Algernon Charles Swinburne

THE DISPUTE OF THE HEART AND BODY OF FRANÇOIS VILLON

WHO is this I hear? Lo, this is I thine heart,
  That holds on merely now by a slender string.
Strength fails me, shape and sense are rent apart,
  The blood in me is turned to a bitter thing,
  Seeing thee skulk here like a dog shivering.
Yea, and for what? For that my sense found sweet.
What irks it thee? I feel the sting of it.
  Leave me at peace. Why? Nay now, leave me at peace;
I will repent when I grow ripe in wit.
  I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

What art thou, trow? A man worth praise, perfay.
  This is thy thirtieth year of wayfaring,
'Tis a mule's age. Art thou a boy still? Nay.
  Is it hot lust that spurs thee with its sting,
  Grasping thy throat? Know'st thou not anything?
Yea, black and white, when milk is specked with flies,
I can make out. No more? Nay, in nowise.
  Shall I begin again the count of these?
Thou art undone. I will make shift to rise.
  I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

I have the sorrow of it, and thou the smart.
  Wert thou a poor mad fool or weak of wit,
Then might'st thou plead this pretext with thine heart;
  But if thou know not good from evil a whit,
  Either thy head is hard as stone to hit,
Or shame, not honor, gives thee most content.
What canst thou answer to this argument?
  When I am dead I shall be well at ease.
God! what good hope! Thou art over eloquent.
  I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

When is this ill? From sorrow and not from sin.
  When Saturn packed my wallet up for me
I well believe he put these ills therein.
  Fool, wilt thou make thy servant lord of thee?
  Hear now the wise king's counsel; thus saith he:
All power upon the stars a wise man hath;
There is no planet that shall do him scathe.
  Nay, as they made me I grow and I decrease.
What say'st thou? Truly this is all my faith.
  I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

Wouldst thou live still? God help me that I may!
  Then thou must — What? turn penitent and pray?
Read always — What? Grave words and good to say;
  Leave off the ways of fools, lest they displease.
Good: I will do it. Wilt thou remember? Yes.
Abide not till there come an evil day.
  I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

Translated by Algernon Charles Swinburne

THE EPITAPH IN THE FORM OF A BALLAD

WHICH VILLON MADE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS COMRADES, EXPECTING TO BE HANGED ALONG WITH THEM.

MEN, brother men, that after us yet live,
  Let not your hearts too hard against us be;
For if some pity of us poor men ye give,
  The sooner God shall take of you pity.
  Here are we five or six strung up, you see,
And here the flesh that all too well we fed
Bit by bit eaten and rotten, rent and shred,
  And we the bones grow dust and ash withal;
Let no man laugh at us discomforted,
  But pray to God that He forgive us all.

If we call on you, brothers, to forgive,
  Ye should not hold our prayer in scorn, though we
Were slain by law; ye know that all alive
  Have not wit alway to walk righteously;
  Make therefore intercession heartily

With him that of a virgin's womb was bred,
That his grace be not as a dry well-head
  For us, not let hell's thunder on us fall;
We are dead, yet no man harry or vex us dead,
 But pray to God that He forgive us all.

The rain has washed and laundered us all five,
  And the sun dried and blackened; yea, perdie,
Ravens and pies with beaks that rend and rive
  Have dug our eyes out; and plucked off for fee
  Our beards and eyebrows; never are we free,
Not once, to rest; but here and there still sped,
Drive at its wild will by the wind's change led,
  More pecked of birds than fruits on garden-wall;
Men, for God's love, let no gibe here be said;
  But pray to God that He forgive us all.

Prince Jesus, that of all art lord and head,
Keep us, that hell be not our bitter bed;
  We have nought to do in such a master's hall.
Be not ye therefore of our fellowhead,
  But pray to God that He forgive us all.

Translated by Algernon Charles Swinburne

BALLAD OF THINGS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

FLIES in the milk I know full well;
  I know men by the clothes they wear;
  I know the walnut by the shell;
I know the foul sky from the fair;
I know the pear-tree by the pear;
I know the worker from the drone,
  And eke the good wheat from the tare:
    I know all save myself alone.

I know the pourpoint by the fell,
  And by his gown I know the frère;
Master by varlet I can spell;
  Nuns by the veils that hide their hair;
  I know the sharper and his snare,
And fools that fat on cates have grown;
  Wines by the cask I can compare:
    I know all save myself alone.

I know how horse from mule to tell;
  I know the load that each can bear;
I know both Beatrice and Bell;
  I know the hazards, odd and pair;
  I know of visions in the air;
I know the power of Peter's throne,
  And how misled Bohemians were:
    I know all save myself alone.

ENVOI

Prince, I know all things; fat and spare,
  Ruddy and pale, to me are known,
And Death that endeth all our care:
  I know all save myself alone.

Translated by John Payne

BALLAD AGAINST THOSE WHO MISSAY OF FRANCE

LET him meet beasts that breathe out fiery rain,
  Even as did Jason hard by Colchis town;
Or seven years changed into a beast remain,
  Nebuchadnezzar-like, to earth bowed down;
Or suffer else such teen and mickle bale
As Helen's rape on Trojans did entail;
  Or in Hell's marshes fallen let him fare
  Like Tantalus and Proserpine, or bear
A grievouser than Job his sufferance,
  Prisoned and pent in Dædalus his snare, —
Who would wish ill unto the realm of France.

Four months within a marish let him plain,
  Bittern-like, with the mud against his crown;
Or sell him to the Ottoman, to chain
  And harness like an ox, the scurvy clown!
Or thirty years, like Maudlin, without veil
Or vesture, let him his misdeeds bewail;
  Or with Narcissus death by drowning share;
  Or die like Absalom, hanged by the hair;
Or Simon Magus, by his charms' mischance;
  Or Judas, mad with horror and despair, —
Who would wish ill unto the realm of France.

If but Octavian's time might come again,
  His molten gold should down his throat be thrown,
Or 'twixt two millstones he should grind for grain,
  As did St. Victor; or I'd have him drown
Far out to sea, where help and breath should fail,
Like Jonah in the belly of the whale;
  Let him be doomed the sunlight to forswear,
  Juno her goods and Venus debonair,
And be of Mars oppressed to utterance, —
  As was Antiochus the king, whilere, —
Who would wish ill unto the realm of France.

ENVOI

Prince, may winds bear him to the wastes of air,
Or to the mid-sea woods and sink him there;
  Be all his hopes changed to desesperance:
For he deserves not any fortune fair
Who would wish ill unto the realm of France.

Translated by John Payne

BALLAD OF VILLON IN PRISON

HAVE pity, friends, have pity now, I pray,
  If it so please you, at the least, on me!
  I lie in fosse, not under holm or may,
  In this duresse, wherein, alas! I dree
  Ill fate, as God did thereanent decree.
Lasses and lovers, younglings manifold,
Dancers and montebanks, alert and bold,
  Nimble as quarrel from a crossbow shot;
Singers, that troll as clear as bells of gold, —
  Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Clerks, that go caroling the livelong day,
  Scant-pursed, but glad and frank and full of glee;
Wandering at will along the broad highway,
  Harebrained, perhance, but whit-whole too, perdie:
  Lo! now I die, whilst that you absent be,

Song-singers, — when poor Villon's days are told,
You will sing psalms for him and candles hold;
  Here light nor air nor levin enters not,
Where ramparts thick are round about him rolled.
  Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Consider but his piteous array,
  High and fair lords, of suit and service free,
That nor to king nor kaiser homage pay,
  But straight from God in heaven hold your fee!
  Come fast or feast, all days alike fasts he,
Whence are his teeth like rakes' teeth to behold;
No table hath he but the sheer black mold;
  After dry bread (not manchets), pot on pot
They empty down his throat of water cold:
  Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

ENVOI

Princes and lords aforesaid, young and old,
Get me the King his letters sealed and scrolled,
  And draw me from this dungeon; for, God wot,
Even swine, when one squeaks in the butcher's fold,
Flock around their fellow and do squeak and scold.
  Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Translated by John Payne

BALLAD THAT VILLON MADE AT THE REQUEST OF HIS MOTHER, WHEREWITHAL TO DO HER HOMAGE TO OUR LADY

LADY of heaven, Regent of the earth,
  Empress of all the infernal marshes fell,
  Receive me, thy poor Christian, 'spite my dearth,
  In the fair midst of thine elect to dwell;
  Albeit my lack of grace I know full well:
For that thy grace, my Lady and my Queen,
Aboundeth more than all my misdemean,
  Withouten which no soul of all that sigh
May merit heaven. 'Tis sooth I say, for e'en
  In this belief I will to live and die.

Say to thy Son I am his, — that by his birth
  And death my sins be all redeemable;
As Mary of Egypt's dole he changed to mirth,
  And eke Theophilus, to whom befell
  Quittance of thee, albeit (so men tell)
To the foul fiend he had contracted been.
Assoilzie me, that I may have no teen,
  Maid that without breach of virginity
Didst bear our Lord that in the Host is seen.
  In this belief I will to live and die.

A poor old wife I am, and little worth;
  Nothing I know, nor letter aye could spell:
Where in the church to worship I fare forth,
  I see heaven limned with harps and lutes, and hell
  Where damned folk seethe in fire unquenchable.
One doth me fear, the other joy serene:
Grant I may have the joy, O Virgin clean,
  To whom all sinners lift their hands on high,
Made whole in faith through thee their go-between.
  In this belief I will to live and die.

ENVOI

Thou didst conceive, Princess most bright of sheen,
Jesus the Lord, that hath nor end nor mean,
Almighty, that, departing heaven's demesne
  To succor us, put on our frailty,
Offering to death his sweet of youth and green:
Such as he is, our Lord he is, I ween!
  In this belief I will to live and die.

Translated by John Payne

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS was born toward the end of the fifteenth century: in 1483 according to some, in 1495 according to others. The second hypothesis accords better with most of the important facts of his life. The chronological legend would have us believe that he was born the same year as Martin Luther. While Luther, however, was born in a peasant's hut at Eisleben, in the shadow of the Gothic towers and the forests of dreamy Germany, François Rabelais was born in an apothecary's shop or the inn of a publican, at Chinon, on the banks of the sluggish Loire, among the songs of drinkers which awoke him in his cradle. At the threshold of the sixteenth century these two powerful and popular geniuses, both vowed to the monastic state, still half sheathed in the past, escape from the convent to create the future.

Rabelais studied first at the convent of Seville; then at the convent of the Franciscans of La Baumette, near Angers, where at first he was novice. In 1509 he went to finish his novitiate at the convent of Fontenay-le-Comte, where he became priest about 1519, and lived until 1523. Thus his early youth was passed among those rich and gracious landscapes of Touraine, where Honoré de Balzac also was to be born, and to grow up three centuries later, with the same exuberant and magnificent talents of reason and imagination as his great elder and compatriot, François Rabelais.

The first convents in which young Rabelais studied were prisons rather than refuges. The mendicant monks among whom he dwelt at La Baumette and at Fontenay-le-Comte were ignorant, sensual, and superstitious beings, who detested the intellectual life. It was in such an environment, however, but secretly, that Rabelais acquired that passion for study which never quitted him. As long as he studied only Latin and the old French authors, he was unmolested. But one day they discovered some Greek books in his cell. This was a case of heresy. The Greek books were confiscated, and Rabelais was forced to flee in order to escape the stake or the oubliettes. The Pope, Clement VII, was more liberal than these monks, and in 1524 he authorized Rabelais to enter the order of St. Benedict. Just at this time he became regular canon of the abbey of Maillezais. He remained there only a short time. He then passed to the secular clergy, and was attached to the household of Guy d'Estissac, bishop of Maillezais. He seems to have lived there very happily.

Soon afterward the taste for travel seized him. He visited France, and studied at her chief universities. On September 17, 1530, we know that he took his first registry at the Faculty of Medicine of Montpellier. He received

all the degrees of that university, and rapidly achieved a great medical reputation. He was appointed physician of the great hospital of Lyons in 1532, and exercised that function until January 1534. During the same period he published 'Gargantua' and the first book of 'Pantagruel.' In 1534 he left Lyons to accompany as physician the bishop of Paris, Jean du Bellay — uncle of Joachim, the celebrated poet of the Pléiade — who was sent to Rome as ambassador extraordinary of François I to the Holy See, from which mission he was to win the cardinal's cap. He possessed a noble and liberal spirit, and always protected Rabelais against the rage of his enemies. Rabelais followed him again to Rome in 1536–1537. Thanks to the protection of the Cardinal du Bellay, Pope Paul III granted him absolution for his apostasy (that is, for his change of costume), and moreover permitted him to become a Benedictine again, and to exercise the profession of medicine. Strong in these two authorizations, Rabelais took at the Faculty of Montpellier, where he had been received doctor in 1537, a course in anatomy. Later he was consulting physician in different cities — Narbonne, Castres, and Lyons. His faithful patron, the Cardinal du Bellay, who was also abbot of St. Maur as well as bishop of Paris, had him appointed canon of the abbey of St. Maur-les-Fossés. Not being bound to reside there, he continued to travel. He was in Poitou; then in his dear native land of Touraine; then again in Piedmont with the viceroy Guillaume de Langey (brother of the Cardinal du Bellay), where he continued to act as physician. In 1545 he obtained from the king, François I, permission to publish the third book of his work. After the death of the king he was in great anxiety; for the Cardinal du Bellay was not in favor with the new king, Henri II. But he found new protectors in the houses of Châtillon and of Lorraine, who recalled him from Metz and from Rome, where he had gone, in a measure to find refuge. In 1548 he was allowed to publish part of his fourth book, which he dedicated to the Cardinal de Châtillon. The same year he was appointed parish priest of Meudon by Cardinal du Bellay. We do not know whether Rabelais exercised his priestly functions. Everything indicates that he did, however, for he possessed a practical spirit desirous of action. But at the beginning of the year 1552 he resigned his two charges, just as the rest of his fourth book appeared. Doubtless he wished to be more independent, unless he simply quitted these too exacting functions on account of his health; indeed, he died in 1553. The fifth book of his work, part of which seems apocryphal, was not published until 1562.

Considering this life as a whole, it appears that of a laborious as well as daring genius, and of one independent as well as able. Man of free studies and free pleasures, Rabelais was above all the enemy of whatever constrained him. Action was life to him. On coming into the world, he found about him all kinds of fetters: first those of the convent, then those of the Sorbonne, and later those of Parliament; finally those of fanatics, both papists and

Huguenots. Rabelais never posed as apostle or martyr, but far more as a shrewd and witty dilettante, whose device, framed by himself, was — *Primo vivere, deinde philosophari* [first live, then philosophize]. In order to live, he sought protectors. Like Jean de Meung before him, and Molière after him, he relied upon royalty. He went to Rome to solicit the Pope. He obtained protection against the monks from the high dignitaries of the Church. And having once taken these precautions against the malice and stupidity of subalterns, he composed, at his own leisure and convenience, one of the most vehement and most revolutionary works ever directed by human thought against the social institutions among which it struggles.

The work of Rabelais is divided into five books, of which the first is entitled 'La Vie Très-Horrifique du Grand Gargantua, Père de Pantagruel' [The Astounding Life of the Great Gargantua, Father of Pantagruel]; the second, 'Pantagruel, Roi des Dipsodes, avec ses Faits et Prouesses Épouvantables' [Pantagruel, King of the Drunkards, with his Heroic Acts and Achievements]; while the last three narrate 'Les Faits et Dicts Heroïques du Bon Pantagruel' [The Heroic Deeds and Sayings of the Good Pantagruel]. This work was written at different times during a period of twenty years, and among all kinds of journeys and occupations, from 1532 to 1553. Therefore those who look upon it as a work composed once for all, issuing harmoniously from the artist's brain like Minerva issuing fully-armed from the brain of Jupiter, are entirely wrong. It is rather a Gothic monument like the cathedrals of the same period, to which have been added one after another a portal, a tower, a gable, a gallery, rose-windows, gargoyles, with no thought of unity other than that of the general inspiration. Strange monument built of mud and of marble, bathed in shadow and in sunshine, decked with a thousand monstrous forms, with riddles and logogriphs, upon which the artist has carved innumerable sacred or grotesque personages, angels, beasts, monks, maidens, wise men and fools, devils and phantoms! But this monument is already illuminated by the classic glimmers of the Renaissance; rays of ancient wisdom penetrate it, and reveal here and there passages worthy of a place beside the works of Homer, of Plato, or of Plutarch. The religion of human reason and of natural beauty ennobles this architecture, apparently so barbarous and monstrous. An encyclopedic genius, stationed on the boundary between two epochs, two civilizations, and two countries, between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, between the north and the south — Rabelais is the heir of the free-singers, of the bold story-tellers and farce-lovers of past time, from Maître Renart to the Basoche. In this immense monument still resound all the echoes of the Gallic spirit, and there already vibrates the alarum of the classic spirit. The abbey of Thélème is vast enough to harbor at the same time Plato, St. Paul, Virgil, Socrates, Jean de Meung, Patelin, François Villon; and also those macaronic poets of Italy whose unctuous joviality and burlesque epics had so greatly diverted him during his stay at Rome. Rabelais combined in his work all these

inspirations, as he blended in his style all the dialects of Picardy, Normandy, Touraine, Champagne, and Provence.

'Gargantua' and 'Pantagruel' are, under a diverting and fantastic form, the epic of the sixteenth century, as the Iliad and Odyssey were the epic of ancient Greece; as the 'Divine Comedy' was the epic of medieval Catholicism; as the 'Comédie Humaine' of Balzac is the epic of modern democracy. Chateaubriand was right in defining Rabelais as "a mother-genius"; for he has conceived and given life to most of the great French geniuses who followed him. In a tragic and tumultuous age, filled with public calamities, with the follies of royal ambition, with the mania for military conquests, with the fury of intellectual controversies, with the nascent rage for civil wars, with the Parliament's sentences to death, with the decrees and the fagots of the Sorbonne, Rabelais attempted to restore his contemporaries to mental health by making them laugh at their own maladies. The powerful mocker cast such ridicule upon bad kings (Picrochole), bad priests (Janotus de Bragmardo), bad magistrates (Grippeminaud, etc.), all kinds of fanatics (Caresme-Prenant, Autyrhysis), that he almost destroyed their infernal power by the mere force of his genial buffoonery. And he did not content himself merely with destroying; he constructed. He was as sublime an idealist as he was a profound, sometimes coarse, realist. He invented the succession of good kings (Grangousier, Gargantua, Pantagruel), he created the type of the good educator (Ponocrates), of the good monk (Brother Jean des Entommeures), he dreamed the Utopia of the new society, more tolerant, more generous, happier than the old; and over the ruins accumulated by his terrible and avenging irony he built the abbey of Thélème — that is, of Free Will. On the front he inscribed, "Do what thou wilt;" thus answering the old cry of the Dominican Izarn at the stake of the Albigensian heretic, "Believe as you do, and you shall be burned." Rabelais is a powerful emancipator of modern thought, and the natural ancestor of the Voltaires and the Diderots.

But he is at the same time a great, an incomparable artist. He had the gift of creating types and the power of creating a language. A key to Rabelais has been made and remade twenty times: the commentators have striven to attach a historic name to every character. According to a time-honored convention, Grangousier is Louis XII; Gargantua, François I; Pantagruel, Henri II; Picrochole, either Maximilian Sforza, Ferdinand of Aragon, or Charles V; Brother Jean, the Cardinal du Bellay; Panurge, the Cardinal of Lorraine, or the author himself. It singularly lessens and lowers Rabelais to reduce him to the rôle of a contemporary portrait painter; by so doing, the critic shows he understands nothing of the essence or the scope of his work. The truth is that Rabelais's imagination transformed the matter upon which it worked, brought out its essential features — the figures worthy of preservation — and composed those imperishable types, mixtures of fancy and truth, which, rooted in their own time, reach to the most distant future. And Rabe-

lais is not only an epic genius: he is also the first of the great comic poets of France. Up to the time of Corneille and Molière, no author possessed to such a degree the sense of action, the art of scenic effect, and the knack of writing dialogue.

Finally, his style, like his thought, is magnificent in contrasts, in exuberance, in fancy and profundity, lights and shadows. It has the opulence of Rubens, the irony of Callot, the sublimity of Rembrandt. The sentence, capricious and unrestrained, is curiously chiseled, clear, and finished; it is embellished and embroidered at pleasure, like the ornamental stone of the Gothic monuments under the hands of the great artists of the Middle Ages. The vocabulary, one of unequaled wealth, is a heap of diamonds and of waste matter for the future to sort out. The syntax is curious: complex, multiform, sheathed in Latin, not quite emancipated from dialect, but already singularly flexible, agile, undulating; realistic or lyrical, brutal or winged, at his will. Finally, it is French language forged and shaped from pure Latin and Romance metal, with great blows of the hammer, by the first and most vigorous of its workers of genius. Every great French writer proceeds from Rabelais, as every great Italian writer proceeds from Dante.

Such is this strong and jovial figure, both comic and serious, like the spectacle of life itself. Great philosopher, great artist, and great author, Rabelais compels the admiration of the centuries — in spite of his masks, voluntarily coarse and jocose — as the first complete type of French genius; of the genius of tolerance, of liberty, of generous irony, which since Rabelais, and from century to century, has given us Molière, Voltaire and Diderot, Balzac and Hugo.

An admirable critical edition of Rabelais is being brought out by Abel Lefranc (Paris, Champion); four out of seven volumes have already been published. Professor A. Tilley's 'François Rabelais' (1907) is a good discussion in English. By far the most famous translation into our language is that first published by Sir Thomas Urquhart (1653), completed and re-edited by Peter Motteux (1693–1708). It has been more recently brought out in 'Tudor Translations' by Charles Whibley (1900).

HENRY BÉRENGER

THE EDUCATION OF GARGANTUA

['Gargantua' begins with an account of the birth of the giant, and his education according to the medieval system. But, Rabelais tells us, when Gargantua was tested along with a lad trained in the new style, he cut such a sorry figure that Grangousier, his father, decided he must be sent to Paris, in order to find out how young men should be brought up. The mare on which Gargantua rode to Paris was as big as six elephants: she was brought by sea in

three corvettes and a brigantine. With the whisking of her tail she laid low a whole forest. Mounted on her, Gargantua was received with great admiration by the Parisians, who, says Rabelais, are more easily drawn together by a fiddler or a mule with bells than by an evangelical preacher — a peculiarity which they still preserve. The young giant rewarded their admiration by carrying away the bells of Notre Dame to hang round the neck of his mare. To recover these bells the Parisians sent their most esteemed orator, Maître Janotus de Bragmardo, who came, like the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, duly preceded by three bedells, and followed by six Masters of Arts — Artless Masters, "Maistres Inerts," Rabelais calls them. His oration is a parody on the pretensions of the old-fashioned scholars, the ostentatious parade of bad Latin, and the learned discourses of doctors. The bells are restored and the orator rewarded. Then we leave the realms of the miraculous and become human again. Gargantua ceases, except at intervals, to be a giant; and Rabelais develops — it is the best, the wisest, the most useful chapter of his book — his theory of what the education of a prince should be.]

PONOCRATES appointed that for the beginning, he should do as he had been accustomed; to the end he might understand by what means, for so long a time, his old masters had made him so foolish, simple, and ignorant. He disposed, therefore, of his time in such fashion that ordinarily he did awake between eight and nine o'clock, whether it was day or not; for so had his ancient governors ordained, alleging that which David saith, *Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere* [Vain it is for you to rise before the light]. Then did he tumble and wallow in the bed some time, the better to stir up his vital spirits, and appareled himself according to the season; but willingly he would wear a great long gown of thick frieze, lined with fox fur. Afterwards he combed his head with the German comb, which is the four fingers and the thumb; for his preceptors said that to comb himself otherwise, to wash and make himself neat, was to lose time in this world. Then to suppress the dew and bad air, he breakfasted on fair fried tripe, fair grilled meats, fair hams, fair hashed capon, and store of sippet brewis. Ponocrates showed him that he ought not to eat so soon after rising out of his bed, unless he had performed some exercise beforehand. Gargantua answered: "What! have not I sufficiently well exercised myself? I rolled myself six or seven turns in my bed before I rose. Is not that enough? Pope Alexander did so, by the advice of a Jew, his physician; and lived till his dying day in despite of the envious. My first masters have used me to it, saying that breakfast makes a good memory; wherefore they drank first. I am very well after it, and dine but the better. And Maître Tubal, who was the first licentiate at Paris, told me that it is not everything to run a pace, but to set forth well betimes: so doth not the total welfare of our humanity depend upon perpetual drinking *atas, atas,* like ducks, but on drinking well in the morning; whence the verse —

To rise betimes is no good hour,
To drink betimes is better sure."

After he had thoroughly broken his fast, he went to church; and they carried for him, in a great basket, a huge breviary. There he heard six-and-twenty or thirty masses. This while, to the same place came his sayer of hours, lapped up about the chin like a tufted whoop, and his breath perfumed with good store of syrup. With him he mumbled all his kyriels, which he so curiously picked that there fell not so much as one grain to the ground. As he went from the church, they brought him, upon a dray drawn by oxen, a heap of paternosters of Sanct Claude, every one of them being of the bigness of a hat-block; and thus walking through the cloisters, galleries, or garden, he said more in turning them over than sixteen hermits would have done. Then did he study for some paltry half-hour with his eyes fixed upon his book; but as the comic saith, his mind was in the kitchen. Then he sat down at table; and because he was naturally phlegmatic, he began his meal with some dozens of hams, dried neats' tongues, mullet's roe, chitterlings, and such other forerunners of wine. In the meanwhile, four of his folks did cast into his mouth, one after another continually, mustard by whole shovelfuls. Immediately after that he drank a horrific draught of white wine for the ease of his kidneys. When that was done, he ate according to the season meat agreeable to his appetite, and then left off eating when he was like to crack for fulness. As for his drinking, he had neither end nor rule. For he was wont to say, that the limits and bounds of drinking were when the cork of the shoes of him that drinketh swelleth up half a foot high.

Then heavily mumbling a scurvy grace, he washed his hands in fresh wine, picked his teeth with the foot of a pig, and talked jovially with his attendants. Then the carpet being spread, they brought great store of cards, dice, and chessboards.

After having well played, reveled, passed and spent his time, it was proper to drink a little, and that was eleven goblets the man; and immediately after making good cheer again, he would stretch himself upon a fair bench, or a good large bed, and there sleep two or three hours together without thinking or speaking any hurt. After he was awakened he would shake his ears a little. In the mean time they brought him fresh wine. Then he drank better than ever. Ponocrates showed him that it was an ill diet to drink so after sleeping. "It is," answered Gargantua, "the very life of the Fathers; for naturally I sleep salt, and my sleep hath been to me instead of so much ham." Then began he to study a little, and the paternosters first, which the better and more formally to dispatch, he got up on an old mule which had served nine kings; and so mumbling with his mouth, doddling his head, would go see a coney caught in a net. At his return he went into the kitchen, to know what roast meat was on the spit; and supped very well, upon my conscience, and

commonly did invite some of his neighbors that were good drinkers; with whom carousing, they told stories of all sorts, from the old to the new. After supper were brought in upon the place the fair wooden gospels — that is to say, many pairs of tables and cards — with little small banquets, intermined with collations and reer-suppers. Then did he sleep without unbridling, until eight o'clock in the next morning.

When Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another kind; but for a while he bore with him, considering that nature does not endure sudden changes without great violence. Therefore, to begin his work the better, he requested a learned physician of that time, called Maître Theodorus, seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua unto a better course. The said physician purged him canonically with Anticyran hellebore, by which medicine he cleansed all the alteration and perverse habitude of his brain. By this means also Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient preceptors. To do this better, they brought him into the company of learned men who were there, in emulation of whom a great desire and affection came to him to study otherwise, and to improve his parts. Afterwards he put himself into such a train of study that he lost not any hour in the day, but employed all his time in learning and honest knowledge. Gargantua awaked then about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were rubbing him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronunciation fit for the matter; and hereunto was appointed a young page born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to revere, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God whose word did show his majesty and marvelous judgments. Then his master repeated what had been read, expounding unto him the most obscure and difficult points. They then considered the face of the sky, if it was such as they had observed it the night before, and into what signs the sun was entering, as also the moon for that day. This done, he was appareled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before. He himself said them by heart, and upon them grounded practical cases concerning the estate of man; which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good hours there was reading. This done, they went forth, still conferring of the substance of the reading, and disported themselves at ball, tennis, or the *pile trigone* [a game in which the players threw an iron triangle through a hoop]; gallantly exercising their bodies, as before they had done their minds. All their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased; and that was commonly when they did sweat, or were otherwise weary. Then were they very well dried and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready. Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently recite some sentences that they

had retained of the lecture. In the mean time Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the meal there was read some pleasant history of ancient prowess, until he had taken his wine. Then if they thought good, they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy, and nature of all that was served in at that table; of bread, of wine, of water, of salt, of flesh, fish, fruits, herbs, roots, and of their dressing. By means whereof, he learned in a little time all the passages that on these subjects are to be found in Pliny, Athenæus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyrius, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Ælian, and others. Whilst they talked of these things, many times, to be more the certain, they caused the very books to be brought to the table; and so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in that time there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did. Afterwards they conferred of the lessons read in the morning; and ending their repast with some conserve of quince, he washed his hands and eyes with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some fine canticle, made in praise of the Divine bounty and munificence. This done, they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks and new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science; and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it as pleasantly as he was wont to do at cards and dice: so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practice thereof, that Tonstal the Englishman, who had written very largely of that purpose, confessed that verily in comparison of him he understood nothing but double Dutch; and not only in that, but in the other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, music. For while waiting for the digestion of his food, they made a thousand joyous instruments and geometrical figures, and at the same time practised the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme, as it best pleased them. In matter of musical instruments, he learned to play the lute, the spinet, the harp, the German flute, the flute with nine holes, the violin, and the sackbut. This hour thus spent, he betook himself to his principal study for three hours together, or more, as well to repeat his matutinal lectures as to proceed in the book wherein he was; as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters. This being done, they went out of their house, and with them a young gentleman of Touraine, named Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing then his clothes, he mounted on any kind of a horse, which he made to bound in the air, to jump the ditch, to leap the palisade, and to turn short in a ring both to the right and left hand. There he broke not his lance; for it is the greatest foolishness in the world to say, I have broken ten lances at tilts or in fight. A carpenter can do even as much. But it is a glorious and praiseworthy action with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies. Therefore

with a sharp, strong, and stiff lance would he usually force a door, pierce a harness, uproot a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a saddle, with the mail-coat and gauntlet. All this he did in complete arms from head to foot. He was singularly skilful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another without putting foot to ground. He could likewise from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure without a bridle; for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battle-ax, which he so dexterously wielded that he was passed knight of arms in the field and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the back sword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed, unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target. Then would he hunt the hart, the roebuck, the bear, the fallow deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge, and the bustard. He played at the great ball, and made it bound in the air, both with fist and foot. He wrestled, ran, jumped, not at three steps and a leap, nor a hopping, nor yet at the German jump; "for," said Gymnast, "these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use:" but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, climb after this fashion up against a window, the height of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his face, on his back, sidewise, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the river Seine without wetting, and dragging along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Cæsar; then with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulfs. Then turned the the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream, stopped it in its course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrouds, ran upon the bulwarks, set the compass, tackled the bowlines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again. He climbed up trees like a cat, leaped from the one to the other like a squirrel. He did pull down the great boughs and branches, like another Milo: then with two sharp well-steeled daggers, and two tried bodkins, would he run up by the wall to the very top of a house like a rat; then suddenly come down from the top to the bottom, with such an even disposal of members that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practise the javelin, the boar-spear or partisan, and the halbert. He broke the strongest bows in drawing, bended against his breast the greatest cross-bows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, traversed the cannon; shot at the butts, at the papegay, before him, sidewise, and behind him, like the Parthians. They tied a cable-rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near

the ground he wrought himself with his hands to the very top; then came down again so sturdily and firmly that you could not on a plain meadow have run with more assurance. They set up a great pole fixed upon two trees. There would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the aforesaid rope with so great swiftness, that hardly could one overtake him with running.

Then to exercise his breast and lungs, he would shout like all the devils. I heard him once call Eudemon from the Porte St. Victor to Montmartre. Stentor never had such a voice at the siege of Troy.

Then for the strengthening of his nerves, they made him two great pigs of lead, each in weight 8,700 quintals. Those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them so without stirring three quarters of an hour or more, which was an inimitable force.

He fought at barriers with the stoutest; and when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet that he abandoned himself unto the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old — in imitation of whom he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him.

The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, and refreshed with other clothes, they returned fair and softly; and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with what is written of them in the books of the ancients, such as Theophrastus, Dioscorides, Marinus, Pliny, Nicander, Macer, and Galen, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page called Rhizotomos had charge — together with hoes, picks, spuds, pruning-knives, and other instruments requisite for herbarizing. Being come to their lodging, whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which has been read, and then sat down at table. Here remark, that his dinner was sober and frugal, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach; but his supper was copious and large, for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him: which indeed is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physic, although a rabble of fond physicians counsel the contrary. During that repast was continued the lesson read at dinner as long as they thought good; the rest was spent in good discourse, learned and profitable. After that they had given thanks, they set themselves to sing musically, and play upon harmonious instruments, or at those pretty sports made with cards, dice, or cups — thus made merry till it was time to go to bed; and sometimes they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travelers in strange countries. At full night they went unto the most open place of the house to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, oppositions, and conjunctions of the stars.

Then with his master did he briefly recapitulate, after the manner of the

Pythagoreans, that which he had read, seen, learned, done, and understood in the whole course of that day.

Then prayed they unto God the Creator, falling down before him, and strengthening their faith towards him, and glorifying him for his boundless bounty; and giving thanks unto him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to his Divine clemency for the future. Which being done, they entered upon their repose.

If it happened that the weather were rainy and inclement, the forenoon was employed according to custom, except that they had a good clear fire lighted, to correct the distempers of the air. But after dinner, instead of their wonted exercitations, they did abide within, and by way of Apotherapie, did recreate themselves in bottling hay, in cleaving and sawing wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn.

Then they studied the art of painting or carving; or brought into use the antique game of knucklebones, as Leonicus hath written of it, and as our good friend Lascaris playeth at it. While playing, they examined the passages of ancient authors wherein the said play is mentioned, or any metaphor drawn from it.

They went likewise to see the drawing of metals, or the casting of great ordnance: they went to see the lapidaries, the goldsmiths and cutters of precious stones, the alchemists, coiners of money, upholsterers, weavers, velvet-workers, watchmakers, looking-glass-makers, printers, organists, dyers, and other such kind of artificers; and everywhere giving them wine, did learn and consider the industry and invention of the trades.

They went also to hear the public lectures, the solemn Acts, the repetitions, the declamations, the pleadings of the gentle lawyers, and sermons of evangelical preachers.

He went through the halls and places appointed for fencing, and there played against the masters of all weapons, and showed them by experience that he knew as much in it as, yea, more than they. And instead of herbarizing, they visited the shops of druggists, herbalists, and apothecaries, and diligently considered the fruits, roots, leaves, gums, seeds, and strange unguents, as also how they did compound them.

He went to see jugglers, tumblers, mountebanks, and quack-salvers, and considered their cunning, their shifts, their summersaults, and their smooth tongues; especially of those of Chauny in Picardy, who are naturally great praters, and brave gibers of fibs, in manner of green apes.

At their return they did eat more soberly at supper than at other times, and meats more desiccative and extenuating; to the end that the intemperate moisture of the air, communicated to the body by a necessary confinity, might by this means be corrected, and that they might not receive any prejudice for want of their ordinary bodily exercise.

Thus was Gargantua governed; and kept on in this course of education,

from day to day profiting, as you may understand such a young man of good sense, with such discipline so continued, may do. Which, although at the beginning it seemed difficult, became a little after so sweet, so easy, and so delightful, that it seemed rather the recreation of a king than the study of a scholar. Nevertheless, Ponocrates, to divert him from this vehement intention of spirit, thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day, to go out of the city betimes in the morning, either towards Gentilly or Boulogne, or to Montrouge, or Charenton-bridge, or to Vanves, or St. Cloud, and there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised; sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crayfish. But though that day was passed without books or lecture, yet was it not spent without profit; for in the said meadows they repeated certain pleasant verses of Virgil's 'Agriculture,' of Hesiod, and of Politian's 'Husbandry'; would set abroach some witty Latin epigrams, then immediately turned them into rondeaux and ballades in the French language. In their feasting they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed — as Cato teacheth, 'De re rustica,' and Pliny — with an ivy cup; would wash the wine in a basin full of water, and take it out again with a funnel; would make the water go from one glass to another, and would contrive little automatic engines, — that is to say, machines moving of themselves.

THE ABBEY OF THELEMA

THERE was left only the monk to provide for; whom Gargantua would have made Abbot of Seuillé, but he refused it. He would have given him the Abbey of Bourgueil, or of Sanct Florent which was better, or both if it pleased him; but the monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of monks. "For how shall I be able," said he, "to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself? If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do you, any acceptable service, give me leave to found an abbey after my own mind and fancy." The motion pleased Gargantua very well; who thereupon offered him all the country of Thelema by the river Loire, till within two leagues of the great forest of Port-Huaut. The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others.

"First, then," said Gargantua, "you must not build a wall about your convent, for all other abbeys are strongly walled and mured about."

Moreover, seeing there are certain convents in the world whereof the custom is, if any women come in, — I mean honorable and honest women, — they immediately sweep the ground which they have trod upon; therefore was it

ordained that if any man or woman, entered into religious orders, should by chance come within this new abbey, all the rooms should be thoroughly washed and cleansed through which they had passed.

And because in other monasteries all is compassed, limited, and regulated by hours, it was decreed that in this new structure there should be neither clock nor dial, but that according to the opportunities, and incident occasions, all their works should be disposed of; — "for," said Gargantua, "the greatest loss of time that I know is to count the hours. What good comes of it? Nor can there be any greater folly in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion."

Item, Because at that time they put no women into nunneries but such as were either one-eyed, lame, humpbacked, ill-favored, misshapen, foolish, senseless, spoiled, or corrupt; nor encloistered any men but those that were either sickly, ill-bred, clownish, and the trouble of the house: —

("Apropos," said the monk — "a woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she?" "To make a nun of," said Gargantua. "Yea," said the monk, "and to make shirts.")

Therefore, Gargantua said, was it ordained, that into this religious order should be admitted no women that were not fair, well-featured, and of a sweet disposition; nor men that were not comely, personable, and also of a sweet disposition.

Item, Because in the convents of women men come not but underhand, privily, and by stealth: it was therefore enacted that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.

Item, Because both men and women that are received into religious orders after the year of their novitiate were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life: it was ordered that all of whatever kind, men or women, admitted within this abbey, should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment whensoever it should seem good to them so to do.

Item, For that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three vows, — to wit, those of chastity, poverty, and obedience: it was therefore constituted and appointed that in this convent they might be honorably married, that they might be rich, and live at liberty. In regard to the legitimate age, the women were to be admitted from ten till fifteen, and the men from twelve till eighteen.

For the fabric and furniture of the abbey, Gargantua caused to be delivered out in ready money twenty-seven hundred thousand eight hundred and one-and-thirty of those long-wooled rams; and for every year until the whole work was completed he allotted threescore nine thousand gold crowns, and as many of the seven stars, to be charged all upon the receipt of the river Dive. For the foundation and maintenance thereof he settled in perpetuity three-and-twenty

hundred threescore and nine thousand five hundred and fourteen rose nobles, taxes exempted from all in landed rents, and payable every year at the gate of the abbey; and for this gave them fair letters patent.

The building was hexagonal, and in such a fashion that in every one of the six corners there was built a great round tower, sixty paces in diameter, and were all of a like form and bigness. Upon the north side ran the river Loire, on the bank whereof was situated the tower called Arctic. Going towards the east there was another called Calær, the next following Anatole, the next Mesembrine, the next Hesperia, and the last Criere. Between each two towers was the space of three hundred and twelve paces. The whole edifice was built in six stories, reckoning the cellars underground for one. The second was vaulted after the fashion of a basket-handle; the rest were coated with Flanders plaster, in the form of a lamp foot. It was roofed with fine slates of lead, carrying figures of baskets and animals; the ridge gilt, together with the gutters, which isssued without the wall between the windows, painted diagonally in gold and blue down to the ground, where they ended in great canals, which carried away the water below the house into the river.

This same building was a hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent than ever was Bonivet; for there were in it nine thousand three hundred and two-and-thirty chambers, every one whereof had a withdrawing-room, a closet, a wardrobe, a chapel, and a passage into a great hall. Between every tower, in the midst of the said body of building, there was a winding stair, whereof the steps were part of porphyry, which is a dark-red marble spotted with white, part of Numidian stone, and part of serpentine marble; each of those steps being two-and-twenty feet in length and three fingers thick, and the just number of twelve betwixt every landing-place. On every landing were two fair antique arcades where the light came in; and by those they went into a cabinet, made even with, and of the breadth of the said winding, and they mounted above the roof and ended in a pavilion. By this winding they entered on every side into a great hall, and from the halls into the chambers. From the Arctic tower unto the Criere were fair great libraries in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Spanish, respectively distributed on different stories, according to their languages. In the midst there was a wonderful winding stair, the entry whereof was without the house, in an arch six fathoms broad. It was made in such symmetry and largeness that six men-at-arms, lance on thigh, might ride abreast all up to the very top of all the palace. From the tower Anatole to the Mesembrine were fair great galleries, all painted with the ancient prowess, histories, and descriptions of the world. In the midst thereof there was likewise such another ascent and gate as we said there was on the river-side.

In the middle of the lower count there was a stately fountain of fair alabaster. Upon the top thereof stood the three Graces, with horns of abundance, and did jet out the water at their breasts, mouth, ears, and eyes. The inside of

the buildings in this lower court stood upon great pillars of Cassydonian stone, and porphyry in fair ancient arches. Within these were spacious galleries, long and large, adorned with curious pictures — the horns of bucks and unicorns; of the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus; the teeth and tusks of elephants, and other things well worth the beholding. The lodging of the ladies took up all from the tower Arctic unto the gate Mesembrine. The men possessed the rest. Before the said lodging of the ladies, that they might have their recreation, between the two first towers, on the outside, were placed the tilt-yard, the hippodrome, the theater, the swimming-bath, with most admirable baths in three stages, well furnished with all necessary accommodation, and store of myrtle-water. By the river-side was the fair garden of pleasure, and in the midst of that a fair labyrinth. Between the two other towers were the tennis and fives courts. Towards the tower Criere stood the orchard full of all fruit-trees, set and ranged in a quincunx. At the end of that was the great park, abounding with all sort of game. Betwixt the third couple of towers were the butts for arquebus, crossbow, and arbalist. The stables were beyond the offices, and before them stood the falconry, managed by falconers very expert in the art; and it was yearly supplied by the Candians, Venetians, Sarmatians, with all sorts of excellent birds, eagles, gerfalcons, goshawks, falcons, sparrow-hawks, merlins, and other kinds of them, so gentle and perfectly well trained that, flying from the castle for their own disport, they would not fail to catch whatever they encountered. The venery was a little further off, drawing towards the park.

All the halls, chambers, and cabinets were hung with tapestry of divers sorts, according to the seasons of the year. All the pavements were covered with green cloth. The beds were embroidered. In every black chamber there was a looking-glass of pure crystal, set in a frame of fine gold garnished with pearls, and of such greatness that it would represent to the full the whole person. At the going out of the halls belonging to the ladies' lodgings were the perfumers and hair-dressers, through whose hands the gallants passed when they were to visit the ladies. These did every morning furnish the ladies' chambers with rose-water, musk, and angelica; and to each of them gave a little smelling-bottle breathing the choicest aromatical scents.

The ladies on the foundation of this order were appareled after their own pleasure and liking. But since, of their own free will, they were reformed in manner as followeth: —

They wore stockings of scarlet which reached just three inches above the knee, having the border beautified with embroideries and trimming. Their garters were of the color of their bracelets, and circled the knee both over and under. Their shoes and slippers were either of red, violet, or crimson velvet, cut *à barbe d'écrévisse* [pointed and turned back].

Next to their smock they put on a fair corset of pure silk camblet; above that went the petticoat of white, red tawny, or gray taffeta. Above this was

the *cotte* in cloth of silver, with needlework either (according to the temperature and disposition of the weather) of satin, damask, velvet, orange, tawny, green, ash-colored, blue, yellow, crimson, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, or some other choice stuff, according to the day.

Their gowns, correspondent to the season, were either of cloth of gold with silver edging, of red satin covered with gold purl, of taffety, white, blue, black, or tawny, of silk serge, silk camblet, velvet, cloth of silver, silver tissue, cloth of gold, velvet, or figured satin with golden threads.

In the summer, some days, instead of gowns, they wore fair mantles of the above-named stuff, or capes of violet velvet with edging of gold, or with knotted cordwork of gold embroidery, garnished with little Indian pearls. They always carried a fair plume of feathers, of the color of their muff, bravely adorned with spangles of gold. In the winter-time they had their taffety gowns of all colors, as above named, and those lined with the rich furrings of wolves, weasels, Calabrian martlet, sables, and other costly furs. Their beads, rings, bracelets, and collars were of precious stones, such as carbuncles, rubies, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, turquoises, garnets, agates, beryls, and pearls.

Their head-dressing varied with the season of the year. In winter it was of the French fashion; in the spring of the Spanish; in summer of the fashion of Tuscany, except only upon the holy-days and Sundays, at which times they were accoutred in the French mode, because they accounted it more honorable, better befitting the modesty of a matron.

The men were appareled after their fashion. Their stockings were of worsted or of serge, of white, black, or scarlet. Their breeches were of velvet, of the same color with their stockings, or very near, embroidered and cut according to their fancy. Their doublet was of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, velvet, satin, damask, or taffety, of the same colors, cut, embroidered, and trimmed up in the same manner. The points were of silk of the same colors, the tags were of gold enameled. Their coats and jerkins were of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, gold tissue, or velvet embroidered, as they thought fit. Their gowns were every whit as costly as those of the ladies. Their girdles were of silk, of the color of their doublets. Every one had a gallant sword by his side, the hilt and handle whereof were gilt, and the scabbard of velvet, of the color of his breeches, the end in gold, and goldsmith's work. The dagger of the same. Their caps were of black velvet, adorned with jewels and buttons of gold. Upon that they wore a white plume, most prettily and minion-like parted by so many rows of gold spangles, at the end whereof hung dangling fair rubies, emeralds, etc.

But so great was the sympathy between the gallants and the ladies, that every day they were appareled in the same livery. And that they might not miss, there were certain gentlemen appointed to tell the youths every morning what colors the ladies would on that day wear; for all was done according to

the pleasure of the ladies. In these so handsome clothes, and habiliments so rich, think not that either one or other of either sex did waste any time at all; for the masters of the wardrobes had all their raiments and apparel so ready for every morning, and the chamber-ladies were so well skilled, that in a trice they would be dressed, and completely in their clothes from head to foot. And to have these accoutrements with the more conveniency, there was about the wood of Thelema a row of houses half a league long, very neat and cleanly, wherein dwelt the goldsmiths, lapidaries, embroiderers, tailors, gold-drawers, velvet-weavers, tapestry-makers, and upholsters, who wrought there every one in his own trade, and all for the aforesaid friars and nuns. They were furnished with matter and stuff from the hands of Lord Nausiclete, who every year brought them seven ships from the Perlas and Cannibal Islands, laden with ingots of gold, with raw silk, with pearls and precious stones. And if any pearls began to grow old, and lose somewhat of their natural whiteness and luster, those by their art they did renew by tendering them to cocks to be eaten, as they used to give casting unto hawks.

All their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds when they thought good; they did eat, drink, labor, sleep, when they had a mind to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did constrain them to eat, drink, nor do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule, and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed: —

FAY CE QUE VOULDRAS [Do what thou wilt].

Because men that are free, well born, well bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions and withdraws them from vice, which is called honor. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off and break the bond of servitude; for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden, and to desire what is denied.

By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation: to do all of them what they saw did please one. If any of the gallants or ladies should say, "Let us drink," they would all drink. If any one of them said, "Let us play," they all played. If one said, "Let us go for our delight into the fields," they went all. If it were to go a-hawking or a-hunting, the ladies, mounted upon well-paced nags, carried on their lovely fists (miniardly begloved every one of them) either a sparrow-hawk, or a laneret, or a merlin, and the gallants carried the other kinds of birds. So nobly were they taught, that there was not one amongst them but could read, write, sing, play upon musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them

all very quaintly, both in verse and prose. Never were seen knights so valiant, so noble and worthy, so dexterous and skilful both on foot and a-horseback, more active, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons, than were there. Never were seen ladies so proper, so miniard, less forward, or more ready with hand and needle in every honest and free action belonging to that sex, than were there.

For this reason, when the time came that any man of the said abbey, either at the request of his parents or for some other cause had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies — namely, her whom he had before that chosen for his mistress — and they were married together. And if they had formerly in Thelema lived in devotion and amity, much more did they continue therein in the state of matrimony; and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no less vigor and fervency than at the very day of their wedding.

Translated by Walter Besant

JOHN CALVIN

JOHN CALVIN was born in the village of Noyon, in northeastern France, on July 10, 1509. He was intended by his parents for the priesthood, for which he seemed to be peculiarly fitted by his naturally austere disposition, averse to every form of sport or frivolity, and he was given an excellent education with that calling in view; but finally at the command of his father — whose plans for his son had undergone a change — he gave up his theological preparation and devoted himself to the study of law. Gifted with an extraordinary memory, rare insight, and an uncommonly keen reasoning faculty, he speedily distinguished himself in his new field, and a brilliant career was predicted for him by his teachers. His tastes however were more literary than legal, and his first published work, written at the age of twenty-three, was a commentary on Seneca's treatise 'On Clemency,' which brought him wide repute as a classical scholar and as a clear and forceful writer.

Though he had apparently renounced for ever all thoughts of a clerical life, he retained, even while he was engaged in the study of law and in the more congenial pursuit of literature, his early love for theology; and in 1532, under the influence of some of Luther's writings which happened to fall into the hands, he was converted to the Protestant faith and threw in his fortunes with the little evangelical party in Paris. His intellectual attainments made him a marked man wherever he went, and he speedily became the leading spirit in the circle to which he had attached himself. Compelled soon afterward by the persecuting measures of King François I to flee the country, he took up his residence at Basle and settled down, as he hoped, to a quiet literary life. It was during his stay here that he published in Latin the first edition of his greatest work, 'The Christian Institutes' (1536), in which is contained the system of theology which has for centuries borne his name, and by which he is best known to the world at large. Probably no other work written by so young a man has ever produced such a wide-spread, profound, and lasting influence. In its original form, it is true, the work was only a brief and simple introduction to the study of the Scriptures, much less imposing and forbidding than the elaborate body of divinity which is now known to theologians as 'Calvin's Institutes': but all the substance of the last edition is to be found in the first; the theology of the one is the theology of the other — the Calvin of 1559 is the Calvin of 1536. The fact that at the age of twenty-six Calvin could publish a system of theology at once so original and so profound — a system, moreover, which with all his activity of intellect

and love of truth he never had occasion to modify in any essential particular — is one of the most striking phenomena in the history of the human mind; and yet it is but one of many illustrations of the man's marvelous clearness and comprehensiveness of vision, and of his force and decision of character. His life from beginning to end was the consistent unfolding of a single dominant principle — the unwavering pursuit of a single controlling purpose. From his earliest youth the sense of duty was all-supreme with him; he lived under a constant imperative — in awe of, and in reverent obedience to, the will of a sovereign God; and his theology is but the translation into language of that experience; its translation by one of the world's greatest masters of logical thought and of clear speech.

Calvin's great work was accompanied by a dedicatory epistle addressed to King François I, which is by common consent one of the finest specimens of courteous and convincing apology in existence. A brief extract from it will be found in the selections given below.

Soon after the publication of the 'Institutes,' Calvin's plans for a quiet literary career were interrupted by a peremptory call to assist in the work of reforming the Church and State of Geneva; and the remainder of his life, with the exception of a brief interval of exile, was spent in that city, at the head of a religious movement whose influence was ultimately felt throughout all Western Europe. It is true that Calvin was not the originating genius of the Reformation — that he belonged only to the second generation of reformers, and that he learned the Protestant faith from Luther. But he became for the peoples of Western Europe what Luther was for Germany, and he gave his own peculiar type of Protestantism — that type which was congenial to his disposition and experience — to Switzerland, to France, to the Netherlands, to Scotland, and through the Dutch, the English Puritans, and the Scotch Presbyterians, to large portions of the New World. Calvin, to be sure, is not widely popular today even in those lands which owe him most, for he had little of that human sympathy which glorifies the best thought and life of the present age; but for all that, he has left his mark upon the world, and his influence is not likely ever to be wholly outgrown. His emphasis upon God's holiness made his followers scrupulously, even censoriously pure; his emphasis upon God's will made them stern and unyielding in the performance of what they believed to be their duty; his emphasis upon God's majesty, paradoxical though it may seem at first sight, promoted in no small degree the growth of civil and religious liberty, for it dwarfed all mere human authority and made men bold to withstand the unlawful encroachments of their fellows. Thus Calvin became a mighty force in the world, though he gave the world far more of law than of gospel, far more of Moses than of Christ.

Calvin's career as a writer began at an early day and continued until his death in 1564. His pen was a ready one and was seldom idle. In the midst of the most engrossing cares and occupations — the cares and occupations of a

preacher, a pastor, a teacher of theology, a statesman, and a reformer to whom the Protestants of many lands looked for inspiration and for counsel — he found time, though he died at the early age of fifty-four, to produce works that today fill more than threescore volumes, and all of which bear the unmistakable impress of a great mind. In addition to his 'Institutes,' theological and ethical tracts, and treatises, sermons, and epistles without number, he wrote commentaries upon almost all the books of the Bible; which for lucidity, for wide and accurate learning, and for sound and ripe judgment, have never been surpassed. Among the most characteristic and important of his briefer works are his vigorous and effective 'Reply to Cardinal Sadolet,' who had endeavored after Calvin's exile from Geneva in 1539 to win back the Genevese to the Roman Church; his tract on 'The Necessity of Reforming the Church; presented to the Imperial Diet at Spires, A. D. 1544, in the cause of all who wish with Christ to reign' — an admirable statement of the conditions which had made a reformation of the Church imperatively necessary, and had led to the great religious and ecclesiastical revolution; another tract on 'The True Method of Giving Peace to Christendom and Reforming the Church,' — marked by a beautiful Christian spirit and permeated with sound practical sense; still another containing 'Articles Agreed Upon by the Faculty of Sacred Theology at Paris, with the Antidote'; and finally an 'Admonition Showing the Advantages which Christendom might Derive from an Inventory of Relics.' Though Calvin was from boyhood up of a most serious turn of mind, and though his writings, in marked contrast to the writings of Luther, exhibit few if any traces of genial spontaneous humor, the last two works show that he knew how to employ satire on occasion in a very telling way for the overthrow of error and for the discomfiture of his opponents.

In addition to the services which Calvin rendered by his writings to the cause of Christainity and of sacred learning, must be recognized the lasting obligation under which as an author he put his mother tongue. Whether he wrote in Latin or in French, his style was always chaste, elegant, clear, and vigorous. His Latin compares favorably with the best models of antiquity; his French is a new creation. The latter language indeed owes almost as much to Calvin as the German language owes to Luther. He was unquestionably its greatest master in the sixteenth century, and he did more than anyone else to fix its permanent character — to give it that exactness, that lucidity, that purity and harmony of which it justly boasts.

Calvin's writings bear throughout the imprint of his character. There appears in all of them the same horror of impurity and dishonor, the same stern sense of duty, the same respect for the sovereignty of the Almighty, the same severe judgment of human failings. To read them is to breathe the tonic air of snow-clad heights; but they are seldom if ever touched with the tender glow of human feeling or transfigured with the radiance of creative

imagination. There is that in David, in Isaiah, in Paul, in Luther, which appeals to every heart and makes their words immortal; but Calvin was neither poet nor prophet — the divine afflatus was not his — and it is not without reason that his writings, vigorous, forceful, profound, as is their context, and pure and elegant as is their style, are read today only by theologians or historians.

ARTHUR CUSHMAN MCGIFFERT

PREFATORY ADDRESS TO THE 'INSTITUTES'

TO Francis, King of the French, the most Christian Majesty, the most Mighty and Illustrious Monarch, his Sovereign — John Calvin prays peace and salvation in Christ.

Sire: — When I first engaged in this work, nothing was further from my thoughts than to write what should afterwards be presented to your Majesty. My intention was only to furnish a kind of rudiments, by which those who feel some interest in religion might be trained to true godliness. And I toiled at the task chiefly for the sake of my countrymen the French, multitudes of whom I perceived to be hungering and thirsting after Christ, while very few seemed to have been duly imbued with even a slender knowledge of him. That this was the object which I had in view is apparent from the work itself, which is written in a simple and elementary form, adapted for instruction.

But when I perceived that the fury of certain bad men had risen to such a height in your realm that there was no place in it for sound doctrine, I thought it might be of service if I were in the same work both to give instruction to my countrymen, and also lay before your Majesty a Confession, from which you may learn what the doctrine is that so inflames the rage of those madmen who are this day with fire and sword troubling your kingdom. For I fear not to declare that what I have here given may be regarded as a summary of the very doctrine which, they vociferate, ought to be punished with confiscation, exile, imprisonment, and flames, as well as exterminated by land and sea.

I am aware indeed how, in order to render our cause as hateful to your Majesty as possible, they have filled your ears and mind with atrocious insinuations; but you will be pleased of your clemency to reflect that neither in word nor deed could there be any innocence, were it sufficient merely to accuse. When anyone, with the view of exciting prejudice, observes that this doctrine of which I am endeavoring to give your Majesty an account has been condemned by the suffrages of all the estates, and was long ago stabbed again and again by partial sentences of courts of law, he undoubtedly says nothing more than that it has sometimes been violently oppressed by the power and fac-

tion of adversaries, and sometimes fraudulently and insidiously overwhelmed by lies, cavils, and calumny. While a cause is unheard, it is violence to pass sanguinary sentences against it; it is fraud to charge it, contrary to its deserts, with sedition and mischief.

That no one may suppose we are unjust in thus complaining, you yourself, most illustrious Sovereign, can bear us witness with what lying calumnies it is daily traduced in your presence; as aiming at nothing else than to wrest the scepters of kings out of their hands, to overturn all tribunals and seats of justice, to subvert all order and government, to disturb the peace and quiet of society, to abolish all laws, destroy the distinctions of rank and property, and in short turn all things upside down. And yet that which you hear is but the smallest portion of what is said; for among the common people are disseminated certain horrible insinuations — insinuations which, if well founded, would justify the whole world in condemning the doctrine with its authors to a thousand fires and gibbets. Who can wonder that the popular hatred is inflamed against it, when credit is given to those most iniquitous accusations? See why all ranks unite with one accord in condemning our persons and our doctrine!

Carried away by this feeling, those who sit in judgment merely give utterance to the prejudices which they have imbibed at home, and think they have duly performed their part if they do not order punishment to be inflicted on anyone until convicted, either on his own confession, or on legal evidence. But of what crime convicted? "Of that condemned doctrine," is the answer. But with what justice condemned? The very evidence of the defense was not to abjure the doctrine itself, but to maintain its truth. On this subject, however, not a whisper is allowed. . . .

It is plain indeed that we fear God sincerely and worship him in truth, since, whether by life or by death, we desire his name to be hallowed; and hatred herself has been forced to bear testimony to the innocence and civil integrity of some of our people, on whom death was inflicted for the very thing which deserved the highest praise. But if any, under pretext of the gospel, excite tumults (none such have as yet been detected in your realm), if any use the liberty of the grace of God as a cloak for licentiousness (I know of numbers who do), there are laws and legal punishments by which they may be punished up to the measure of their deserts; only in the mean time let not the gospel of God be evil spoken of because of the iniquities of evil men.

Sire, that you may not lend too credulous an ear to the accusations of our enemies, their virulent injustice has been set before you at sufficient length: I fear even more than sufficient, since this preface has grown almost to the bulk of a full apology. My object however was not to frame a defense, but only with a view to the hearing of our cause, to mollify your mind, now indeed turned away and estranged from us — I add, even inflamed against us

— but whose good will, we are confident, we should regain, would you but once with calmness and composure read this our Confession, which we desire your Majesty to accept instead of a defense. But if the whispers of the malevolent so possess your ear that the accused are to have no opportunity of pleading their cause; if those vindictive furies, with your connivance, are always to rage with bonds, scourgings, tortures, maimings, and burnings — we indeed, like sheep doomed to slaughter, shall be reduced to every extremity; yet so that in our patience we will possess our souls, and wait for the strong hand of the Lord, which doubtless will appear in its own time, and show itself armed, both to rescue the poor from affliction and also take vengeance on the despisers, who are now exulting so securely.

Most illustrious King, may the Lord, the King of kings, establish your throne in righteousness and your scepter in equity.

Basle, August 1, 1536.

PIERRE RONSARD

PIERRE RONSARD was born on September 11, 1524, at the Château de la Poissonière (Vendômois). He was the fifth son of Louis Ronsard, *maître d'hotel* to François I. His father, born of a noble Hungarian family, was himself a scholar and a poet, who composed verses in both French and Latin which received a tolerable amount of praise from his contemporaries. Till the age of nine, Pierre was brought up at home under the direction of a tutor. When sent to the College of Navarre, he was a bright and beautiful boy of ten; but the Regent there was an uncommonly harsh master, under whose rule in six months the child lost not only his color and his vivacity, but his taste for study. His alarmed father gave up all thought of educating him for the law or the church, and entered him in the service of the Duke of Orléans as a page. Three years later, in 1537, when James V of Scotland returned to his own country with his first wife, Madeleine of France, Ronsard went in their train to Edinburgh, where he spent two years; and then, despite the King's efforts to detain him, returned to France (spending six months in England on the way), and re-entered the service of the Duke. His royal master sent his prodigy of a page on all sorts of secret missions — to Scotland, to Flanders, to Zealand, to the Diet of Spires with Lazare de Baïf, to Piedmont with the viceroy Guillaume du Bellay. He suffered many hardships, and even shipwreck; and finally a severe illness, which left him almost totally deaf at the early age of sixteen. He lost his heart too about this time (not so irremediable a loss, however, as his hearing), to a fair *bourgeoise* of Blois, whom he chose to christen Cassandra. She was little more than a child; and he, though not seventeen, was already an accomplished courtier, skilled in all manly exercises, and already a verse-maker. His deafness interfering with his chances at court, he wished to devote himself to study. But his father, ambitious for the future of his brilliant son, peremptorily forbade his apprenticeship to "le mestier des Muses" [the Muses' calling]. During his travels, however, he had learned to speak English, Italian, and German, while one of his comrades had taught him Latin.

When the elder Ronsard died, Pierre was left free to follow his own inclinations. At eighteen, having already seen more of life than most men, he retired with his friend Antoine de Baïf, then only sixteen, to the College of Coqueret. Seven long years they passed in this retreat, studying with the greatest ardor, and helping each other along the thorny ways of learning.

At the college they were joined by Remy Belleau, afterwards an enthusiastic disciple of Ronsard, and by Antoine Muret, his future commentator. Here

too came Joachim du Bellay, who eagerly embraced the literary theories of Ronsard, and published in 1549 the result of their joint studies and speculations under the title of 'Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française' [The Defense and Adornment of the French Language]. "Coloring their prejudices as erudite scholars with all the illusions of youth and patriotism," says Sainte-Beuve in his admirable work on 'French Poetry in the Sixteenth Century,' "they asserted that there was no such thing as poetry in France, and promised themselves to create it all." The ideas of these youthful enthusiasts were set forth (in part) as follows:

"Languages are not like plants, strong or weak by chance: they depend upon human volition. Consequently, if our language be more feeble than the Greek or the Latin, it is the fault of our ancestors, who neglected to strengthen and adorn it. Translations alone will never enrich a language. We need to follow the example of the Romans, who imitated rather than translated the best Greek authors, transforming them into their own likeness, devouring their substance, and after digesting it thoroughly, converting it into nourishment and blood."

To this careful transportation of the classics, of Spanish and Italian, Ronsard added an audacious use of the words of his own tongue. Where French failed him, he dressed up a Latin, Greek, or Italian substitute. He advised what he called the *provignement* (literally the *layering* of words — the term being taken from the gardener's method of laying a shoot under ground to take root, without detaching it from the parent stem); and from a recognized substantive, for instance, would form a verb or an adjective to suit his need. Moreover, he borrowed right and left from every French dialect he could lay his hands upon; and in all the workshops of Paris he sought among the artisans for words and phrases to give amplitude and vigor to his verse. His genius melted down this heterogeneous mass into a wonderfully mellifluous stream; and to us, in this polyglot age, his verse presents fewer difficulties than it did, perhaps, to his contemporaries.

In 1549, after seven years' study of "le mestier des Muses," Ronsard was persuaded to appear in print for the first time; and to publish his Epithalamium on the marriage of Antoine de Bourbon with Jeanne de Navarre. His first book of 'Odes' came out in 1550; and two years later the first book of the 'Amours' — a collection of sonnets addressed to the fair Cassandra. Meanwhile he was publishing more odes, of which a fifth book appeared in 1553, accompanied with music fitted to the songs and sonnets, and a commentary by Muret. Then came a book of 'Hymnes,' followed in two years by a second, and by the last of the 'Amours.' Finally, in 1560, he brought out the first edition of his collected works.

Never were poems received with such tempests of applause. In vain the jovial curé of Meudon made fun of his neighbor; not even the mighty laughter of Rabelais could drown the praise of princes. The Toulouse Acad-

emy of Floral Games christened Ronsard "the prince of poets"; and although he had not entered their lists as a competitor, they not only crowned him with their usual golden wreath of eglantine, but sent him also a massive silver statue of Minerva. Queen Elizabeth presented a diamond of great price; and Marie Stuart sent him from her English prison a buffet surmounted by a silver Pegasus, standing on the summit of Parnassus, bearing this inscription: "To Ronsard, the Apollo of the fountain of the Muses."

Montaigne immortalized him in a single line; Tasso was proud to read to him the first cantos of his 'Gerusalemme'; and his works were publicly read and expounded in the French schools of Flanders, Poland, England, and other countries. Saddest and sweetest tribute of all, the poet Chastelard would have no other consolation upon the scaffold than Ronsard's 'Hymn to Death.'

The people shared the admiration of princes, and women burned incense before the popular idol. Many damsels besides Cassandra are celebrated in his charming verses; either by their real names, or by the finer Callirrhoës and Astræas of the fashion of the day. The nebulous clouds of adoration that surrounded him finally encompassed that famous constellation, the "Pléiade," wherein he was still the central star. Around him at a respectful distance revolved Daurat his old master; Du Bellay and De Baïf, his fellow-students; Belleau, Jodelle, and Pontus de Thyard: but it was only Ronsard whom the whole world delighted to honor.

At the command of Charles IX he undertook an epic poem; and about a fortnight after the massacre of St. Bartholomew (August 24, 1572) appeared all that was ever written of the 'Franciade' — four cantos of the destined twenty-four. The delighted King loaded him with new honors; bestowing upon him, besides two priories, the abbeys of Bellozane and Croix-Val.

To Croix-Val Ronsard retired upon the death of his royal patron in 1574. Gouty and prematurely old, he led a studious and pious life; amusing himself by editing another edition of his complete works, which appeared in 1584. So captious had grown his fastidious taste, that he altered the sonnets and lyrics of his youth with a most unsparing hand, often much to the loss of their spontaneity and vigor; "not considering," says Colletet, in his quaint old French, "that although he was the father of his works, yet doth it not appertain to sad and captious age to sit in judgment upon the strokes of gallant youth."

A singer to the last, he died at his priory of St. Cosme, Tours, on December 27, 1585, at the age of 61; and was quietly buried in the choir of the priory church. Two months after his death, however, his dear friend Galland, who had closed the poet's eyes, celebrated his obsequies at the chapel of the College of Boncour. Henri III, then King, sent his own musicians to sing the mass; Duperron, afterwards bishop of Evreux and cardinal, pronounced the funeral oration, and drew tears from the eyes of all present. The chapel was crowded with the princes of the blood, the cardinals, the Parliament, and

the University of Paris. The next day memorial orations and verses were recited in all the colleges of Paris, and volumes might be made of the commemorative elegies and epitaphs.

But only fifteen years after these panegyrics filled the air, arose the star of Malherbe, severest of his critics because so close a rival. It is related that the poet Racan, coming in one day — when Malherbe was ill, let us hope — took up a volume of Ronsard with many verses erased. "Posterity will quote the others as admired by Malherbe," said Racan; whereupon the irritated censor seized a pen and scratched out all the rest.

The wheel of Fortune turned again. Malherbe was almost as completely forgotten as Ronsard. Corneille, Racine, and classic drama ruled the day. Again the wheel went round; and by about 1830 the reign of the Romantic School was established. Guizot, Ampère, Prosper Mérimée, Philarète Chasles, Théophile Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Victor Hugo, led the way in applauding Ronsard; and once more all France rang with his praises. Sainte-Beuve wrote his 'Tableau Historique et Critique de la Poésie Française au 16e. Siècle' [Critical and Historical View of French Poetry in the Sixteenth Century], followed by a volume of selections which set the new school wild. Early editions commanded fabulous prices; and a copy dating from 1609 was presented to Victor Hugo as the fittest tribute to "the successor of the greatest lyric poet in France."

It is easier to account for the fame of Ronsard than for its sudden waning. His service to French speech is enormous. As a poet, he worked much upon the same lines as did Rabelais in prose, allowing for the humorous extravagance of the latter. Both borrowed from all sources, and both developed the French vocabulary in every direction.

Nor were Ronsard's services to the art of versification less notable. To him belongs the honor of introducing the ode into French poetry; that he also revived the epic is a doubtful matter for congratulation. Sainte-Beuve claims as Ronsard's invention a great variety of new rhythms, and at least eight or ten new forms of strophes. Indeed, France had to wait three hundred years for a worthy successor to him in the realm of lyric verse. Not until Victor Hugo took up the fallen lyre do we find in French poetry any songs that for exquisite melody, simplicity, and grace can rival his. He transplanted some of the finest odes and sonnets of Anacreon, Theocritus, Horace, Petrarch, and Bembo into his native tongue; but added to them such fine and delicate touches of his own fancy that they seemed to bloom anew as with engrafted flowers.

And he kept a kind and fatherly eye upon the younger poets springing up around him. He taught them the value of careful work; inspired them to write less and write better; and bade them remember that verses should be weighed, not counted, and that like diamonds, one fine gem was far more precious than a hundred mediocre specimens.

Of all English poets Herrick most resembles Ronsard. But Herrick set out with the great advantage of finding his material ready to his hand; for the noble English language was at the very acme of its splendor. His mastery of rhythm is as great as Ronsard's, but his poetic genius is of a lower order. Ronsard's imagination has a loftier flight than Herrick's fancy; there is more dignity and depth in his sweetness, a subtler pathos in his tenderness.

Both poets profess a like Epicurean philosophy: "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may, old Time is still a-flying," sings Herrick; and Ronsard utters the same wisdom to Cassandra. This is the moral of many a verse in both poets, it is true; but Ronsard's treatment of love is more noble and dignified than that of the English singer. Although touched occasionally by the worst taste of his time, Ronsard preserves in nearly all his love poems a manliness and a delicacy that enhance their richness. Perhaps the most celebrated of his verses is the sonnet to Hélène de Surgères, maid of honor to Catherine de' Medici, a sonnet which Béranger has imitated and Thackeray paraphrased: —

When by the fire, grown old, with silvery hair,
  You spin by candle-light with weary eyes,
  Humming my songs you'll say, with still surprise,
"Ronsard once sang of me, when I was young and fair."
Then as your maidens hear the well-known sound —
  Though half asleep after the toils of day —
  Not one but wakes, and as she goes her way
Blesses your name, with praise immortal crowned.
I shall be dead and gone, a fleshless shade
Under Elysian bowers my head be laid;
While you, crouched o'er your fire, grown old and gray,
  Sigh for my love, regret your past disdain.
  Live now, nor wait for love to come again;
Gather the roses of your life today!

Ronsard, like Chaucer, in spite of a courtier's training, had an intense love of nature. The poet laureate of his age and country, he was none the less an excellent gardener, well versed in all the secrets of horticulture; and side by side with marriage odes to princes and epistles to kings and queens, we find charming songs addressed to the birds and insects and fountains of the country that he loved even better than the court. And like Chaucer, again, he was capable of higher flights; and could comfort a dying poet with his 'Hymn to Death,' or write verses full of a lofty stoicism — like the stanzas taken from one of the odes, which irresistibly suggest the "good counsel" of Geoffrey Chaucer.

KATHERINE HILLARD

RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS

SOME winter night, shut snugly in
Beside the fagot in the hall,
I think I see you sit and spin,
Surrounded by your maidens all.
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory:
You say, "When I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me!"

There's not a maiden in your hall,
Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes as you my name recall,
And longs the history to know.
And as the piteous tale is said
Of lady cold and lover true,
Each, musing, carries it to bed,
And sighs and envies you!

"Our lady's old and feeble now,"
They'll say; "she once was fresh and fair,
And yet she spurned her lover's vow,
And heartless left him to despair:
The lover lies in silent earth,
No kindly mate the lady cheers;
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
With threescore and ten years!"

Ah! dreary thoughts and dreams are those —
But wherefore yield me to despair,
While yet the poet's bosom glows,
While yet the dame is peerless fair!
Sweet lady mine! while yet 'tis time,
Requite my passion and my truth;
And gather in their blushing prime
The roses of your youth!

Paraphrased by Thackeray

THE ROSE

SEE, Mignonne, hath not the Rose,
That this morning did unclose
Her purple mantle to the light,
Lost, before the day be dead,
The glory of her raiment red,
Her color, bright as yours is bright?

Ah, Mignonne, in how few hours,
The petals of her purple flowers
All have faded, fallen, died;
Sad Nature, mother ruinous,
That seest thy fair child perish thus
'Twixt matin song and eventide.

Hear me, my darling, speaking sooth,
Gather the fleet flower of your youth,
Take ye your pleasure at the best;
Be merry ere your beauty flit,
For length of days will tarnish it
Like roses that were loveliest.

Translated by Andrew Lang

MARIE

AWAKE, awake, Marie, how lazy you are grown!
By now the happy lark has caroled to the sky,
The nightingale by now, in dulcet agony,
Leaning against her thorn, has uttered all her moan.
Come! we'll go see the grass with seeds of crystal sown,
Your rose-tree crowned with buds that nightly multiply,
And those sweet pinks that, sure, of thirst will never die
If, as last night, the hand that tends them be your own.
Yestreen you swore to me when our good-nights were said,
To be awake today or ever I should rise;
And yet the sleep of dawn, that well becomes a maid,
Still presses the soft seal of slumber on your eyes.
I'll kiss them both and kiss the beauty of your breast
To teach you when 'tis time to be about and dressed.

Translated by George Wyndham

TO CASSANDRA

O LITTLE maid more tender
Than any bud in May
That rose-bushes engender
To hail the break of day
In one part green, in one
Flushing vermilion.

Fasten, Beloved, around me
Your twin arms intertwined;
And when those bonds have bound me
For ever let them bind:
In that kiss each shall give
For ever let us live.

Nor time nor the misgiving
That other lips may please
Shall lure my lips, while living
From living upon these:
And so clasped we will lie
Till in that kiss we die.

You, Love, and I your lover,
Both in the self-same breath
Shall fare out to discover
The pallid House of Death
And fields assigned by Fate
To lovers fortunate.

There Eros mid the flowering
Of that Eternal Spring
Shall watch his Mother showering
Sweets on our dallying,
And we shall know what good
Befalls within her wood.

Along the grassy meadows
Below the shelving dunes
The river shores and shadows
Re-echo many tunes,
One plays and to him one
Dances in unison.

The fair sky there discloses
  A face for ever kind,
No viper o'er the roses
  Leaves venom tracks behind,
    The birds there never cease
    From singing in the trees.

The winds are ever chanting
  Soft songs of fitful sound,
And laurels ever slanting
  Cool shadows on the ground,
    The flowers there never lose
    The glory of their hues.

Somewhere in the deep spaces
  That happy orchard screens
We two shall find our places
  Where Lovers and their Queens
    Love on without a care,
    And like them we shall fare.

Translated by George Wyndham

HIS LADY'S TOMB

AS in the gardens, all through May, the rose,
Lovely and young and rich apparellèd,
Makes sunrise jealous of her rosy red,
When dawn upon the dew of dawning glows;
Graces and Loves within her breast repose,
  The woods are faint with the sweet odor shed,
  Till rains and heavy suns have smitten dead
The languid flower, and the loose leaves unclose:

So this, the perfect beauty of our days,
When heaven and earth were vocal of her praise,
  The fates have slain, and her sweet soul reposes:
And tears I bring, and sighs, and on her tomb
Pour milk, and scatter buds of many a bloom,
  That, dead as living, Rose may be with roses.

Translated by Andrew Lang

ROSES

I SEND you here a wreath of blossoms blown,
And woven flowers at sunset gatherèd.
Another dawn had seen them ruined, and shed
Loose leaves upon the grass at random strown.
By this, their sure example, be it known
That all your beauties, now in perfect flower,
Shall fade as these, and wither in an hour,
Flower-like, and brief of days, as the flower sown.

Ah, time is flying, lady — time is flying;
Nay, 'tis not time that flies but we that go,
Who in short space shall be in churchyard lying,
And of our loving parley none shall know,
Nor any man consider what we were:
Be therefore kind, my love, whiles thou art fair.

Translated by Andrew Lang

A MADRIGAL

TO ASTRÆA

WHY those engraven agates dost thou wear,
Rich rubies, and the flash of diamonds bright?
Thy beauty is enough to make thee fair —
Beauty that love endows with its own light.
Then hide that pearl, born of the Orient sea:
Thy grace alone should ornament thy hand;
Thy gems but serve to make us understand
They take their splendor and their worth from thee.
'Tis thy bright eyes that make thy diamonds shine,
And not the gems that make thee more divine.
Thou work'st thy miracles, my lady fair,
With or without thy jewels; all the same,
I own thy sovranty: now ice, now flame —
As love and hatred drive me to despair —
I die with rapture, or I writhe in shame,
Faint with my grief, or seem to tread on air.

Translated by Katharine Hillard

GOOD COUNSEL

NOT to rejoice too much at Fortune's smile
Nor at her frown despair —
This makes man happy, and he lives meanwhile
Without or fear or care.

Like Time himself, borne by his sweeping wings,
All things else pass away;
And fifty sudden summers and sweet springs
Flit by us like a day.

Cities and forts and kingdoms perish all
Before Time's mighty breath;
And new ones spring to life, like them to fall,
And crumble into death.

Therefore let no man cherish the vain thought
Of an immortal name,
Seeing how Time itself doth come to naught,
And he shall fare the same.

Arm thyself then with proud philosophy
Against the blows of fate;
And with a soul courageous, firm, and free
The storms of life await.

Translated by Katharine Hillard

THE ABBÉ DE BRANTÔME

(PIERRE DE BOURDEILLE)

EVERY historian of the Valois period is indebted to Brantôme for preserving the atmosphere and detail of the brilliant life in which he moved as a dashing courtier, a military adventurer, and a gallant gentleman of high degree. He was not a professional writer, nor a student; but he took notes unconsciously, and in the evening of his life turned back the pages of his memory to record the scenes through which he had passed and the characters which he had known. He has been scornfully termed the "valet de chambre" of history; nevertheless, the anecdotes scattered through his works will be treasured by all students of that age of luxury and magnificence, art and beauty, beneath which lay the ferment of great religious and political movements, culminating in the struggle between the Huguenots and the Catholics.

Brantôme was the third son of the Vicomte de Bourdeille, a Périgord nobleman, whose family had lived long in Guienne, and whose aristocratic lineage was lost in myth. Born about 1534, Pierre was destined for the church, but abandoned this career for arms. He was sent to court as page to Marguerite, sister of François I and Queen of Navarre; after her death in 1549, he went to Paris to study at the University. His title of Abbé being merely honorary, he served in the army under François de Guise, Duke of Lorraine, and became Gentleman of the Chamber to Charles IX. With the exception of diplomatic missions, service on the battle-field, and voyages for pleasure, he spent his life thereafter at court; his career extended through the reigns of Henri II, François II, Charles IX, Henri III, and Henri IV, to that of Louis XIII.

About 1594 he retired to his estate, where until his death in 1614 he passed his days in contentions with the monks of Brantôme, in lawsuits with his neighbors, and in writing his books: 'Lives of the Illustrious Men and Great Captains of France'; 'Lives of Illustrious Ladies'; 'Lives of Ladies of Gallantry'; 'Memoirs, containing Anecdotes connected with the Court of France'; 'Spanish Rodomontades'; a 'Life' of his father, François de Bourdeille; a 'Funeral Oration' on his sister-in-law; and a dialogue in verse, entitled 'The Tomb of Madame de Bourdeille.' These works were not published until 1665, so that Brantôme did not reach the reading public of his day, although some of his friends saw the manuscripts.

Brantôme writes like a "gentleman of the sword," with dash and energy,

and as one who has, to use his own words, "been always trotting, traversing, and tramping the world." Not in the habit of a vagabond, however, for the balls, banquets, tournaments, masques, ballets, and wedding-feasts which he describes so vividly were occasions for the display of sumptuous costumes; and Messire Pierre de Bourdeille doubtless appeared as elegant as any other gallant in silken hose, jeweled doublet, flowing cape, and long rapier. What we value most are his paintings of these festive scenes, and the vivid portraits which he has left of the Valois women, who were largely responsible for the luxuries and the crimes of the period: women who could step without a tremor from a court-masque to a massacre; who could toy with a gallant's ribbons and direct the blow of an assassin; and who could poison a rival with a delicately perfumed gift. Such a court Brantôme calls the "true paradise of the world, school of all honesty and virtue, ornament of France." We like to hear about Catherine de' Medici riding with her famous "squadron of Venus": "You should have seen forty or fifty dames and demoiselles following her, mounted on beautifully accoutred hackneys, their hats adorned with feathers which increased their charm, so well did the flying plumes represent the demand for love or war. Vergil, who undertook to describe the fine apparel of Queen Dido when she went out hunting, has by no means equaled that of our Queen and her ladies."

Even the soberest historian may feel a responsive thrill as he reads the account of Mary Stuart's departure from France in 1561. Brantôme was one of her suite, and describes in vivid language her grief while the shores of France were fading away, and her dismay when, on her arrival in Scotland, she was serenaded by psalm-tunes, with a most villainous accompaniment of Scottish music. "Ah, what music!" he exclaims. "What a night of repose!"

But of all the gay ladies Brantôme loves to dwell upon, his favorites are the two Marguerites: Marguerite of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre, the sister of François I, and Marguerite, daughter of Catherine de' Medici and wife of Henri IV. Of the latter, called familiarly "La Reine Margot," he is always writing. "As for the beauty of this rare princess," he says, "I think that all that are, or will be, or ever have been near her appear ugly."

Brantôme has been a puzzle to some critics, who cannot explain his "contradictions." He has none. He extols sinister and dissolute characters because he recognizes only two merits — aristocratic birth and hatred of the Huguenots. He has no intention of judging by moral standards the men and women of his time; he merely notes their characteristics as faithfully as he can, considering his bias. One thing he seems to have admired above all else — intensity of life. This was admirably exemplified in the amorous warriors and haughty, revengeful ladies among whom he spent his days. Brantôme must therefore not be regarded merely as a chronicler who delighted in scandals, although his pages reek with them, but as the true mirror of the Valois court and camp.

WHAT A KILLER!

From 'Spanish Rodomontades'

FOR example, there is the story of a captain I once knew, a regular rogue if ever there was one, whom they called Captain Fréville, brave and stout of heart, a tall young man of the age of twenty-five, of fine commanding stature and pleasing mien, who spoke German as well as his own French tongue, having lived in the country six or seven years. This captain was a great friend of mine, and had served under me at the siege of La Rochelle and occasionally at court. While King Henry, on his return from Poland, was in Lyons, the captain was often with me, and I was told, from a reliable source, to warn him not to show himself so frequently, because he was in danger of the law; and I accordingly told him and warned him. But he coolly answered: "Sir, I thank you; but do not trouble yourself at all on my behalf in this matter — it is a mere nothing, only a little scuffle I am accused of. But the law cannot touch me." I wished to have the true story of it, and he said, "It is nothing, sir; but since you wish to know, 'twas a rascal of a Paris merchant, who had done me an ill turn. I had him watched, and learned that he was going to Orleans on a certain day, with four or five companions, merchants like himself. I mounted my horse and followed as fast as I could. I found them at dinner at Longjumeau; I dismounted and gave my horse to my man to hold. Then I went upstairs with my pistol ready and the hammer cocked. I found my man at the head of the table, immediately made for him, and cried, 'Confess your sins, merchant of Paris! You are a dead man!' I leveled the pistol at him; it missed fire. I promptly laid my hand to my sword, and gave it to him through the body, and he fell to the floor, stone-dead. I saw his comrades look as though they meant trouble. I dealt one of them such a slice over the head that I split it half in two, so that he tumbled, quite senseless, into the fire, which finished him off. The third I gave a mighty thrust that sent him under the table to pick up the crumbs that had fallen there; but he did not gather many, for he died on the spot. The fourth took to his heels and made for the stair, but I administered such a kick behind that he went down faster than he had intended, and broke his neck. I then very neatly wiped my sword on the table-cloth, took a drink, and left my friends there dead. Coming down-stairs I stepped over the other fellow's body at the bottom, quite coolly mounted my horse again, and, without anyone at the inn making a fuss or interfering in any way, rode off. My sword and I accomplished all this in the twinkling of an eye."

When he had told me this story, unable to keep from laughing, I said, "What! Do you call that nothing? As God is my witness, you are in a bad way if you do not take care. Get you out of this town." He believed me; I

accommodated him with a good horse and some money, and away he went. If he had been caught, if he had but hesitated an hour, he would have been lost. And, I swear, he was hardly persuaded to leave, and did so only when I pressed him. Thus did this young man leave those four in a sorry pickle, and thus did fortune favor him. Ah! What a killer he was!

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE

From 'Lives of Illustrious Ladies'

WHEN the galley had left the port, a fresh breeze having sprung up, they began to make sail, and the galley-slaves ceased from rowing. Unable to turn her mind to anything else, she rested her two arms on the poop of the galley near the tiller and burst into a flood of tears, ever casting her lovely eyes on the port and the country she had left, and repeating these sad words: "Farewell, France! Farewell, France!" At this mournful occupation she spent nearly five hours, until it began to get dark, and they asked her if she would not come away and have some supper. Then, redoubling her tears more than ever, she spoke these words: "Now indeed, my dear France, I lose sight of you altogether, since dark night is jealous of the pleasure I took in gazing back at you as long as ever I could, and draws a black veil over my eyes to shut off from me so great a treasure. Farewell, then, dear France, for I shall never see you again!" And so she retired, saying she had done quite the opposite to Dido, who kept staring at the sea when Æneas left her, while *she* kept looking at the land. She wished to go to bed without having eaten anything but a salad, and would not go down into the stern cabin; but they had the deck of the galley, on top of the poop, prepared for her, and there they made her bed. She rested but little, without ceasing at all from her sighs and tears. She gave orders to the helmsman that as soon as it was day, if he could still see and make out the shores of France, he should awaken her and fear not to call her. In which matter, fortune favored her, for the wind having dropped they were forced to take to the oars, and made little progress that night; so that when dawn came the land of France might yet be seen. As the helmsman did not fail to carry out the orders she had given him, she arose from her bed and set herself to gaze on France again, and continued for as long as she could.

But as the galley drew away, she put by her pleasure, for she saw that fair land no longer. Then she repeated once again the words: "Farewell to France! It is over! Farewell France! Methinks I shall never see you more!"

A BRUSQUE REJOINDER

From 'Lives of Distinguished Men and Great Captains'

I HAVE heard it said that this Marshal Montejan had so accustomed his wife to deference that when he died and she married the Prince de la Roche-sur-Yon, being newly come to court and lacking refinement, she one day, when seated on her stool in the queen's chamber, wanted one of her folk, and spoke to a gentleman, one of the court gallants, a very haughty man and of as good family as she, but one whom she did not know. She called to him twice; "My good gentleman, I beg you will go and look in the hall for one of my gentlemen-in-waiting, and tell him to come to me." The gentleman, who was, as I have said, a high-handed person (I might name him, for it was my late uncle De la Chastaigneraye), said to her, "God's death! Whom are you calling 'your gentleman?' Look somewhere else for him, for I am not your gentleman and do not wish to be, dirty princess that you are. Go and carry your message yourself!"

King Francis, who was fond of the gentleman, heard the story, and laughed heartily at it; and he afterwards spoke to the princess, chiding her and showing her that, for all she was wedded to a prince, she must not use such language to the gentlemen of his court, where there were some of as good lineage as she, of whom this person was one, for he had had the honor of belonging to the household of the late queen, his wife.

THE CONSTABLE ANNE DE MONTMORENCY

From 'Lives of Distinguished Men and Great Captains'

HE never failed to say and keep up his paternosters every morning, whether he remained in the house, or mounted his horse and went out to the field to join the army. It was a common saying among the soldiers that one must "beware the paternosters of the Constable." For as disorders were very frequent, he would say, while mumbling and muttering his paternosters all the time, "Go and fetch that fellow and hang me him up to this tree"; "Out with a file of arquebusiers here before me this instant, for the execution of this man!" "Burn me this village instantly!" "Cut me to pieces at once all these villain peasants, who have dared to hold this church against the king!" All this without ever ceasing from his paternosters till he had finished them — thinking that he would have done very wrong to put them off to another time; so conscientious was he!

MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE

WE need not read a biography of Montaigne to know him. He is all in his 'Essais.' The more important events of life are told or suggested in them. His inmost thoughts, his feelings, the good and bad of his character, its strength and its weaknesses, are all revealed in these pages. "I am myself the subject of my book," he says truly. No other writer has ever so made himself the center from which radiates, and to which converges, all that he touches upon. His book, in his own phrase again, is "consubstantial" with himself.

Yet he never paints a carefully studied full-length portrait of himself. We learn to know him only by becoming his companion — by becoming intimate with him. All he tells us comes by the way, not in any formal sequence, but as occasion presents itself. At one moment he speaks of his great-grandfather, Ramon Eyquem, he who bought the Château de Montaigne, whence the name. Elsewhere he tells us not only the year of his birth, 1533, but the day and the precise hour. From his own conditions as mayor of Bordeaux, he passes to comments on his father's attitude in the same office. Some of the tenderest pages in the 'Essais' are devoted to this "kind father," "the best father that ever was," who, carrying out peculiar ideas of his own, had Michel pass his earliest years among peasants, made him learn Latin before he did French, and woke him in the morning by music. Many of these facts of his childhood are narrated to enforce Montaigne's own ideas on education; which were far beyond those of his age, and all of which have not even yet been put into practice.

The physical details of his existence he speaks of with a frequency and freedom to which even today certain readers are not accustomed; nor is he less open regarding his personal habits and humors. He tells us with pleasant garrulity how he loved to talk and joke with his friends, what an indolent dreamer he was in his library, and yet what an eager traveler in foreign countries, even to the verge of old age. His love of books, even while he asserts that he was little of a reader, his special admiration for Plutarch, his thoughts about death, illness, and old age, his hatred of medicine, his detestation of deceit, his ignorances and awkwardnesses, his lack of memory, his dislike of ceremonious customs, his conservatism, his pride, his over-carefulness about money at one time and his over-carelessness at another, his dislike of "affairs," of trouble of any kind, his more than dislike of restraint, his thoughtful hours in his solitary tower away from all the servitudes of life — these topics, and such as these, are all touched upon incidentally, and often illustrated by a quotation from Horace or Seneca.

But there are other passages which are illustrated — and could only be illustrated — by quotations from Plato. For the most part these were written in his later years, and this is one of the many proofs of the constant deepening and enriching of his thought. The serious interest he took in the complicated public affairs of his time turned his attention to questions regarding government, laws, beliefs, and crimes; which unquestionably concerned himself as a citizen and as a thinker, but which he considered from an admirably unprejudiced and impersonal point of view.

Thus we find that when Montaigne tells us he studies only himself, we must not take him too literally. He smiles behind the words. His Gascon vivacity is far removed from all formality and precision, and he makes no effort to be consistent, knowing that what he thinks today he may condemn tomorrow; since "man is an animal unstable and varying." But it is man, not himself alone, that he depicts, and the knowledge he seeks is of man in general. And he finds that knowledge is to be gained chiefly, but not only, by studying himself. "This long attention," he said, "that I devote to considering myself, trains me to judge also tolerably well of others; it often happens to me to see and distinguish more exactly the conditions of my friends than they do themselves." It is this blending of insight, whether about himself or about others, with the power of judging beyond all mere personality, that called forth Pascal's saying: "It is not in Montaigne but in myself that I find all I see in him."

Many of Montaigne's best years he passed in active life, singularly open to all social pleasures, with ardent affections that found a response from his friend La Boëtie; who, dying only four years after they had met, was constantly present to Montaigne's thought, and was often nobly spoken of by him, during the thirty years that he survived him.

It was only at the age of thirty-eight that Montaigne retired, as it were, within himself; and closing "the great book of the world" he had been reading, gave himself up deliberately to companionship with the ancient authors familiar to him in youth, and always loved, and to that self-analysis, never morbid or declamatory, which gradually led him to the serene acceptance of things as they are, that manifests itself more and more as we advance in the 'Essais.'

This is not the mood of a sceptic — taking the word, as it is now generally understood, to imply an absence of faith. Used in its primitive sense, it may be applied to Montaigne. He was essentially an examiner. He could see many sides in any matter he was considering, and they were all so vivid to him that the result was the question, "Que sçais-je?" which might be paraphrased, "Who knows?" Of every form of dogmatism he was the enemy — the sceptical enemy. But a man with such a high faith in human nature, and its possible development, as Montaigne shows himself to possess whenever he touches on education, friendship, virtue, the true use of knowledge and the

true objects of life — a man who admires the heroic side of humanity as profoundly as he does — is no sceptic. The terrible effects in his own day of religious and political intolerance, had forced home on him the danger that lies in the imperative assertion of general philosophical or moral conceptions; and it might perhaps be said of him that for his age he was an agnostic, for he is almost dogmatic about one thing alone, namely that on many points we must accept the uncertainty of ignorance. His latent and sincere Catholicism removed him far from what the term "agnostic" denotes today; but to be "knowingly ignorant" is the state of mind he would have us acquire. Complete ignorance — "A B C ignorance" — is not wholly bad; to think that one knows is much worse; but it is excellent to have reached "the willing ignorance of those who know." Let us not try to climb impossible heights, but abide on the level of attainable good. Such are the lessons he would have taught could he have become didactic. Moderation in all things, but a moderation that accepts all heroisms as possible. If there seems to be an apparent contradiction in this, it finds its corrective in his modest precept, "Do thy deed and know thyself." The "deed," the "doing," of each of us according to his powers is the highest point we can ever reach. The three "most excellent" men in his eyes were Homer and Alexander the Great and Epaminondas: but his Psalm of Life would not bid us "make our lives sublime," but make them wise and happy, contented and resigned; wise with sobriety, happy with discretion, contented and resigned, but not passive and idle. Thus this sage of the Renaissance, this humanist full of pagan reminiscences, reaches conclusions which he himself phrases in the words of St. Paul: "Gloria nostra est testimonium conscientiæ nostræ," [Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience].

Serenity, toleration in its broadest sense, not indifference, — that is the lesson we learn from the 'Essais.' But even this vague definition of their value is too narrow. The adopted daughter of Montaigne, Mademoiselle de Gournay, said of him with admirable precision, "Il désenseigne la sottise" [He unteaches foolishness]. We do not merely learn, but we *unlearn* from him — perhaps the greatest of benefits. We unlearn the unwisdom of the foolish world.

It is scarcely more easy to put a label on the style in which the 'Essais' are written than on their contents. Its great charm lies in its characteristic freedom, expressiveness, and clearness. Sometimes eloquent, sometimes poetic and picturesque, it is always familiar. But praise is checked by remembrance of Montaigne's saying that he cared so much more for the meaning than the words, that when he heard anyone dwelling on the language of the 'Essais' he would rather they should be silent.

He did not aim at the distinction of being a great writer, still less of being a great man. Yet he unquestionably takes a high place among the representative men of humanity. But it is not as Montaigne the Sceptic that he should be known, nor Montaigne the Egotist nor Montaigne the Epicurean; but as Montaigne the Sincere.

FERDINAND BÔCHER

Biographical Note — Michel Eyquem de Montaigne was born on February 28, 1533, of a well-to-do family of Bordeaux. He studied law, and held office in the Parlement of Bordeaux, retiring in 1570. While living quietly on his estate of Montaigne, in Périgord, he began to compose his essays about 1572, and published the first two books in 1580. In the years 1580 and 1581 he traveled extensively in Germany and Italy. He was twice mayor of Bordeaux (1581–1583 and 1583–1585), though not particularly noted as an administrator. In 1588 he brought out a third book of essays, dying a few years later, in 1592.

The first complete edition was put together by his admirer Mlle. de Gournay in 1595. Montaigne has been translated into English by the Elizabethan, John Florio, and by Charles Cotton in the later seventeenth century.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER

From the 'Essais'

READER, loe here a well-meaning Booke. It doth at the first entrance forewarne thee, that in contriving the same, I have proposed unto my selfe no other than a familiar and private end: I have no respect or consideration at all, either to thy service, or to my glory; my forces are not capable of any such desseigne. I have vowed the same to the particular commodity of my kinsfolks and friends: to the end, that losing me (which they are likely to do ere long) they may therein find some lineaments of my conditions and humours, and by that meanes reserve more whole, and more lively foster, the knowledge and acquaintance they have had of me. Had my intention beene to forestal and purchase the worlds opinion and favor, I would surely have adorned my selfe more quaintly, or kept a more grave and solemne march. I desire therein to be delineated in mine owne genuine, simple and ordinarie fashion, without contention, art or study; for it is my selfe I pourtray. My imperfections shall therein be read to the life, and my naturall forme discerned, so farre-forth as publike reverence hath permitted me. For if my fortune had beene to have lived among those nations, which yet are said to live under the sweet liberty of Natures first and uncorrupted lawes, I assure thee, I would most willingly have pourtrayed my selfe fully and naked. Thus, gentle Reader, my selfe am the groundworke of my booke: It is then no reason thou shouldest employ thy time about so frivolous and vaine a Subject. Therefore farewell.

The first of March, 1580.

Translated by John Florio

OF FRIENDSHIP

From the 'Essais'

FOR the rest, which we commonly call Friends, and Friendships, are nothing but Acquaintance, and Familiarities, either occasionally contracted, or upon some design, by means of which, there happens some little intercourse betwixt our Souls: but in the Friendship I speak of, they mix and work themselves into one piece, with so universal a mixture, that there is no more sign of the Seame by which they were first conjoin'd. If a Man should importune me to give a reason why I lov'd him [Etienne de la Boëtie]; I find it could no otherwise be exprest, than by making answer, because it was he, because it was I. There is, beyond I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and fatal power that brought on this Union. We sought one another long before we met, and by the Characters we heard of one another, which wrought more upon our Affections, than in reason, meer reports should do, I think by some secret appointment of Heaven, we embraced in our Names; and at our first meeting, which was accidentally at a great City entertainment, we found ourselves so mutually taken with one another, so acquainted, and so endear'd betwixt our selves, that from thenceforward nothing was so near to us as one another. He writ an excellent Latin Satyr, which I since Printed, wherein he excuses the precipitation of our intelligence, so suddenly come to perfection, saying, that being to have so short a continuance, as being begun so late (for we were both full grown Men, and he some Years the older), there was no time to lose; nor was ti'd to conform it self to the example of those slow and regular Friendships, that require so many precautions of a long preliminary Conversation. This has no other Idea, than that of its self; this is no one particular consideration, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a thousand: 'tis I know not what quintessence of all this mixture, which, seizing my whole Will, carried it to plunge and lose it self in his, and that having seiz'd his whole Will, brought it back with equal concurrence and appetite, to plunge and lose it self in mine. I may truly say, lose, reserving nothing to our selves, that was either his or mine.

Translated by Charles Cotton

OF BOOKS

From the 'Essais'

I MAKE no doubt but that I often happen to speak of things that are much better and more truly handled by those who are masters of the trade. You have here purely an essay of my natural parts, and not of those acquired: and whoever shall catch me tripping in ignorance, will not in any sort get the better of me; for I should be very unwilling to become responsible to another for my writings, who am not so to myself, nor satisfied with them. Whoever goes in quest of knowledge, let him fish for it where it is to be found; there is nothing I so little profess. These are fancies of my own, by which I do not pretend to discover things but to lay open myself; they may, peradventure, one day be known to me, or have formerly been, according as fortune has been able to bring me in place where they have been explained; but I have utterly forgotten it: and if I am a man of some reading, I am a man of no retention; so that I can promise no certainty, more than to make known to what point the knowledge I now have has risen. Therefore, let none lay stress upon the matter I write, but upon my method in writing it. Let them observe, in what I borrow, if I have known how to choose what is proper to raise or help the invention, which is always my own. For I make others say for me, not before but after me, what, either for want of language or want of sense, I cannot myself so well express. I do not number my borrowings, I weigh them; and had I designed to raise their value by number, I had made them twice as many; they are all, or within a very few, so famed and ancient authors, that they seem, methinks, themselves sufficiently to tell who they are, without giving me the trouble. In reasons, comparisons, and arguments, if I transplant any into my own soil, and confound them amongst my own, I purposely conceal the author, to awe the temerity of those precipitate censors who fall upon all sorts of writings, particularly the late ones, of men yet living, and in the vulgar tongue which puts every one into a capacity of criticizing, and which seems to convict the conception and design as vulgar also. I will have them give Plutarch a fillip on my nose, and rail against Seneca when they think they rail at me. . . .

I seek, in the reading of books, only to please myself, by an honest diversion; or if I study, 'tis for no other science than what treats of the knowledge of myself, and instructs me how to die and how to live well. "Has meus ad metas sudet oportet equus" [Unto that goal my steed must needs make haste].

I do not bite my nails about the difficulties I meet with in my reading; after a charge or two, I give them over. Should I insist upon them, I should both lose myself and time: for I have an impatient understanding, that must be

satisfied at first; what I do not discern at once, is by persistence rendered more obscure. I do nothing without gaiety; continuation and a too obstinate endeavor darkens, stupefies, and tires my judgment. My sight is confounded and dissipated with poring; I must withdraw it, and defer my discovery to a new attempt; just as to judge rightly of the luster of scarlet, we are taught to pass the eye lightly over it, and again to run it over at several sudden and reiterated glances. If one book do not please me, I take another; and never meddle with any, but at such times as I am weary of doing nothing. I do not care for new ones, because the old seem fuller and stronger; neither do I converse much with Greek authors, because my judgment cannot do its work with imperfect intelligence of the material. . . .

But, to pursue the business of this essay, I have always thought that, in poesy, Vergil, Lucretius, Catullus, and Horace by many degrees excel the rest; and signally, Vergil in his Georgics, which I look upon as the most accomplished piece in poetry. . . .

As to what concerns my other reading, that mixes a little more profit with the pleasure; and whence I learn how to marshal my opinions and conditions, the books that serve me to this purpose are Plutarch (since he has been translated into French) and Seneca. Both of these have this notable convenience suited to my humor, that the knowledge I there seek is discoursed in loose pieces, that do not require from me any trouble of reading long, of which I am incapable. Such are the minor works of the first and the epistles of the latter, which are the best and most profiting of all their writings. 'Tis no great attempt to take one of them in hand, and I give over at pleasure; for they have no sequence or dependence upon one another. These authors, for the most part, concur in useful and true opinions: and there is this parallel betwixt them, that fortune brought them into the world about the same century; they were both tutors to two Roman emperors; both sought out from foreign countries; both rich and both great men. Their instruction is the cream of philosophy, and delivered after a plain and pertinent manner. Plutarch is more uniform and constant; Seneca more various and waving: the last toiled and bent his whole strength to fortify virtue against weakness, fear, and vicious appetites; the other seems more to slight their power, and to disdain to alter his pace and to stand upon his guard. Plutarch's opinions are Platonic, gentle, and accommodated to civil society; those of the other are Stoical and Epicurean, more remote from the common use, but in my opinion more individually commodious and more firm. Seneca seems to lean a little to the tyranny of the emperors of his time, and only seems; for I take it for certain that he speaks against his judgment when he condemns the action of the generous murderers of Cæsar. Plutarch is frank throughout; Seneca abounds with brisk touches and sallies, Plutarch with things that heat and move you more: this contents and pays you better; he guides us, the other pushes us on.

As to Cicero, those of his works that are most useful to my design are they

that treat of philosophy, especially moral. But boldly to confess the truth (for since one has passed the barriers of impudence, off with the bridle), his way of writing, and that of all other long-winded authors, appears to me very tedious: for his prefaces, definitions, divisions, and etymologies take up the greatest part of his work; whatever there is of life and marrow is smothered and lost in the long preparation. When I have spent an hour in reading him — which is a great deal for me — and try to recollect what I have thence extracted of juice and substance, for the most part I find nothing but wind; for he is not yet come to the arguments that serve to his purpose, and to the reasons that properly help to form the knot I seek. For me, who only desire to become more wise, not more learned or eloquent, these logical and Aristotelian dispositions of parts are of no use. I would have a man begin with the main proposition. I know well enough what death and pleasure are: let no man give himself the trouble to anatomize them for me. I look for good and solid reasons, at the first dash, to instruct me how to stand their shock; for which purpose neither grammatical subtleties nor the quaint contexture of words are argumentations of any use at all. I am for discourses that give the first charge into the heart of the redoubt: his languish about the subject; they are proper for the schools, for the bar, and for the pulpit, where we have leisure to nod, and may awake a quarter of an hour after — time enough to find again the thread of the discourse. It is necessary to speak after this manner to judges, whom a man has a design to gain over, right or wrong; to children and common people, to whom a man must say all, and see what will come of it. I would not have an author make it his business to render me attentive. . . . I come already fully prepared from my chamber. I need no allurement, no invitation, no sauce; I eat the meat raw, so that instead of whetting my appetite by these preparatives, they tire and pall it. Will the license of the time excuse my sacrilegious boldness if I censure the dialogism of Plato himself as also dull and heavy, too much stifling the matter, and lament so much time lost by a man who had so many better things to say, in so many long and needless preliminary interlocutions? My ignorance will better excuse me, in that I understand not Greek so well as to discern the beauty of his language. I generally choose books that use sciences, not such as only lead to them. . . .

The historians are my right ball: for they are pleasant and easy, and where man in general, the knowledge of whom I hunt after, appears more vividly and entire than anywhere else: the variety and truth of his internal qualities in gross and piecemeal, the diversity of means by which he is united and knit, and the accidents that threaten him. Now those that write lives, by reason they insist more upon counsels than events, more upon what sallies from within than upon what happens without, are the most proper for my reading; and therefore, above all others, Plutarch is the man for me. . . . Cæsar, in my opinion, particularly deserves to be studied, not for the knowledge of the history only, but for himself, so great an excellence and perfection he has

above all the rest, though Sallust be one of the number. In earnest I read this author with more reverence and respect than is usually allowed to human writings: one while considering him in his person, by his actions and miraculous greatness, and another in the purity and inimitable polish of his language, wherein he not only excels all other historians, as Cicero confesses, but peradventure even Cicero himself, speaking of his enemies with so much sincerity in his judgment, that (the false colors with which he strives to palliate his evil cause, and the ordure of his pestilent ambition, excepted) I think there is no fault to be objected against him, saving this, that he speaks too sparingly of himself — seeing so many great things could not have been performed under his conduct, but that his own personal acts must necessarily have had a greater share in them than he attributes to them.

Translated by William Carew Hazlitt

OF REPENTANCE

From the 'Essais'

OTHERS form man: I only report him; and represent a particular one, ill fashioned enough, and whom, if I had to model him anew, I should certainly make something else than what he is: but that's past recalling. Now, though the features of my picture alter and change, 'tis not, however, unlike: the world eternally turns round; all things therein are incessantly moving — the earth, the rocks of Caucasus, and the Pyramids of Egypt, both by the public motion and their own. Even constancy itself is no other but a slower and more languishing motion. . . . I must accommodate my history to the hour: I may presently change, not only by fortune, but also by intention. . . . Could my soul once take footing, I would not essay but resolve; but it is always learning and making trial.

I propose a life ordinary and without luster; 'tis all one: all moral philosophy may as well be applied to a common and private life, as to one of richer composition; every man carries the entire form of human condition. Authors communicate themselves to the people by some especial and extrinsic mark: I, the first of any, by my universal being; as Michel de Montaigne, not as a grammarian, a poet, or a lawyer. If the world find fault that I speak too much of myself, I find fault that they do not so much as think of themselves. . . . I have this, at least, according to discipline, that never any man treated of a subject he better understood and knew, than I what I have undertaken, and that in this I am the most understanding man alive: secondly, that never any man penetrated farther into his matter, nor better and more distinctly sifted the parts and sequences of it, nor ever more exactly and fully arrived at the end he proposed to himself. To perfect it, I need bring nothing

but fidelity to the work; and that is there, and the most pure and sincere that is anywhere to be found. I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare: and I dare a little the more, as I grow older; for methinks custom allows to age more liberty of prating, and more indiscretion of talking of a man's self. . . . My book and I go hand in hand together. Elsewhere men may commend or censure the work, without reference to the workman; here they cannot: who touches the one, touches the other. . . . I shall be happy beyond my desert, if I can obtain only thus much from the public approbation, as to make men of understanding perceive that I was capable of profiting by knowledge, had I had it; and that I deserved to have been assisted by a better memory.

Be pleased here to excuse what I often repeat, that I very rarely repent, and that my conscience is satisfied with itself, not as the conscience of an angel, or that of a horse, but as the conscience of a man; always adding this clause — not one of ceremony, but a true and real submission — that I speak inquiring and doubting, purely and simply referring myself to the common and accepted beliefs for the resolution. I do not teach, I only relate.

Translated by William Carew Hazlitt

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION

THE GROWTH OF FRANCE, 1610–1678

THE death of Henri IV by the hand of an assassin in 1610, only twelve years after he had proclaimed the toleration of Protestantism by the Edict of Nantes, comes just at the beginning for France of a period of consolidation, followed by an extraordinary expansion. During the regency of his widow, Marie de' Medici, it appeared as though the country would relapse into the civil strife of the previous century; but the reign of Louis XIII (1610–1643) soon saw the entry into the political arena of a new figure — Cardinal Richelieu, the astute and unscrupulous statesman who built up the royal power as it had never been built up before.

Richelieu, ostensibly as the adviser of Louis XIII, turned his attention first toward internal affairs. With a ruthless grip he checked the efforts of the great nobles to assert themselves at the expense of the crown; one plot against him after another was discovered, and its leaders executed or driven out of France. He next reduced to terms the Huguenots, whose complete organization, centered in their fortress, La Rochelle, made them a "state within the state." La Rochelle fell before the royal army, in spite of an English effort to relieve it, in 1628. Richelieu very wisely left the Huguenots their religious liberty, but brought them into the civil organization by remodeling the municipal institutions of their city.

In his foreign policy, Richelieu showed the same determination to let nothing obstruct his country's march to greatness, and the same ability to grasp every opportunity that offered. France was favored by the disturbed condition of most of her rivals. Spain, already checked on the seas by the English sailors and on land by the sturdy Dutchmen who had revolted against her, was now passing through a period of acute depression, caused partly by her expulsion of the industrious Moors, and partly by her injudicious reliance on the gold drawn from her American colonies. England was upset by the constantly recurring trials of strength between crown and parliament, soon to culminate in the Civil War (1642–1649). Germany was divided and devastated by the terrible Thirty Years' War (1618–1648). Watching his chance until the Protestants of northern Europe had been almost worn down by the armies of the Empire, Richelieu brought France into the struggle in 1635, fresh, organized, and full of nationalist enthusiasm. From this point on, the French leaders won triumph after triumph. The Treaties of Westphalia, which ended the war in 1648, gave her the great border fortresses Metz, Verdun, and Toul, besides all of Alsace except Strasbourg.

But this was not enough. During the first half of the long reign of Louis XIV (1643–1715), France went on developing, internally and externally alike. The Italian, Cardinal Mazarin, who had succeeded Richelieu, had continued his policy of lopping the crests of the nobility in order to concentrate all the power in the king's hands. When he died in 1661, leaving Louis XIV to govern alone, the work was complete. The fortified castles which once dotted the countryside had been destroyed; their owners were now encouraged to leave their estates and come to Versailles, where the king held court. There they sank into mere place-seekers, dependent for their advancement on the monarch's will, and without any power to withstand him. The royal minister, Colbert, between 1661 and 1683 increased the wealth of France immensely by encouraging and protecting industries, and by rigidly controlling governmental expenditure. Meanwhile, the French armies under Condé and Turenne had defeated the Spaniards and Austrians in battle after battle. The Treaty of Nimeguen (1678) may be said to mark the height of France's rise to eminence in Europe. By that agreement she obtained Franche-Comté (the old duchy of Burgundy), as well as Valenciennes and other towns in the North, setting her boundaries far beyond where they had been at the opening of the century.

THE INTELLECTUAL AND LITERARY ADVANCE

Along with this great growth in military and material power, France had been experiencing in literature a magnificent fulfilment of what is known as the "classical spirit" — that is, the impulse towards order, logical method, and clarity. François de Malherbe (1555–1628) had paved the way by insisting on simplicity and common-sense in poetry, while he purified the language by expunging foreign borrowings and dialectal expressions. In this way he represented a striking reaction from the tendencies of the Pléiade.

A generation after Malherbe came the first great French philosopher, René Descartes (1596–1650), whose treatise 'Discours de la Méthode pour bien conduire sa raison' [Discourse on the method of properly employing one's reason] has been called by Gustav Lanson "the biography of a thought." In his search for a starting-point from which to conduct his logical processes, Descartes was led to the proposition, "I think, therefore I am"; from this point he proceeded like the mathematician he was, step by step, proving his way as he went. In his rejection of mysticism and of authority in religion, and his insistence on reason as a safe guide, Descartes is of the utmost importance for the comprehension of modern thought.

At the same time, but in a totally different sphere, Pierre Corneille (1606–1684) was producing tragedies which represented the exaltation of duty and honor as reasonable things. In 'Le Cid' and 'Horace' we have him painting men and women torn by the conflict between love and duty, and choosing the

latter; the audiences of Corneille's early years as a dramatist could understand and sympathize with such decisions. He remained France's foremost tragic dramatist until Jean Racine (1639–1699), with his far more tender analyses of passion and his exquisite expressions of it, supplanted him in the favor of the court.

But the greatest name in the French literature of this time, perhaps of all time, is that of the writer of comedies, Molière (1622–1673). Molière, although he enjoyed the patronage of Louis XIV, did not write for his age alone. He is one of the world's universal writers — a humorist of the very highest rank. His best comedies, however, by their unerring dissection of pretense and hypocrisy, show us why the men of the rationalistic period in which he lived took such intense pleasure in his work.

Another writer who is full of kindly humor is Jean de la Fontaine (1621–1695), the writer of 'Fables' in which he set forth human vices in the guise of animals. La Fontaine, with Molière, showed a readiness to use the common language of the people rather than the more polished expression of the court. His classicism is shown in the perfect balance of material in the 'Fables,' where nothing seems to be superfluous yet nothing is left out.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AND ELOQUENCE

Naturally enough, the impulse of the age towards a free exercise of reason had its echoes in the literature of religion and dogma. During the first half of the seventeenth century, as a result on the one hand of the natural following out of the new philosophical views, and on the other of the persisting influence of Italian thought, which had shown strong sceptical tendencies, there was a good deal of unbelief, open and covert, in France. This "libertinage," as it has been named, was checked for a time by the counter-development of a Christian doctrine known as Jansenism, after its founder, Jansenius. Jansenism resembled Calvinism in its teaching of predestination and in its rather stern and ascetic view of life, but kept the name of Roman Catholicism until its suppression in 1710. In France, its center was the Abbey of Port-Royal, and its greatest exponent Blaise Pascal (1623–1662), whose 'Provincial Letters,' directed against the Jesuits, are masterpieces of sober but vigorous prose. In his 'Thoughts,' which are notes for a great book Pascal planned, and which appeared after his death in an incomplete form, he reconciles faith with reason as no one of his time or before it. We can understand, while reading his pages, why the shallow scepticism of the seventeenth century retreated before him.

In a much more orthodox realm we have the funeral orations and other works of Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet (1627–1704), whose eloquence is simple, energetic, and touching, but without the delicate keenness of Pascal's thought.

CRITICISM — THE ACADEMY AND BOILEAU

The century of reason, as we should expect, produced literary criticism of a high order. The weapons for its advancement had been forged in the reign of Louis XIII, when Richelieu in 1634 founded the French Academy with a view to making apparent the interest of the government in literature, as well as justifying his own pretensions to critical judgment. The Academy soon devoted itself to the making of a dictionary of the French language which should fix its forms for all time, without otherwise arresting its development. The dictionary did not appear until 1694; it gives us, in its final form, the whole story of a century of classicism. The vocabulary of French had been drastically purged indeed during that time. Vaugelas, one of the main fabricators of the dictionary, was forced to admit that half the language of Amyot had been sacrificed. But the gain in clarity and exactness was undoubtedly immense. French, as a result of this treatment, became an incomparable instrument for the handling of abstract and intellectual themes.

That instrument did not lie long unused. In the famous Nicolas Boileau (1636–1711) we have one who became the literary dictator of his age. Boileau had none of the poetic fire, it is true, but he was a sound critic of what he could understand and analyze. His common-sense mind revolted against anything like sentimentality or tawdry adornment. In his 'Satires' he scathingly ridiculed the authors who fancied themselves rivals of Racine, Molière, and La Fontaine; posterity has justified him, for they are now forgotten. Boileau's 'Art Poétique,' intended to give recipes for good writing, is just such a cool, measured, inadequate production as might be expected from a perfectly reasonable man, gifted with taste, yet no poet.

LITERARY PATRONAGE

More and more, we can see the likes and dislikes of the court circle reflected in the literature of the age. Pensions and official appointments were dispensed by the king as rewards of literary merit; Boileau and Racine, for example, were appointed Historiographers Royal in 1677. Naturally, authors writing under such patronage did their best to please the king and his favorites. Against this hampering influence, however, must be weighed the fact that writers of genius and talent were encouraged and supported as they have rarely been in the world's history. Furthermore, it is easy to exaggerate the censorship exercised by royalty over literature; only in the fields of political thought and of religion did freedom of expression become impossible.

The life of the court and the camp, centering about the brilliant figure of "le roi soleil" [the sun king], as Louis XIV was called by his subjects, has been preserved for us in imperishable colors in the works of the moralists La Rochefoucauld (1613–1689) and La Bruyère (1645–1696) and the charming

letters of Mme. de Sévigné (1626–1696). Looking through their pages we understand how Frenchmen of the later seventeenth century came to lay such stress on the manner of doing things, the style of expressing them. Social intercourse, at the court of Versailles, had become a refined and beautiful part of life; in this respect, all of Europe had begun to go to school to France. The days were halcyon ones for her. Her literature and her arts were flourishing; her generals and diplomats triumphant. Only here and there do we catch glimpses of the darker side. The petty intrigues, the selfishness of the courtier, the drying-up of the springs of unaffected kindliness, had not yet forced themselves upon the observers' attention in such a way as to make them lose confidence in themselves and their age.

There is one author, however, in whose work the modern reader can find many of his own criticisms of the reign of Louis XIV — the memoir-writer Saint-Simon (1675–1755). This keen, rather bitter commentator, in setting down for posterity his impressions of the men and things around him, was following an illustrious tradition of French literature. Some of the most vivid and entertaining accounts of French life in the seventeenth century may be gleaned from the memoirs of the period — those of the active, turbulent, scheming Cardinal de Retz (1614–1679), those of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter of the Duke of Orléans (1627–1693), who during the Fronde troubles turned the guns of the Bastille on the royal troops, or those of Tallemant des Réaux (1619–1692), most malicious of story-tellers. But none of them show the mordant critical powers of Saint-Simon. A noble himself, he looked on in rage at the sight of the French nobles humbling themselves before Louis XIV and turning into fawning courtiers, while the king's upstart favorites ruled the land. No significant detail of the change that had come over the court since the days of Louis XIII missed his eye; he could say with pride, "the Memoirs run from the source; they are at first-hand." Although his life was mainly in the eighteenth century, Saint-Simon spent his time noting the faults of the late seventeenth; spiritually, he was a man of 1630.

HISTORICAL EVENTS	LITERARY DATES
1610 Henri IV is assassinated	
1618 The Thirty Years' War breaks out in Germany	
1624 Louis XIII makes Richelieu minister	
1628 The royal army takes La Rochelle	
	1634–37 French Academy founded
1635 Richelieu declares war on Spain and brings France into the Thirty Years' War	
	1636 Corneille, *Le Cid*
	1637 Descartes, *Discours de la Méthode*
	1640 Corneille, *Horace* and *Cinna*
1642 Richelieu dies	
1643 Louis XIII dies. Louis XIV is nominally king. Mazarin carries on Richelieu's policy	
1648 The Treaties of Westphalia end the war. Austria is humiliated; France obtains Alsace. Religious toleration is made general	
	1656–57 Pascal, *Lettres Provinciales*
1659 France obtains Roussillon from Spain	1659 Molière, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*
1661 Mazarin dies; Louis XIV assumes full control	
	1665 La Rochefoucauld, *Maximes*
	1666 Boileau, *Satires*
	1667 Racine, *Andromaque*
	1668 La Fontaine, first collection of *Fables*
	1669 Molière, *Tartuffe*
	1670 Pascal, *Pensées*
	1674 Boileau, *Art Poétique*
	1677 Racine, *Phèdre*
1678 The Treaty of Nimeguen leaves France at the height of her power	
1685 Louis XIV revokes the Edict of Nantes; over 250,000 Huguenots exiled	1688 La Bruyère, *Caractères*

RENÉ DESCARTES

THE broad scope of literature is illustrated by its inclusion of the writings of René Descartes (Latinized, Renatus Cartesius). Deliberately turning away from books, and making naught alike of learned precedent and literary form, he yet could not but avail himself unconsciously of the heritage which he had discarded.

This notable figure in seventeenth-century philosophy was born of ancient family at La Haye, in Touraine, France, March 31, 1596; and died at Stockholm, Sweden, February 11, 1650. From a pleasant student life of eight years in the Jesuit college at La Flèche, he went forth in his seventeenth year with unusual acquirements in mathematics and languages, but in deep dissatisfaction with the long dominant scholastic philosophy and the whole method prescribed for arriving at truth. In a strong youthful revolt, his first step was a decision to discharge his mind of all the prejudices into which his education had trained his thinking. As a beginning in this work he went to Paris, for observation of facts and of men. There, having drifted through a twelve-month of moderate dissipation, he secluded himself for nearly two years of mathematical study, as though purposing to reduce his universe to an equation in order to solve it. The laws of number he could trust, since their lines configured the eternal harmony.

At the age of twenty-one he entered on a military service of two years in the army of the Netherlands, and then of about two years in the Bavarian army. From 1621, for about four years, he was roaming as an observer of men and nature in Germany, Belgium, and Italy, afterward sojourning in Paris about three and a half years. In 1629 he began twenty years of study and authorship in practical seclusion in Holland. His little book printed at Leyden in 1637, 'Discours de la Méthode' [Discourse on Method], is often declared to have been the basis for a reconstitution of the science of thought. It would now perhaps be viewed by the majority of critics rather as a necessary clearing of antiquated rubbish from the ground on which the new construction was to rise. Next to it among his works are usually ranked 'Meditationes de Prima Philosophia' [Metaphysical Meditations], which appeared in 1641, and 'Principia Philosophiæ' [Principles of Philosophy], published in 1644.

The long sojourn in Holland was ended in September 1649, in response to an urgent invitation from the studious young Queen Christina of Sweden, who wanted the now famous philosopher as an ornament to her court. After some hesitancy he sailed for Stockholm, where only five months afterward he died.

It has been said of Descartes that he was a spectator rather than an active worker in affairs. He was no hero, no patriot, no adherent of any party. He entered armies, but not from love of a cause; the army was a sphere in which he could closely observe the aspects of human life. He was never married, and probably had little concern with love. His attachment to a few friends seems to have been sincere. For literature as such he cared little. Erudition, scholarship, historic lore, literary elegance, were nothing to him. Art and esthetics did not appeal to him. Probably he was not a great reader, even of philosophic writers. He delighted in observing facts with a view to finding, stating, and systematizing their relations in one all-comprehending scheme. He never allowed himself to attack the Church in either its doctrine or its discipline. As a writer, though making no attempt at elegance in style, he is deemed remarkably clear and direct when the abstruseness of his usual themes is considered.

Descartes's method in philosophy gives signs of formation on the model of a process in mathematics. In all investigations he would ascertain first what must exist by necessity; thus establishing axioms evidenced in all experience, because independent of all experience. The study of mathematics for use in other departments drew him into investigations whose results made it a new science. He reformed its clumsy nomenclature, also the algebraic use of letters for quantities; he introduced system into the use of exponents to denote the powers of a quantity, thus opening the way for the binomial theorem; he was the first to throw clear light on the negative roots of equations; his is the theorem by use of which the maximum number of positive or negative roots of an equation can be ascertained. Analytical geometry originated with his investigation of the nature and origin of curves.

His mathematical improvements opened the way for the reform of physical science and for its immense modern advance. In his optical investigations he established the law of refraction of light. His ingenious theory of the vortices — tracing gravity, magnetism, light, and heat, to the whirling or revolving movements of the molecules of matter with which the universe is filled — was accepted as science for about a quarter of a century.

In mental science Descartes's primary instrument for search of truth was Doubt: everything was to be doubted until it had been proved. This was provisional scepticism, merely to provide against foregone conclusions. It was not to preclude belief, but to summon and assure belief as distinct from the inane submission to authority, to prejudice, or to impulse. In this process of doubting everything, the philosopher comes at last to one fact which he cannot doubt — the fact that he exists; for if he did not exist he could not be thinking his doubt. *Cogito, ergo sum* [I think, hence I am] is one point of absolute knowledge.

The first principle of his philosophy is, that our consciousness is truthful in its proper sphere, also that our thought is truthful and trustworthy under these two conditions — when the thought is clear and vivid, and when it is

held to a theme utterly distinct from every other theme; since it is impossible for us to believe that either man who thinks, or the universe concerning which he thinks, is organized on the basis of a lie. There are "necessary truths," and they are discoverable.

A second principle is, the inevitable ascent of our thought from the fragmentary to the perfect, from the finite to the infinite. Thus the thought of the infinite is an "innate idea," a part of man's potential consciousness. This principle (set forth in one of the selections given herewith) is the Cartesian form of the *a priori* argument for the Divine existence, which like other *a priori* forms is viewed by critics not as a proof in pure logic, but as a commanding and luminous appeal to man's entire moral and intellectual nature.

A third principle is, that the material universe is necessarily reduced in our thought ultimately to two forms, extension and local movement — extension signifying matter, local movement signifying force. There is no such thing as empty space; there are no ultimate indivisible atoms; the universe is infinitely full of matter.

A fourth principle is, that the soul and matter are subsistences so fundamentally and absolutely distinct that they cannot act in reciprocal relations. This compelled Descartes to resort to his strained supposition that all correspondence or synchronism between bodily movements and mental or spiritual activities is merely reflex or automatic, or else is produced directly by act of Deity. For relief from this violent hypothesis, Leibnitz modified the Cartesian philosophy by his famous theory of a pre-established harmony.

Descartes did a great work, but it was not an abiding reconstruction: indeed, it was not construction so much as it was a dream — one of the grandest and most suggestive in the history of thought. Its audacious disparagement of the whole scholastic method startled Europe, upon the dead air of whose philosophy it came as a refreshing breath of transcendental thought. Its suggestions and inspirations are traceable as a permanent enrichment, though its vast fabric swiftly dissolved. The early enthusiasm for it in French literary circles and among professors in the universities of Holland scarcely outlasted a generation. Within a dozen years after the philosopher's death, the Cartesian philosophy was prohibited by ecclesiastical authorities and excluded from the schools. Yet the unity of all truth through relations vital, subtle, firm, and universal, though seen only in a vision of the night, abides when the night is gone.

OF CERTAIN PRINCIPLES OF ELEMENTARY LOGICAL THOUGHT

From the 'Discourse on Method'

AS a multitude of laws often only hampers justice, so that a State is best governed when, with few laws, these are rigidly administered; in like manner, instead of the great number of precepts of which Logic is composed, I believed that the four following would prove perfectly sufficient for me, provided I took the firm and unwavering resolution never in a single instance to fail in observing them.

The *first* was never to accept anything for true which I did not clearly know to be such; that is to say, carefully to avoid precipitancy and prejudice, and to comprise nothing more in my judgment than what was presented to my mind so clearly and distinctly as to exclude all ground of doubt.

The *second,* to divide each of the difficulties under examination into as many parts as possible, and as might be necessary for its adequate solution.

The *third,* to conduct my thoughts in such order that, by commencing with objects the simplest and easiest to know, I might ascend by little and little, and as it were step by step, to the knowledge of the more complex; assigning in thought a certain order even to those objects which in their own nature do not stand in relation of antecedence and sequence.

And the *last,* in every case to make enumerations so complete, and reviews so general, that it might be assured that nothing was omitted.

The long chains of simple and easy reasonings by means of which geometers are accustomed to reach the conclusions of their most difficult demonstrations, had led me to imagine that all things to the knowledge of which man is competent are mutually connected in the same way, and that there is nothing so far removed from us as to be beyond our reach, or so hidden that we cannot discover it, provided only we abstain from accepting the false for the true, and always preserve in our thoughts the order necessary for the deduction of one truth from another. And I had little difficulty in determining the objects with which it was necessary to commence, for I was already persuaded that it must be with the simplest and easiest to know, and, considering that of all those who have hitherto sought truth in the Sciences, the mathematicians alone have been able to find any demonstrations — that is, any certain and evident reasons — I did not doubt but that such must have been the rule of their investigations. I resolved to commence, therefore, with the examination of the simplest objects, not anticipating, however, from this any other advantage than that to be found in accustoming my mind to the love and nourishment of truth, and to a distaste for all such reasonings as were unsound. But I had no intention on that account of attempting to

master all the particular sciences commonly denominated Mathematics: but observing that however different their objects, they all agree in considering only the various relations or proportions subsisting among those objects, I thought it best for my purpose to consider these proportions in the most general form possible; without referring them to any objects in particular, except such as would most facilitate the knowledge of them, and without by any means restricting them to these, that afterwards I might thus be the better able to apply them to every other class of objects to which they are legitimately applicable. Perceiving, further, that in order to understand these relations I should sometimes have to consider them one by one, and sometimes only to bear them in mind, or embrace them in the aggregate, I thought that in order the better to consider them individually, I should view them as subsisting between straight lines, than which I could find no objects more simple, or capable of being more distinctly represented to my imagination and senses; and on the other hand, that in order to retain them in the memory, or embrace an aggregate of many, I should express them by certain characters the briefest possible. In this way I believed that I could borrow all that was best both in geometrical analysis and in algebra, and correct all the defects of the one by help of the other.

AN ELEMENTARY METHOD OF INQUIRY

From the 'Discourse on Method'

SEEING that our senses sometimes deceive us, I was willing to suppose that there existed nothing really such as they presented to us; and because some men err in reasoning and fall into paralogisms, even on the simplest matters of geometry, I, convinced that I was as open to error as any other, rejected as false all the reasonings I had hitherto taken for demonstrations; and finally, when I considered that the very same thoughts (presentations) which we experience when awake may also be experienced when we are asleep, while there is at that time not one of them true, I supposed that all the objects (presentations) that had ever entered into my mind when awake had in them no more truth than the illusions of my dreams. But immediately upon this I observed that whilst I thus wished to think that all was false, it was absolutely necessary that I, who thus thought, should be somewhat; and as I observed that this truth — "*I think, hence I am*" — was so certain and of such evidence that no ground of doubt, however extravagant, could be alleged by the sceptics capable of shaking it, I concluded that I might without scruple accept it as the first principle of the philosophy of which I was in search.

In the next place, I attentively examined what I was, and as I observed that I could suppose that I had no body, and that there was no world nor any place in which I might be; but that I could not therefore suppose that I was not; and that on the contrary, from the very circumstance that I thought to doubt of the truth of other things, it most clearly and certainly followed that I was; while on the other hand, if I had only ceased to think, although all the other objects which I had ever imagined had been in reality existent, I would have had no reason to believe that I existed; I thence concluded that I was a substance whose whole essence or nature consists only in thinking, and which, that it may exist, has need of no place, nor is dependent on any material thing; so that "I" — that is to say, the mind by which I am what I am — is wholly distinct from the body, and is even more easily known than the latter, and is such that although the latter were not, it would still continue to be all that it is.

After this I inquired in general into what is essential to the truth and certainty of a proposition; for since I had discovered one which I knew to be true, I thought that I must likewise be able to discover the ground of this certitude. And as I observed that in the words "*I think, hence I am,*" there is nothing at all which gives me assurance of their truth beyond this, that I see very clearly that in order to think it is necessary to exist — I concluded that I might take, as a general rule, the principle that all the things which we very clearly and distinctly conceive are true; only observing however that there is some difficulty in rightly determining the objects which we distinctly conceive.

In the next place, from reflecting on the circumstance that I doubted, and that consequently my being was not wholly perfect (for I clearly saw that it was a greater perfection to know than to doubt), I was led to inquire whence I had learned to think of something more perfect than myself; and I clearly recognized that I must hold this notion from some Nature which in reality was more perfect. As for the thoughts of many other objects external to me, as of the sky, the earth, light, heat, and a thousand more, I was less at a loss to know whence these came; for since I remarked in them nothing which seemed to render them superior to myself, I could believe that if these were true, they were dependences on my own nature in so far as it possessed a certain perfection; and if they were false, that I held them from nothing — that is to say, that they were in me because of a certain imperfection of my nature. But this could not be the case with the idea of a Nature more perfect than myself: for to receive it from nothing was a thing manifestly impossible; and because it is not less repugnant that the more perfect should be an effect of and dependence on the less perfect, than that something should proceed from nothing, it was equally impossible that I could hold it from myself: accordingly it but remained that it had been placed in me by a Nature which was in reality more perfect than mine, and which even possessed within itself

all the perfections of which I could form any idea — that is to say, in a single word, which was God. . . .

I was disposed straightway to search for other truths; and when I had represented to myself the object of the geometers, which I had conceived to be a continuous body, or a space indefinitely extended in length, breadth, and height or depth, divisible into divers parts which admit of different figures and sizes, and of being moved or transposed in all manner of ways (for all this the geometers suppose to be in the object they contemplate), I went over some of their simplest demonstrations. And in the first place, I observed that the great certitude which by common consent is accorded to these demonstrations is founded solely upon this, that they are clearly conceived in accordance with the rules I have already laid down. In the next place, I perceived that there was nothing at all in these demonstrations which could assure me of the existence of their object: thus, for example, supposing a triangle to be given, I distinctly perceived that its three angles were necessarily equal to two right angles, but I did not on that account perceive anything which could assure me that any triangle existed; while on the contrary, recurring to the examination of the idea of a Perfect Being, I found that the existence of the Being was comprised in the idea in the same way that the equality of its three angles to two right angles is comprised in the idea of a triangle, or as in the idea of a sphere, the equidistance of all points on its surface from the center, or even still more clearly; and that consequently it is at least as certain that God, who is this Perfect Being, is, or exists, as any demonstration of geometry can be.

PIERRE CORNEILLE

CORNEILLE'S life, apart from the performance and publication of his works, is but imperfectly known, owing to the lack of contemporaneous records and allusions. He was born at Rouen, capital of the old province of Normandy, on June 6, 1606. At his christening on June 9 he received the name of Pierre, after his father and godfather. He was educated in the Jesuit academy at Rouen, and there he obtained in 1620 a prize for excellence. Choosing his father's profession, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar on June 18, 1624. The office of attorney-general in the Department of Waters and Forests was purchased by him on December 16, 1628. The year following, Mondory, who with a company of actors was probably playing at Rouen, persuaded him to give his (Mondory's) troupe a comedy he had already written; and the season of 1629–30 saw the play produced in Paris, at the newly established Marais Theater.

The success of this comedy, 'Mélite,' confirmed Corneille in his purpose of writing for the stage and led him to study the principles of dramatic art. While he continued to discharge his legal duties at Rouen, he would frequently visit Paris in order to offer some new play to Mondory, or mingle in the literary society of the capital. So 'Mélite,' made up entirely of conversations where nothing happened, was followed by 'Clitandre,' a tragicomedy of the popular type, full of bloody episodes. Like 'Mélite,' it was in twelve-syllable verse (Alexandrine) and contained five acts. It also showed Corneille's first attempt to observe unity of time. When it was published in March 1632, a selection of Corneille's poetry, a part of which antedated 'Mélite,' was put with it.

The next two years saw the publication of occasional poems by him in French, and some Latin verse in honor of the king and Richelieu. Before March 1634 he also composed four more comedies: 'The Widow,' a character study, noticeable for the attempt to compromise on unity of time by allowing a day to each act; 'The Gallery of the Palace,' where the action takes place in the fashionable shops of the day, and in which the modern character of the soubrette displaces the traditional nurse of Renaissance comedy, taken by a man in disguise; 'The Lady's Maid,' a study of this successful substitute, where finally Corneille observes both the unities of time and place, and makes his five acts equal, line for line; and 'The Palais-Royal,' another topical comedy for Parisians. These four plays are much like their predecessors in lack of action and superfluity of complimentary talk. The same may be said of Corneille's collaboration on Richelieu's 'Comedy of The Tuileries'

(1635). His superiority to his colleagues at this time consisted mainly in his poetic talent and common-sense.

In the season of 1634-35 he tried a tragedy, 'Medea,' patterned after Seneca's Latin drama of that name. It shows an advance on his previous efforts, yet did not come up to his high standard; and he sought a diversion for his disappointment by eulogizing the theatrical profession in a play within a play, 'The Comic Illusion,' which he gave to the actors of the Hôtel of Burgundy, probably in 1635 or 1636.

About this time Corneille's attention was drawn to the Spanish drama, then at its highest point. The storied deeds of Spain's national hero especially appealed to his temperament, and he selected Guillen de Castro's 'First Exploits of the Cid' as a model for his imitation. A year or more he may have been busy in adapting its complexity of scene and character to the orderly, simple requirements of the French stage. For it was not till the last days of 1636, after unusual preparations in rehearsals and costuming, that Mondory's company brought out 'The Cid.' Its success was instantaneous. The theater was crowded for many nights. The stage even was filled in with seats for the nobility, to the great annoyance of the actors and the detriment of the scenery. And sixteen years later, Pellisson, the historian of the Academy, could still write: — "It is difficult to conceive the approbation with which this play was received by the Court and public. People never tired of going to it; you could hear nothing else talked about; everybody knew some part of it by heart; children were made to learn it, and in several places in France it gave rise to the proverb, 'That is as beautiful as The Cid.'"

The history of modern French drama dates from the first performance of 'The Cid.' The theme here selected became the typical one. It shows the struggle between love and honor on the part of the hero, love and duty on the part of the heroine. Chimène's father has insulted Rodrigue's, enfeebled by his advanced years. He calls upon his son to avenge his honor. In spite of his love for Chimène, Rodrigue shows no hesitation. He challenges the Count and kills him. In the lovers' interview which follows, Chimène is more distracted from her duty by her love than Rodrigue was, but yet resolves on vengeance. She demands a champion of the king, who objects that Rodrigue should be pardoned, having just saved the city from the invading Moors. Chimène insists: a champion appears, is overthrown, and is spared by Rodrigue, whereupon the king intervenes and orders the betrothal of the lovers.

Since 'The Cid' ends happily, so far as the hero and heroine are concerned, Corneille first called it a tragi-comedy, but later substituted the title of tragedy. Its general structure is the same as that of his other plays — five fairly equal acts, subdivided into scenes, with rhymed Alexandrine couplets, excepting in a few lyric strophes. The time of the action is limited to twenty-four hours, but the scene of the action is restricted only by the boundaries of

the town (Seville), the different places being marked by fixed scenery, which presented several localities to the audience at the same time.

His dramatic form and stage properties Corneille had obtained from his French predecessors of the classical school. The medieval Miracle Plays had practically fallen out of favor nearly a century before 'Mélite,' and had been prohibited in Paris in 1548. De Castro's 'Cid' had enjoyed the freedom of the Miracle Plays. It numbered three acts, divided into fifty-three scenes. Its episodes, many of them purely digressive, occupied nearly two years of time and were bounded in place only by the frontiers of Spain. In order to reduce this epic exuberance to the severity of the classical mold, Corneille had to eliminate the digressive episodes, cut down and combine the essential ones, connect the places where the action took place, and lessen the time of its duration. In the French 'Cid,' Rodrigue kills Chimène's father and is betrothed to her in less than twenty-four hours.

This instance alone illustrates the effort Corneille made on himself. It caught also the eye of his rivals and critics. 'The Cid' was fiercely assailed for its "inhumanity" and "improbability," and with the connivance of Richelieu the newly organized Academy was called upon to condemn it. While the opinion of this body was not indeed unfavorable, yet the dispute had so irritated Corneille that he retired to Rouen and for a time renounced his art. When he reappeared, it was as a dramatizer of classical subjects, that dealt with but one episode to a play. But the romantic side still survived in the love affair invariably interwoven with his nobler, sterner theme.

So 'Horace' (1640) treated of the fight of the Horatii and the Curiatii, and the immolation of a woman's love to the Roman fatherland. 'Cinna' (1640) narrated a conspiracy against Augustus, which was undertaken through love for the heroine, but was pardoned by the Emperor's magnanimity. 'Polyeucte' (1643) showed how a steadfast Christian husband could preserve his wife's fidelity against the memory of a first love, and how his martyrdom could result in her conversion. 'Pompée' (1643–44) recited the death of that leader and the devotion of Cornelia, his wife, to his memory. These four plays, tragedies all, represent in their eloquence, their diction, nobility of thought, and lofty aspiration, the highest development of Corneille's dramatic genius.

After this period of serious composition Corneille sought relaxation in comedy, and produced from Spanish models 'The Liar' (1644) and 'The Sequel to the Liar' (1645). Both are superior in dialogue, action, and verse to his earlier plays, and the first remained the best comedy of the new school up to the appearance of Molière. Towards the end of 1644 'Rodogune' was acted, a tragedy to which Corneille was ever partial on account of its highly wrought, exciting solution. 'Théodore' (1645), the fate of another Christian martyr, and 'Héraclius' (1646–47), preceded their author's election to the Academy (January 22, 1647). The Fronde then intervened, and it was

not till 1649 that Corneille's best tragi-comedy, 'Don Sanche,' was performed. A spectacular play or opera, 'Andromède' (1650), closely followed it. 'Nicomède' (1651) was a successful tragedy, 'Pertharite' (1652) a failure. Consequently for the next few years Corneille devoted himself to religious poetry and a verse translation of the 'Imitation of Christ.'

But the visit of Molière's company to Rouen in 1658 incited him to write again for the stage. 'Œdipe' (1659), 'Sertorius' (1662), 'Sophonisbe' (1663), 'Othon' (1644), 'Agésilas' (1666), and 'Attila' (1667), all tragedies, were the result. Some were successful, but others were not. Molière was now in full career, and Racine was beginning. Corneille's defects were growing. His plays were too much alike, and gallant talk supplied in them the place of deeds. In 1660 a second spectacular drama, 'The Golden Fleece,' had been performed; and the same year he had edited a general edition of his plays, with a critical preface to each play and three essays on the laws and theories of the drama. All this time he had not neglected society and religious verse, and in 1662 he had moved from Rouen to Paris.

A retirement of three years followed 'Attila.' Then in 1670 Corneille reappeared with the tragedy 'Titus and Berenice,' neglected by the public for Racine's 'Berenice.' In 1671 he collaborated with Molière and Quinault on a comedy-ballet, 'Psyche.' In 1672 he wrote 'Pulchérie' a tragi-comedy, and in 1674 gave his last play, the tragedy of 'Suréna,' to the stage. Henceforth only supplicatory poems addressed to the king reminded the Parisians of Corneille's existence. In 1682 he published the final revision of his dramas, and in 1684, on the night of September 30, he passed away. He had married in 1640. Four children survived him.

Corneille's contemporaries complain of his slovenliness, his timidity, quick temper, and wearying conversation. He could never read his own plays successfully, and is even said to have spoken French incorrectly. He was reputed avaricious, but was continually lamenting his poverty, and seems to have died in want. He was quite tall, well set, with large eyes and strongly marked features.

Besides his services to French comedy, Corneille may be said to have established the higher comedy in verse, with its decent manners and self-respecting characters. In this departure he undoubtedly owed much to Plautus and Terence, but probably more to Hardy's tragi-comedies and lighter plays. The chief merit of his style was fine diction, eloquence, and harmony of phrase. His thought was high and noble. As a dramatist he excelled in the invention and variety of his situations. His defects were the reverse of these qualities: rhetoric, oversubtle sentiment, stiff characters.

FREDERICK MORRIS WARREN

THE LOVERS

From 'The Cid'

[The scene is an apartment in the house of the Count de Gormas, at Seville. Chimène, his daughter, has just heard that the Count has been killed in a duel with Don Rodrigue, whose father he had insulted. She is torn between her duty to her dead parent and her love for Don Rodrigue, and unburdens her heart to Elvire, her "confidante."]

CHIMÈNE. At stake is my honor, revenge must be mine;
Whate'er the desire love may flattering stir,
To the soul nobly born all excuse is disgrace.
Elvire. Thou lov'st Don Rodrigue; he can never offend.
Chimène. I admit it.
Elvire. Admitting it, how canst thou act?
Chimène. By sustaining my honor, by casting my care —
Pursue him, destroy him, and after him — die.
Don Rodrigue [*entering as she speaks the last words*].
'Tis well! Without taking the pains of pursuit,
Be secure in the pleasure of ending my days.
Chimène. Elvire, oh where are we? What, what do I see?
Rodrigue in this house! Before me, Rodrigue!
Don Rodrigue. Oh, spare not my blood; unresisted, pray taste
Of my ruin the sweetness, of vengeance the joy.
Chimène. Alas!
Don Rodrigue. Hear me, lady!
Chimène. I die!
Don Rodrigue. But one word —
Chimène. Go, I say; let me die!
Don Rodrigue. Ah, vouchsafe me a word!
And once I have spoken, make reply with — this sword.
Chimène. What! The sword e'en now red with the blood of my sire!
Don Rodrigue. Chimène, my Chimène!
Chimène. Hide that hideous steel,
That rebuketh my eyes for thy crime and thy life.
Don Rodrigue. Nay, rather behold it, thy hate to excite,
Thy wrath to increase — and my doom so to speed.
Chimène. It is tinged with my blood.
Don Rodrigue. Plunge it then into mine,
That so it may lose the dread tint of thy veins.

Chimène. Ah, fate all too cruel! that slays in one day
The father by steel, and the daughter by sight!
Take away, as I bid, what I cannot endure;
Thou will'st that I harken — and kill'st me mean time!
Don Rodrigue. What thou wishest I do; but with no less desire
That my life, now deplorable, ends by your hand;
For expect not, I beg, from my passion itself
A coward's repentance of deed so deserved.
From thy father's rash hand came a blow — past recall;
It dishonored my sire in his honored old age.
What are blows to a man of due honor thou knowest.
In the shame I had part, and its author must seek;
Him I saw — both my father and honor I 'venged;
I would do it again, if I had it to do.
Yet think not 'gainst duty to father and self
My love for thee, lady, no contest has made;
Of thy power in this moment do thou be the judge.
Too well might I doubt if such vengeance I dared.
Bound to please thee, Chimène, or to suffer affront,
Too rash seemed my arm — I would fain hold it back;
With a deed all too violent blamed I myself:
Thy beauty had weighed down the balance at last,
Had I not, to thy charms, countervailing, opposed
That a man lost to honor could not thee deserve;
That once having loved me when blameless I lived,
She who cared for me stainless must hate me disgraced;
That to harken to love, to obey its soft voice,
Was to find myself shameful — thy favor to stain.
Again do I tell thee — and while I shall breathe
Unchanged shall I think and unchanging will say —
I have done thee offense, but I could not halt back,
A disgrace to remove and thyself to deserve.
But now, quits with honor, and quits toward my sire,
'Tis thee, thee alone, I would fain satisfy;
'Tis to proffer my blood that thou seest me here.
I have done what I should — what is left I would do.
Well I know that thy father's death arms thee toward mine;
Not thee have I wished of thy victim to cheat.
Boldly immolate, now, the blood he has spilled —
The being who glories that such was his deed.
Chimène. Ah, Rodrigue! True it is that though hostile I am,
No blame can I speak that disgrace thou hast fled;
Howe'er from my lips this my dolor break forth,

I dare not accuse thee — I weep for my woes.
I know that thy honor, on insult so deep,
Demanded of ardor a valorous proof.
Thou hast done but the duty enjoined on the brave:
Yet more, in its doing 'tis mine thou has taught.
By thy courage funest, and thy conquest, I'm schooled;
Thy father avenged and thine honor upheld,
Like care, see, is mine; for to load me with grief,
I must father avenge, *I* must honor uphold!
Alas, 'tis thy part here that brings me despair.
Had aught other misfortune bereft me of sire,
My heart in the joy of beholding thyself
The sole solace that heart could receive would have found
Against my affliction a charm would be strong,
My tears would be dried by the dearest of hands.
But lo! I must lose thee, my father a loss;
And the more that my soul may in torment be thrown,
My star has decreed that I compass thy end.
Expect not, in turn, from the passion I own,
That my hand I shall stay from thy punishment meet;
Thy direful offense makes thee worthy of me;
By thy death I shall show myself worthy of thee.

Unrhymed literal version in the meter of the original, by E. Irenæus Stevenson

DON RODRIGUE DESCRIBES TO KING FERNANDO HIS VICTORY OVER THE MOORS

From 'The Cid'

UNDER me, then, the troop made advance,
With soldierly confidence marked on each brow.
Five hundred we started, but soon reinforced,
Three thousand we were when the port we had reached;
So much did mere sight of our numbers, our mien,
New courage revive in all timorous hearts.
Two-thirds did I ambush, as soon as arrived,
In the vessels in harbor, that ready were found;
But the others, whose numbers each hour did increase,
With impatience on fire, all about me encamped,

Stretched out on the earth passed the beauteous night.
In the harbor, I order the guards to like watch;
Their concealment my stratagem further assists; —
I dared to declare, Sire, as thine the command
That I so followed out, and enjoined upon all.
In the radiance pallid that fell from the stars,
At last, with the flood-tide we spy thirty sails;
Beneath swells the wave, and in movement therewith,
The sea and the Moors into harbor advance.
We permit them a passage — to them all seemed calm,
Our soldiers unseen, and the walls without ward.
Our silence profound well deluded their wit;
No longer they doubt our surprise is achieved;
Without fear they draw nearer — they anchor — they land —
They run to the hands that are waiting to strike.
Then rise we together, and all in a breath
Utter clamorous shoutings that heavenward rise.
From the ships to such signal our troops make response;
They stand forth in arms, and the Moors are dismayed;
By dread they are seized when but half-disembarked;
Ere the battle's begun they have deemed themselves lost.
They have come but to pillage — 'tis fight that they meet.
We assail them on sea, we assail them on land;
On the ground runs the blood we set flowing in streams
Ere a soul can resist — or fly back to his post.
But soon in our spite the chiefs rallied their host,
Their courage awoke, and their fear was o'ercome:
The shame of their dying without having fought,
Their disorder arrests, and their valor restores.
A firm stand they take, and their swords are unsheathed;
The land and the stream, ay, the fleet and the port,
Are a field where, triumphant o'er carnage, is death.
Oh, many the deeds, the exploits worthy fame,
In that horror of darkness are buried for aye,
When each, the sole witness of blows that he struck,
Could not guess whither Fortune the conflict would steer!
I flew to all sides to encourage our force,
Here to push into action, and there to restrain,
To enrank the newcoming, to spur them in turn,
Yet naught could I know till the breaking of day.
But with dawn and the light, our advantage was plain;
The Moors saw their ruin; their courage declined;
And beholding new succor approach to our side,

Changed their ardor for battle to sheer dread of death.
Their vessels they seek — every cable is cut;
For farewells to our ears are sent up their wild cries;
Their retreat is a tumult — no man ever heeds
If their princes and kings have made good their escape.
Even duty itself yields to fear so extreme.
On the flood-tide they came, the ebb bears them away;
Mean time their two Kings with our host still engaged,
'Mid a handful of followers, slashed by our blows,
In valiance contending, are selling life dear.
In vain to surrender I beg them — entreat,
With the scimitar gripped, not a word will they hear:
But at sight of their troops falling dead at their feet,
The brave who alone make so vain a defense,
Our chief they demand; and to me they submit.
To you, O my Sire, have I sent them, each one —
And the combatants lacking, the combat was done.

THE CURSE OF CAMILLA

From 'Horace'

[Rome and a rival city, Alba Longa, are at war. It has been decided that the strife shall be settled by a combat of three champions chosen from each side. For Rome, three brothers, the Horatii, are selected, while the three Curiatii, with one of whom Camilla, the sister of the Horatii, is in love, represent Alba. In the fight, two of the Horatii are slain; but the third kills all his foes and returns victorious to be greeted by his parents and friends. Camilla, however, regards him with horror.]

HORATIUS. Lo, sister, the arm that hath brothers avenged! —
The arm that makes Alba our own; and today
By one deed the lot of two nations hath fixed.
See these tokens of honor — my glory's attest.
Do thou pay the tribute now due to my fame.
Camilla. Receive then my tears: for my tears are thy due.
Horatius. Nay, Rome likes them not, after action so bold.
Our brothers, both slain by the combat's dark fate,
Are avenged by this blood — no more weeping demand.
If a loss be so paid, then the loss is no more.
Camilla. Since thou deemest my brothers by blood so appeased,
I will cease to show sign of my grief for their death;

But who shall avenge me my lover's death, say?
And make me forget in one moment such loss?

Horatius. What sayest thou, unhappy?

Camilla. O beloved Curiace!

Horatius. O boldness disgraceful, from sister disgraced!
The name on thy lips and the love in thy heart
Of the foe of our people, whose conquest is mine!
Thy criminal flame to such vengeance aspires!
Thou darest to utter such thought of thy heart!
Follow passion the less, better rule thy desire:
Make me not so to blush that thy sighs are not hid;
From this moment thou owest to smother thy flame,
Free thy heart from them — dwell on these trophies instead,
And make *them* from this hour thy sole pleasure in life.

Camilla. Nay, first give me, cruel, a heart hard as thine,
And if thou wilt seek all my spirit to read,
Give me back Curiace, or my passion let glow.
My joy and my grief of his lot are a part;
Him living I loved — him in death I deplore.
No more find me sister — deserted by thee!
Behold in me only a woman outraged,
Who — like to some Fury pursuing thy steps —
Unceasing shall charge thee with trespass so great!
O tiger, blood-gorged, who forbiddest my tears,
Who would see me find joy in this death thou hast wrought,
Who vauntest to Heaven itself such a deed,
Shall I by approval bring death to him — twice?
Misfortunes so dire, may they follow thy life
That thou fallest to envying even my own!
Oh, soon by some cowardice mayest thou blot
This glory thy brutal soul reckons so dear!

Horatius. O heavens! hath any an equal rage seen?
Dost thou think I could brook, all unmoved, such offense?
That race could endure a dishonor so deep?
Love, love thou the death which means good to thy State,
Prefer to thy passion and thoughts of this man
The sentiment due to a daughter of Rome!

Camilla. Rome! Object supreme of the wrath that I feel!
This Rome, to whose aid came thy arm — and my loss;
Rome, city that bore thee — by thee so adored!
Rome, hated the more for its honoring thee!
O may each of her neighbors together in league
Sap every foundation, as yet so unsure!

Nay, if Italy be not enough to the fall,
Let the East and the West for her ruin unite;
Let peoples conjoined from the four winds of heaven,
Be met to her downfall; let hills aid, and seas;
O'erthrown on her walls may she prostrate be cast,
Torn out by her own hands, her entrails be strewn!
May the anger of Heaven, here kindled by me,
Rain down on her dwellings a deluge of fire!
O grant that mine own eyes such thunderbolt see! —
See her mansions in ashes, her laurels in dust,
See the latest of Romans yielding his last breath,
I cause of it all — I dying of joy!

[*With the last words Camilla rushes from the apartment. Horatius snatches his sword and pursues her, exclaiming:* —]

Oh too much! Even reason to passion gives place.
Go, weep thou thy lost Curiace in the shades!

[*After an instant is heard behind the scenes the shriek of the wounded Camilla:* —] Ah, traitor!

Horatius [*returning to the stage*]. Receive thou quick chastisement, due
Whomsoever shall dare Roman foe to lament.

Translated in the meter of the original, by E. Irenæus Stevenson

PAULINA'S APPEAL TO SEVERUS

From 'Polyeucte'

[Paulina has left her first love, the pagan Severus, to marry the Christian Polyeuctus. Polyeuctus is now about to die for his faith, and Paulina appeals to Severus to save him.]

SEVERUS. I stand agaze,
Rooted, confounded, in sheer wonderment.
Such blind resolve is so unparalleled,
I scarce may trust the witness of mine ears.
A heart that loves you — and what heart so poor
That knowing, loves you not? — one loved of you,
To leave regretless so much bliss just won!
Nay, more — as though it were a fatal prize —
To his corrival straight to yield it up!
Truly, or wondrous manias Christians have,
Or their self-happiness must be sans bourn,
Since to attain it they will cast away

What others at an empire's cost would win.
For me, had fate, a little sooner kind,
Blessed my true service with your hand's reward,
The glory of your eyes had been my worship;
My twin kings had they reigned — kings? nay, my gods!
To dust, to powder, had I grinded been
E'er I had —

Paulina. Hold! let me not hear too much;
Let not the smoldering embers of old time
Relume to speech unworthy of us both.
Severus, know Paulina utterly:
His latest hour my Polyeuctus nears;
Nay, scarce a minute has he yet to live.
You all unwittingly have been the cause
Of this his death. I know not if your thoughts,
Their portals opening to your wish's knock,
Have dared to some wild hope give harboring,
Based upon his undoing; but know well,
No death so cruel I would not boldly front,
Hell hath no tortures I would not endure,
Or e'er my stainless honor I would spot,
My hand bestowing upon any man
Who anywise were his death's instrument.
And could you for such madness deem me apt,
Hate would replace my erstwhile tender love.
You're generous — still be so, to the end:
My father fears you; is in mood to grant
All you might ask; ay, I e'en dare aver
That if my husband he do sacrifice,
'Twill be to you. Save then your hapless victim;
Bestir yourself; stretch him your helping hand!
That this is much to claim of you, I know,
But more the effort's great, the more the glory!
To save a rival 'spite of rivalry
Were greatness all particular to you.
And — be that not enough for your renown —
'Twere much to let a woman erst so loved,
And haply who may yet be somewhat dear,
Her greatest treasure owe to your great heart.
In fine, remember that you are Severus!
Adieu! alone determine of your course;
For if you be not all I think you are,
I'd still, not knowing it, believe you such.

Translated by W. F. Nokes

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

THE 'Maxims' of La Rochefoucauld are perhaps most clearly understood in the light of his life. He was a gentleman, a soldier, a courtier, a cavalier, a lover, in one of the most picturesque periods of French history — one which afforded the man of affairs unique opportunities for the study of human nature, especially of those weaknesses of human nature which the atmosphere of courts seems to foster. The 'Maxims' are the very essence of a luminous and seductive worldliness. They are the conclusions drawn by a man whose intellect was always guided by his judgment; they exhibit tact which amounts to genius. They might serve as rules alike for courtiers and Christians.

La Rochefoucauld was born in Paris in 1613, in the reign of Louis XIII. His family was ancient and noble; his father enjoyed the royal favor. He himself, as Prince de Marcillac, became early a prominent figure in the army and at court. Throughout his long life he was peculiarly susceptible to the influence of women: it was through his attachment to Madame de Chevreuse that he became the devoted champion of the Queen, Anne of Austria, the neglected wife of Louis; infusing into his devotion to her that romanticism which is sometimes discoverable in the 'Maxims,' under their brilliant worldly-wisdom. Cabals against Richelieu engaged him until the great statesman's death in 1642. He was then prominent in effecting a reconcilement between the Queen and Condé, that they might league together against Gaston of Orleans. Cardinal Mazarin, however, was to thwart his plans as Richelieu had done.

From 1642 to 1652 his life was one of confusion and of intrigue, with nothing better to steady it and to direct it than the fascinations of the Duchesse de Longueville, for whose sake he became a Frondeur. At the battle of the Faubourg St. Antoine in 1652, he was terribly wounded in the head; this misfortune in his military career proved to be of most happy significance in his career as a man of letters, for it forced him into that semi-retirement from which issued his famous 'Maxims' and 'Memoirs.' The remainder of his life was spent chiefly in Paris, in that brilliant and cultured society of which glimpses are obtained in the letters of Madame de Sévigné, whose intimate friend he was. La Rochefoucauld — the passionate soldier, the restless gallant, the suave lover — became in his old age the polished ornament of the most exclusive and exacting of Parisian salons. His friendship for Madame de Sévigné, for Madame de Sablé, for Madame de la Fayette, mellowed his declining years. He died in 1680.

In his 'Memoirs,' published in 1662, he says of himself, "I have talent, marred by melancholy"; and again, "I extremely approve of exalted passion: it shows a grandeur of soul. I who know all the delicacy and strength of the lofty sentiments of love — if I ever love, it will assuredly be after this fashion; but such as I am, I do not believe that this knowledge which I have would ever pass from my head to my heart."

The key to Rochefoucauld's character and to his writings may perhaps be found in these passages. The melancholy of which he speaks was genuine. It lurks in many of the 'Maxims,' which appeared in 1665, as the natural sorrow of one disillusioned by his contact with the world, forced to acknowledge the gulf between the ideal and the actual, and to bow to the power of expediency. La Rochefoucauld has been accused of supremest egotism; of teaching a mode of life which is little else than the essence of selfishness. If so, it is a selfishness disguised in a constant effort to put the world at its ease — to infuse all society with the golden atmosphere of courts, in which everybody and everything is assumed to be perfect. The 'Maxims' show, indeed, how nearly the wisdom of the children of the world approaches the wisdom of the children of light. Their author knew the world as few men have the opportunity to know it; and once for all, he gave to worldly knowledge perfect literary embodiment. His loves for many women gave to him likewise an almost perfect insight into woman's nature. "In their first love women love the lover; in the others they love love." The 'Maxims' are faultless in style and form: brief complete sayings, forming doorways neither too strait nor too broad into the House of Life, whose many chambers La Rochefoucauld had explored.

His 'Memoirs' are equally famous, taking first rank in their class. His letters are vistas into the highly colored picturesque life of the time. He himself seems less a great figure in French literature than a great figure in old French life. What he wrote has more the character of an afterthought than of a supreme intention — the reflections of one concerning the world after that world had ceased to be of vital importance to him.

MAXIMS

PASSION often makes the cleverest man a fool, and often renders the most foolish clever.

Those great and brilliant feats which dazzle our eyes are represented by politicians as the effects of great designs, whereas they are usually only the effects of temper and of passions. Thus the war between Augustus and Antony, which is ascribed to their ambition to make themselves masters of the world, was perhaps only an effect of jealousy.

The passions often beget their contraries. Avarice sometimes produces prodigality, and prodigality avarice; we are often firm from weakness, and daring from timidity.

Our self-love bears more impatiently the condemnation of our tastes than of our opinions.

The moderation of prosperous people comes from the calm which good fortune gives to their temper.

We have strength enough to bear the ills of others.

The steadfastness of sages is only the art of locking up their uneasiness in their hearts.

Philosophy triumphs easily over troubles passed and troubles to come; but present troubles triumph over it.

When great men allow themselves to be cast down by continued misfortunes, they show that they bore them only through the strength of their ambition, and not through that of their soul; and that, great vanity apart, heroes are made like other men.

It requires greater virtue to bear good fortune than bad.

Neither sin nor death can be looked at steadily.

We often make a parade of passions — even of the most criminal; but envy is a timid and shameful passion which we never dare to acknowledge.

Jealousy is in some measure just and reasonable, since it tends only to retain a good which belongs to us, or which we think belongs to us; whereas envy is a fury which cannot endure the good of others.

We have more strength than will; and it is often to excuse ourselves to ourselves that we imagine that things are impossible.

Pride has a greater share than goodness in our remonstrances with those who commit faults; and we reprove not so much to correct, as to persuade them that we ourselves are free from them.

We promise according to our hopes, and we perform according to our fears.

Interest speaks all sorts of languages, and plays all sorts of parts — even that of disinterestedness.

Those who occupy themselves too much with small things usually become incapable of great.

Strength and weakness of mind are misnamed: they are in fact only the good or bad arrangement of the bodily organs.

Happiness is in relish, and not in things: it is by having what we like that we are happy, and not in having what others find likable.

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we imagine.

Contempt for riches was with the philosophers a hidden desire to avenge their worth for the injustice of fortune, by contempt for the good things of which she deprived them; it was a secret to secure themselves from the degradation of poverty; it was a byway to gain that consolation which they could not have from wealth.

Sincerity is a frankness of heart. We find it in very few people, and what we usually see is only a delicate dissimulation to gain the confidence of others.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

It is difficult to define love. What we may say of it is, that in the soul it is a ruling passion; in the mind it is a sympathy; and in the body it is a hidden and delicate desire to possess what we love, after much mystery.

There is no disguise which can hide love long where it is, or feign it where it is not.

There are few people who are not ashamed of having loved each other when they no longer love each other.

We may find women who have never had a gallantry, but it is rare to find any who have only had one.

Love, as well as fire, cannot exist without constant motion; and it ceases to live as soon as it ceases to hope or to fear.

It is of true love as of the apparition of spirits: all the world talks of it, but few people have seen it.

The love of justice is in most men only the fear of suffering injustice.

We can love nothing but by its relation to ourselves; and we only follow our taste and our pleasure when we prefer our friends to ourselves. Nevertheless it is by this preference alone that friendship can be true and perfect.

Every one complains of his memory, and no one complains of his judgment.

Old men like to give good advice, to console themselves for being no longer able to give bad examples.

The sign of extraordinary merit is to see that those who envy it most are constrained to praise it.

We give nothing so liberally as advice.

The more we love a lady-love, the nearer we are to hating her.

There are some good marriages, but no delightful ones.

We often do good to be able to do harm with impunity.

If we resist our passions, it is more from their weakness than from our strength.

The true way to be deceived is to think oneself sharper than others.

We generally praise only to be praised.

Nature creates merit, and fortune sets it to work.

It is more easy to appear worthy of a calling not our own than of the one we follow.

There are two kinds of constancy in love: the one comes from constantly finding new things to love in the person we love, and the other comes from our making it a point of honor to be constant.

There are heroes in evil as well as in good.

We do not despise all who have vices, but we despise all who have not any virtue.

We may say that vices await us in the journey of life, as hosts with whom we must successively lodge; and I doubt whether experience would enable us to avoid them were we allowed to travel the same road again.

When vices leave us, we flatter ourselves by thinking that it is we who leave them.

Virtue would not go so far if vanity did not keep her company.

Whoever thinks he can do without the world deceives himself much; but whoever thinks the world cannot do without him deceives himself much more.

The virtue of women is often the love of their reputation and their repose.

The true gentleman is he who does not plume himself on anything.

Perfect valor is to do without a witness all that we could do before the whole world.

Hypocrisy is a homage which vice renders to virtue.

Nothing is so contagious as example; and we never do any great good or any great harm that does not produce its like. We copy good actions from emulation, and bad ones from the malignity of our nature, which shame kept a prisoner and example sets at liberty.

It is a great folly to wish to be wise all alone.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is needed, and in saying only what is needed.

It is as common to see tastes change as it is uncommon to see inclinations change.

Gravity is a physical cloak invented to hide mental defects.

The pleasure of love is in loving; and we are happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire.

What is called liberality is most often only the vanity of giving, which we prefer to the thing we give.

There are people whom the world approves of, whose only merits are the vices which serve in the intercourse of life.

The charm of novelty is, in relation to love, what the bloom is on fruit: it gives a luster to it which is easily effaced, and which never returns.

Absence diminishes moderate passions and increases great ones, as wind puts out candles and inflames fire.

There are bad people who would be less dangerous if there was no good in them.

The gratitude of most men is only a secret desire to obtain greater favors.

Nearly everyone takes pleasure in acknowledging small obligations; many are grateful for common ones; but there is scarcely anyone who is not ungrateful for great ones.

We often forgive those who bore us, but we cannot forgive those whom we bore.

The reason why lovers and their lady-loves do not weary of being together, is that they always talk of themselves.

Why should we have memory enough to retain even the smallest particulars of what has happened to us, and yet not have enough to remember how often we have told them to the same individual?

In jealousy there is more of self-love than of love.

We sometimes think we hate flattery, but we only hate the way in which we are flattered.

We forgive as long as we love.

We find few sensible people except those who are of our way of thinking.

The greatest miracle of love is to cure coquetry.

What makes the vanity of others unbearable to us is, that it wounds our own.

We may be sharper than one other, but not sharper than all others.

Decorum is the least of all laws and the most observed.

In great matters, we ought to strive less to create opportunities than to profit by those which offer.

There are few occasions on which we should make a bad bargain by giving up the good that is said of us, on condition that nothing bad may be said.

In their first love women love the lover, in the others they love love.

The ruin of a neighbor pleases friends and enemies.

Little is wanted to make the wise happy; nothing can satisfy a fool: therefore nearly all men are miserable.

It is sometimes agreeable to a husband to have a jealous wife: he always hears her talk of what he likes.

An honest woman is a hidden treasure: he who has found her does well not to boast of her.

It is never more difficult to talk well than when we are ashamed to be silent.

We prefer seeing those to whom we do good, to seeing those who do good to us.

In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which does not displease us.

There are none who hurry others so much as the slothful when they have gratified their sloth, in order to appear diligent.

Great souls are not those which have fewer passions and more virtues than common ones, but those only which have greater aims.

Luxury and too great refinement in States are the sure forerunners of decay; because every individual, clinging to his own interests, turns aside from the public good.

Translated by A. S. Bolton

REFLECTIONS

ON SOCIETY

IN speaking of society, it is not my intention to speak of friendship: although they have some connection, they are nevertheless very different; of the two, the second has more elevation and humility, and the greatest merit of the other is to resemble it.

I shall speak, then, at present only on the particular intercourse which well-bred people ought to have with each other. It would be useless to say how necessary society is to man. All desire it, and all seek it; but few make use of the means to render it pleasant and to make it lasting. Everyone wishes to find his own pleasure and advantage at the expense of others: we always prefer ourselves to those we propose to live with, and we almost always make them feel this preference: it is this which disturbs and breaks up society. We ought at least to know how to conceal this preference, since it is too much part of our nature for us to be able to conquer it. We ought to derive our pleasure from that of others, to spare their self-love, and never to wound it.

The mind has a large part in so great a work; but alone, it does not suffice to lead us in the various roads we must travel. The harmony which is met with between minds would not long preserve society if it were not ruled and supported by good sense, by temper, and by the regard which ought to exist between people who wish to live together. If it sometimes happens that persons opposed in temper and in mind appear to be united, they doubtless hold together from extraneous causes, which do not last long. We may also be in society with persons to whom we are superior by birth or by personal qualities: but those who have this advantage ought not to abuse it; they ought seldom to make it felt, and only make use of it for the instruction of others. They ought to make them see that they need to be guided, and lead them by reason, adapting themselves as much as is possible to their feelings and their interests.

To make society agreeable, all its members should preserve their liberty. They should either not see each other, or should see each other without constraint, and with a view to mutual enjoyment. They should be able to part without that parting causing a change. They should be *able* to do without each other, if they would not expose themselves sometimes to being in the way; and they should remember that they often bore others when they think it impossible ever to bore them. They should contribute as much as is possible to the amusement of those with whom they desire to live, but they should not always burden themselves with the care of contributing to it. In society, compliance with the wishes of others is necessary, but it ought to

have limits: it becomes a slavery when it is excessive. It should at least appear to be free; and that in following the sentiments of our friends they should believe we are also following our own.

It should be easy to find excuses for our friends when their faults are born with them, and when they are fewer than their good qualities. We should often avoid letting them see that we have observed them and are shocked at them. We should endeavor so to manage that they may see them themselves, to leave them the merit of correcting them.

There is a kind of politeness which is necessary in the intercourse of well-bred people: it makes them familiar with raillery, and prevents them from taking or giving offense by sharp and hard forms of speech, which often escape us without our thinking of it when we support our opinion with warmth.

Intercourse between well-bred people cannot exist without a certain sort of confidence: it ought to be common among them; everyone should have an air of security and discretion which never gives rise to fear that anything could be said imprudently. . . .

As it is not easy for several persons to have the same interests, they must at least, for the comfort of society, have no conflicting ones. We ought to anticipate what may please our friends, seek the means of being useful to them, save them from troubles, let them see that we share them with them when we cannot turn them aside, efface them insensibly without pretending to pluck them away at once, and replace them with agreeable subjects, or at least with such as engage their attention. We may talk to them of their own concerns; but only so far as they allow us to do so, and in that we ought to observe great discretion. There is politeness and sometimes even humanity in not going too far into the recesses of their heart: people often feel pain in showing all they know of them, and still more when we penetrate to what they do not know well. Although the intercourse which well-bred people have together gives them familiarity, and supplies them with numberless topics for frank conversation, scarcely anyone has sufficient docility and good sense to receive in good part much of the advice that is necessary for preserving society. We like to be advised up to a certain point, but we do not like to be so in all things; and we are afraid to know all kinds of truths.

As we ought to preserve distances in order to see objects, we should preserve them also for society. Everyone has his point of view from which he desires to be seen; we are generally right in not liking to be seen too closely, and scarcely any man likes to be seen in all things such as he is.

Translated by A. S. Bolton

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE

AT the court of Louis XIV there once appeared a figure which clashed with the regularity and harmony of the scene. A tall, spare man, with a long nose, thin satirical lips, and kindly eyes, which could be sharp enough but were for the most part veiled by revery, wandered through the palace of Versailles and lingered half amused in the stately and unnatural gardens. Jean de la Fontaine, then in discredit as the author of certain licentious tales and the associate of malcontents, had come, rather sheepishly, at the instance of his friends, to present a volume of his fables to the king, of whose disfavor he was well aware. The glitter of ceremony failed to dazzle him; and although he manifestly tried to be interested in the regal pageant, he was not much impressed. When he had finished his harangue, he found he had forgotten to bring the book which was to have been its excuse, and he absent-mindedly left, in the carriage that bore him away, the purse of gold with which his solicitations had been rewarded.

To the king and his elegant retinue he must have seemed a naughty, undiscipled child — rustic, old-fashioned, irreverent, out of keeping with the world and the times. Yet he was in some ways the most real man there; certainly the most natural. He understood his world and his time profoundly, after his fashion, and was destined to interpret them to future generations. A large part of La Fontaine's past had been spent in a world as different as could be imagined from the artificial circumstances of a court, and his experience was well calculated to reduce them to a natural perspective. Other men, of remarkable penetration and unusual honesty, were aware of the evils of that reign — so difficult to judge then, because so grand in outward seeming. To him there was matter for eternal amusement in that perversion of nature which was called a court. He laughed silently at the formal ugliness of Versailles horticulture, as the "vision of trees," "the mist and the river, the hill and the shade," rose before his mind. No less ludicrous must the King of France and his brilliant company of flatterers have sometimes appeared to him, when he reflected how exactly they and all their movements matched the life of village boors and gossips, or the more antique and undeviating ways of forest creatures, in bush and stream. For it was by intimacy with country scenes, peasant nature, and the primitive and changeless character of animals, that La Fontaine differed from high society and was enabled to judge it.

He was born July 8, 1621, in the small town of Château-Thierry, beside the river Marne, in the heart of Champagne. The race from which he sprang is shrewd, witty, parsimonious, sober. They see clearly in the small concerns of

their very limited lives, and are devoid of illusions and exciting fancies. Ridicule, rather than priest or Bible, is the guardian of their behavior; and the principles which regulate their conduct have long ago been coined into maxims and anecdotes and significant bywords, which pass down from generation to generation with accumulating force.

In this region La Fontaine's father and grandfather held the office of "master of streams and forests." Jean, who must have been but a wilful and indifferent scholar, received an education of which the principal traces in his works are a loving familiarity with the Latin poets, and a wide acquaintance with the racy and somewhat recondite narratives which constituted the undercurrent of French literature — irregular, licentious, but undeniably congenial to the French spirit. He became deeply read in the popular tales of the Middle Ages — satires, animal stories, and "moralities." From these sources, and from several writers of the sixteenth century, particularly Rabelais and Marot, he obtained a fund of amusing anecdotes; while his poetical imagery and much of his tenderer and purer sentiment were derived from Virgil and Ovid. Unambitious, fond of easy company, absent-minded, given to receiving hospitality, which was offered freely in those days in French provincial towns, he drifted into middle age; allowing himself to be married by family arrangement and without love, and quietly accepting his father's office, which was resigned in his favor.

His life of hunting, reading, and convivial pleasure at Château-Thierry was diversified by frequent visits to Paris, where his compositions were a passport to the acquaintance not only of literary people, but of many rich and frivolous nobles. In 1654 he published an adaptation of the 'Eunuchus' of Terence, and at about this time his tales and epistles in verse began to circulate from hand to hand. Between 1655 and 1661 he was a frequent guest, and indeed a pensioner, of the rich and corrupt Fouquet, superintendent of finance, at his magnificent country-seat, the palace of Vaux. He was at work for three years on a long eulogistic composition, 'The Dream of Vaux,' and wrote besides many occasional pieces, in return for lavish hospitality. On Fouquet's fall in 1661, he sang with sincere regret the departed glories of the place, in his 'Elegy of the Nymphs of Vaux.'

He would seem to have been now, for a moment, in helpless plight — his private fortune well-nigh exhausted, and himself in disgrace with the government as a friend of the guilty superintendent. But he found no lack of patronage. One of Mazarin's nieces, the Duchess of Bouillon, then living in forced retirement at Château-Thierry, attracted him back to his birthplace; and through her connections at Paris he subsequently received a fresh start in town society. He had already become a friend of Molière, Racine, and Boileau. Spurred into action by their raillery — for he was the eldest of the group, and the others, who were winning fame, called him a laggard — he published in 1665 the first series of his versified tales. Like many of his steps, this was

an innocent blunder, and led him to no honorable advantage. His reputation as the author of such compositions brought him into close relations with several notorious sets of libertines; and his life, which had never been consistent, now became a very complex tangle of good and bad. He neglected his wife, his son, his public duties. He lived in ease and self-indulgence and seemed occupied solely with satisfying his own caprice.

But in simplicity of heart, and profiting by his unbounded leisure, this wayward but still unspoiled man had followed a native instinct of observation, which had led him after many years into rare sympathy with the non-human denizens of the earth. His peculiar appreciation — half poetic feeling, half naturalist's instinct — of this underlying world, being put to the service of his very considerable philosophic bent, gave him that air which people remarked, of having come from another planet. As old age approached, there grew upon him the habit of judging men according to the large standard of comparison which his fellowship with animals and plants provided. He was known to sit for half a day, missing his dinner and breaking all appointments, to watch a family of ants bury a dead fly. The ways of the wolf, the fears of the mouse, the ruminations of the ox, the ambitions of the bear, were more open to his understanding than men's politics. He loved the bright, smiling land of his birth; its limpid waters, its sunny vineyards, its frugal farms, where every egg was counted — sometimes, as he tells us, before it was laid. Waiting by green-mantled pools, peering to the brook's gray bottom, and wandering with bowed head on forest paths, where for a moment the fallow-deer stood in the flickering light and were gone — he mused for months and years in happy indolence; and if by chance he undertook, of a winter's night, to turn into French verse a fable of Æsop or Phædrus, and unconsciously excelled his models, it was still all love-in-idleness to him, and in nowise work.

But there had to be labor enough in the end, for the task was complicated — being the turning of old Greek and Latin fables, not only into the French language, but into the French spirit. Moreover, he exercised in this the most painstaking and thoughtful originality, by setting forth in them the results of his own observation and making a witty commentary on his own times. By his forty-eighth year there were enough of these little poems for a volume of one hundred and twenty-four fables, arranged in six books. Ten years later he published another collection, of five books. The fables excited such interest, and went so far to make amends for past license, that their author was elected a member of the Academy; but the king for a time opposed his admission, finally permitting it in 1684, with the remark, "You may receive La Fontaine at once: he has promised to behave." There were more tales, however, and much loose conduct to atone for, when, during a serious illness in 1693, the old poet made a public and no doubt sincere confession of his sins. It is worthy of remark, as illustrating the peculiarly expansive and social character of the period, and perhaps also the racial conception of re-

ligion as a public exercise rather than an inward state, that a committee of literary men were deputed by the French Academy to witness this tardy profession of faith. The twelfth and last book of fables appeared shortly afterwards; and two years later he died, still young in heart. For nearly a generation he had been living on the hospitality of his friends at Paris — not basely, but with noble frankness, acknowledging his inability to provide for himself.

La Fontaine, it must be admitted, lacked some very essential qualities, while possessing other and unusual ones in notable abundance. His tales are an unclean spot upon the century when French literature as a whole was most pure and dignified; but his fables, which far surpass them in artistic finish, in interest, in variety, are sound and clear and sweet. The truth, is, this great man was always a child, with a child's fair purposes and untrained will. Instinct ruled him. Until almost the end of his life he was an irresponsible pagan. But if we are careful to exclude any idea of his entertaining a conscious intention to influence politics, it may safely be said that La Fontaine, by criticizing the monarch, the churchman, the noble, under the guise of lion, wolf, fox, bear, or cat, opened a little crack, which La Bruyère was to widen and Montesquieu to whistle through, until at last it gaped broad and let in the howling blasts of revolutionary eloquence.

To the same fondness for being his geniune self is due the high lyric quality of the fables — an excellence which they alone, of all French poetry from Ronsard to André Chénier, possess in anything like abundance. We shall see the value of this distinction if we reflect that in the same interval England was graced with the songs and sonnets of Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Collins, Gray, and Burns — to mention no more, and to draw somewhere a line that must perforce be arbitrary. The main effort of the seventeenth century in France being to enforce conformity to certain standards — in other words, to produce typical rather than individual excellence, — there could be in her literature of that period no such outburst of lyric poetry; for it is of the essence of lyric poetry to express personal charm. But in the fables of La Fontaine, objective though they are, we do not have to wait long to catch the elf at play. It is his childlike self-surrender, which comes at once with engaging frankness or after much coy hesitation and a playful chase. All that he is and thinks, he sweetly confides to us, at least more fully than was common among French poets in his day. He does not skulk behind convention or pose upon a pedestal of approved usage. Here — though he knew it not, and his friends Boileau and Racine would have denied it — here is what makes him a great lyric poet. No school could claim him, yet he was liberal of himself to every reader. Like the attractive heroine of his first fable, he might say: —

> Day and night to every comer
> I was singing, I'm afraid.

And strange to say, while being so truly himself that he became the greatest lyric poet his country produced in a stretch of two hundred years, La Fontaine is also the epitome and type of whatever is most French. He represents not so much his age as his race. We recognize in La Fontaine the French intelligence, as it is common to all centuries and specialized in every individual. It is not enough to say that he abounds in wit: the striking thing is that French wit and the wit of La Fontaine are one — aërified, dry, diffused, of the manner rather than the substance, not intrusive, not insistent, but circumambient and touch-and-go. There is no forced emphasis, no zeal to convert; but only a genial willingness to suggest amendment, provided always it can be done with a laughing avoidance of proffering one's own example. Moreover, La Fontaine, like all his countrymen, clings to the concrete. The mystery of an unrealized abstraction has for him and for them the horror of the blackness of darkness to a child. But La Fontaine possessed, besides, the most exquisite literary gift; and that too came as a reward for his supreme virtue of naturalness. He wrote with easy indifference to the rigorous precepts of rhetoricians, who were trying to unify and modernize French literature. He deftly eluded the rules of seventeenth-century diction, and would not belong exclusively to the "grand age." He was not above using the marrowy, forcible, homely language of an earlier time, or its strong short forms of verse. The modest man did not know it, but he had struck root in a richer soil than his contemporaries, and his branches will flourish in immortal green when most of theirs have withered.

GEORGE M'LEAN HARPER

DEATH AND THE WOODCUTTER

A POOR woodcutter, covered with green boughs,
Under the fagot's weight and his own age
Groaning and bent, ending his weary stage,
Was struggling homeward to his smoky hut.
At last, worn out with labor and with pain,
Letting his fagot down, he thinks again
What little pleasure he has had in life.
Is there so cursed a wretch in all the strife?
No bread sometimes, and never any rest;
With taxes, soldiers, children, and a wife,
Creditors, forced toil oppressed,
He is the picture of a man unblessed.

He cries for Death. Death comes straightway,
And asks why he was called upon.
"Help me," the poor man says, "I pray,
To lift this wood, then I'll begone."

Death comes to end our woes.
  But who called him? Not I!
The motto of mankind still goes:
  We'll suffer all, sooner than die.

Translated by George M'Lean Harper

THE OAK AND THE REED

THE Oak one day said to the Reed: —
"You have good cause to rail at partial fate.
You groan beneath a hedge-wren's trifling weight;
  A puff of air, a breath indeed,
Which softly wrinkles the water's face,
Makes you sink down in piteous case;
Whereas my brow, like Alp or Apennine,
Reflects the sunset's radiance divine,
  And braves the tempest's hate.
What I call zephyrs seem north winds to you.
Moreover, in my shelter if you grew,
Under the leaves I generously scatter,
  My patronage you would not rue,
When storms do blow and rains do batter.
  But you spring up on the frontier
Bordering the showery kingdoms of the wind.
Against you unjust nature sure has sinned."

"Your pity," quoth the bulrush in reply,
"Comes from a noble heart. But have no fear:
To dread the winds you have more cause than I,
Who bend, but break not. Many a year and age
  To their terrific rage
  You've turned a stalwart back;
But not yet is the end." Scarce had he spoke
  When from the north, with flying rack,
Hurried the wildest storm that ever broke
  From winter's icy fields.
  The tree stands firm, the bulrush yields.
  The wind with fury takes fresh head,
  And casts the monarch roots on high,
Whose loftly brow was neighbor to the sky
And whose feet touched the empire of the dead.

Translated by George M'Lean Harper

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT

MISS GRASSHOPPER having sung
All through summer,
Found herself in sorry plight
When the wind began to bite:
Not a bit of grub or fly
Met the little wanton's eye;
So she wept for hunger sore
At the Ant her neighbor's door,
Begging her just once to bend
And a little grain to lend
Till warm weather came again.
"I will pay you," cried she then,
"Ere next harvest, on my soul,
Interest and principal."
Now the Ant is not a lender —
From that charge who needs defend her?
"Tell me what you did last summer?"
Said she to the beggar-maid.
"Day and night, to every comer
I was singing, I'm afraid."
"Singing! Do tell! How entrancing!
Well then, vagrant, off! be dancing!"

Translated by George M'Lean Harper

THE CAT, THE WEASEL, AND THE YOUNG RABBIT

JOHN RABBIT'S palace underground
Was once by Goody Weasel found.
She, sly of heart, resolved to seize
The place, and did so at her ease.
She took possession while its lord
Was absent on the dewy sward,
Intent upon his usual sport —
A courtier at Aurora's court.
When he had browsed his fill of clover,
And cut his pranks all nicely over,
Home Johnny came to take his drowse,
All snug within his cellar-house.

The weasel's nose he came to see,
  Outsticking through the open door.
"Ye gods of hospitality!"
  Exclaimed the creature, vexèd sore,
"Must I give up my father's lodge?
  Ho! Madam Weasel, please to budge,
Or, quicker than a weasel's dodge,
  I'll call the rats to pay their grudge!"
The sharp-nosed lady made reply
That she was first to occupy.

"The cause of war was surely small —
A house where one could only crawl!
And though it were a vast domain,"
  Said she, "I'd like to know what will
Could grant to John perpetual reign —
  The son of Peter or of Bill, —
More than to Paul, or even me."
John Rabbit spoke — great lawyer he —
Of custom, usage, as the law,
  Whereby the house, from sire to son,
As well as all its store of straw,
  From Peter came at length to John.
Who could present a claim so good
As he, the first possessor, could?
"Now," said the dame, "let's drop dispute,
  And go before Raminagrobis,
Who'll judge not only in this suit,
  But tell us truly whose the globe is."

This person was a hermit cat,
  A cat that played the hypocrite;
A saintly mouser, sleek and fat,
  An arbiter of keenest wit.
John Rabbit in the judge concurred,
  And off went both their case to broach
Before his Majesty, the furred.
  Said Clapperclaw, "My kits, approach,
And put your noses to my ears:
I'm deaf, almost, by weight of years."
And so they did, not fearing aught.
  The good apostle Clapperclaw
  Then laid on each a well-armed paw,

And both to an agreement brought,
By virtue of his tuskèd jaw.
This brings to mind the fate
Of little kings before the great.

Translated by Elizur Wright

THE ANIMALS SICK OF THE PLAGUE

THE sorest ill that Heaven hath
Sent on this lower world in wrath —
The plague (to call it by its name),
One single day of which
Would Pluto's ferryman enrich —
Waged war on beasts, both wild and tame.
They died not all, but all were sick:
No hunting now, by force or trick,
To save what might so soon expire.
No food excited their desire;
Nor wolf nor fox now watched to slay
The innocent and tender prey.
The turtles fled;
So love and therefore joy were dead.
The lion council held, and said: —
"My friends, I do believe
This awful scourge, for which we grieve,
Is for our sins a punishment
Most righteously by Heaven sent.
Let us our guiltiest beast resign,
A sacrifice to wrath divine.
Perhaps this offering, truly small,
May gain the life and health of all.
By history we find it noted
That lives have been just so devoted.
Then let us all turn eyes within,
And ferret out the hidden sin.
Himself let no one spare nor flatter,
But make clean conscience in the matter.
For me, my appetite has played the glutton
Too much and often upon mutton.
What harm had e'er my victims done?
I answer truly, None.

Perhaps sometimes, by hunger pressed,
I've eat the shepherd with the rest.
I yield myself, if need there be:
And yet I think in equity,
Each should confess his sins with me;
For laws of right and justice cry,
The guiltiest alone should die."

"Sire," said the fox, "your Majesty
Is humbler than a king should be,
And over-squeamish in the case.
  What! eating stupid sheep a crime?
  No, never, sire, at any time.
It rather was an act of grace,
A mark of honor to their race.
And as to shepherds, one may swear,
  The fate your Majesty describes
Is recompense less full than fair
  For such usurpers o'er our tribes."

  Thus Reynard glibly spoke,
And loud applause from flatterers broke.
Of neither tiger, boar, nor bear,
Did any keen inquirer dare
  To ask for crimes of high degree;
The fighters, biters, scratchers, all
  From every mortal sin were free;
The very dogs, both great and small,
  Were saints as far as dogs could be.

The ass, confessing in his turn,
Thus spoke in tones of deep concern: —
"I happened through a mead to pass;
The monks, its owners, were at mass;
Keen hunger, leisure, tender grass,
And add to these the Devil too,
All tempted me the deed to do.
I browsed the bigness of my tongue;
Since truth must out, I own it wrong."
On this, a hue and cry arose,
As if the beasts were all his foes:
A wolf, haranguing lawyer-wise,
Denounced the ass for sacrifice —

The bald-pate, scabby, ragged lout,
By whom the plague had come, no doubt.
His fault was judged a hanging crime.
"What! eat another's grass? oh, shame!
The noose of rope and death sublime,
For that offense, were all too tame!"
And soon poor Grizzle felt the same.

Thus human courts acquit the strong,
And doom the weak as therefore wrong.

Translated by Elizur Wright

THE WOLF AND THE DOG

A PROWLING wolf, whose shaggy skin
(So strict the watch of dogs had been)
Hid little but his bones,
Once met a mastiff dog astray.
A prouder, fatter, sleeker Tray,
No human mortal owns.
Sir Wolf, in famished plight,
Would fain have made a ration
Upon his fat relation;
But then he first must fight;
And well the dog seemed able
To save from wolfish table
His carcass snug and tight.
So, then, in civil conversation,
The wolf expressed his admiration
Of Tray's fine case. Said Tray, politely,
"Yourself, good sir, may be as sightly;
Quit but the woods, advised by me.
For all your fellows here, I see,
Are shabby wretches, lean and gaunt,
Belike to die of haggard want.
With such a pack, of course, it follows,
One fights for every bit he swallows.
Come, then, with me and share
On equal terms our princely fare."
"But what with you
Has one to do?"

Inquires the wolf. "Light work, indeed,"
Replies the dog; "you only need
To bark a little now and then,
To chase off duns and beggar men,
To fawn on friends that come or go forth;
Your master please, and so forth;
For which you have to eat
All sorts of well-cooked meat —
Cold pullets, pigeons, savory messes —
Besides unnumbered fond caresses."
    The wolf, by force of appetite,
    Accepts the terms outright,
Tears glistening in his eyes.
But faring on, he spies
A galled spot on the mastiff's neck.
"What's that?" he cries. "Oh, nothing but a speck."
"A speck?" "Ay, ay; 'tis not enough to pain me;
Perhaps the collar's mark by which they chain me."
"Chain! Chain you! What! Run you not, then,
Just where you please, and when?"
"Not always, sir; but what of that?"
"Enough, for me, to spoil your fat!
  It ought to be a precious price
  Which could to servile chains entice;
For me, I'll shun them while I've wit."
So ran Sir Wolf, and runneth yet.

Translated by Elizur Wright

THE ASS AND THE LITTLE DOG

ONE'S native talent from its course
Cannot be turned aside by force;
But poorly apes the country clown
The polished manners of the town.
Their Maker chooses but a few
With power of pleasing to imbue;
Where wisely leave it we, the mass,
Unlike a certain fabled ass
That thought to gain his master's blessing
By jumping on him and caressing.

"What!" said the donkey in his heart,
"Ought it to be that puppy's part
To lead his useless life
In full companionship
With Master and his wife,
While I must bear the whip?
What doth the cur a kiss to draw?
Forsooth, he only gives his paw!
If that is all there needs to please,
I'll do the thing myself, with ease."
Possessed with this bright notion—
His master sitting on his chair,
At leisure in the open air—
He ambled up, with awkward motion,
And put his talents to the proof;
Upraised his bruised and battered hoof,
And, with an amiable mien,
His master patted on the chin,
The action gracing with a word—
The fondest bray that e'er was heard!
Oh, such caressing was there ever?
Or melody with such a quaver?
"Ho! Martin! here! a club, a club bring!"
Out cried the master, sore offended.
So Martin gave the ass a drubbing—
And so the comedy was ended.

Translated by Elizur Wright

THE HOG, THE GOAT, AND THE SHEEP

A GOAT, a sheep, and porker fat,
All to the market rode together.
Their own amusement was not that
Which caused their journey thither.
Their coachman did not mean to "set them down"
To see the shows and wonders of the town.
The porker cried, in piercing squeals,
As if with butchers at his heels.
The other beasts, of milder mood,
The cause by no means understood.

They saw no harm, and wondered why
At such a rate the hog should cry.
"Hush there, old piggy!" said the man,
"And keep as quiet as you can.
What wrong have you to squeal about,
And raise this dev'lish, deaf'ning shout?
These stiller persons at your side
Have manners much more dignified.
  Pray, have you heard
  A single word
Come from that gentleman in wool?
That proves him wise." "That proves him fool!"
  The testy hog replied;
  "For did he know
  To what we go,
He'd cry almost to split his throat;
So would her ladyship the goat.
They only think to lose with ease,
The goat her milk, the sheep his fleece:
They're, maybe, right; but as for me,
This ride is quite another matter.
  Of service only on the platter,
  My death is quite a certainty.
  Adieu, my dear old piggery!"
The porker's logic proved at once
Himself a prophet and a dunce.

Hope ever gives a present ease,
But fear beforehand kills;
The wisest he who least foresees
Inevitable ills.

Translated by Elizur Wright

MOLIÈRE

MOLIÈRE, the greatest of modern comic dramatists, was a Parisian by birth — like those other typical Frenchmen, Villon and Voltaire, Boileau and Regnard. He was born in 1622, probably in the house now No. 96 Rue St. Honoré, and on January 15 or a day or two earlier. His real name was Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, "Molière" being a stage name assumed when he left his father's house. His father was a prosperous tradesman, an upholsterer — one of the eight of that craft holding a royal appointment (*valet de chambre tapissier du roi*), which required him to be in attendance on the King three months of the year to see that his Majesty's furniture was always in fit condition. His mother, apparently a woman of both character and culture, died when Molière was but ten; and the next year his father married again, only to lose this second wife before Molière was fifteen.

As the son of a flourishing burgher, Molière received an excellent education. In 1636, being then fourteen, he was sent to the Collège de Clermont, one of the leading educational institutions of Paris, conducted by the Jesuits and attended by the youth of the best families of France. He seems to have stayed there five years, acquiring the humanities and getting well schooled in philosophy. He may or may not have been a pupil of Gassendi; and he may or may not have attempted a translation of the great poem of Lucretius: many of the legends of his life that have come down to us will not withstand sceptical scrutiny. That he studied law is certain; and it is possible even that he was admitted to the bar.

In the mean time he had been assured of the succession to his father in the royal appointment; and it is more than probable that he was in attendance on Louis XIII, as his father's substitute, in June 1642, when Cinq-Mars was arrested. Before the end of the next year, however, the son of the royal upholsterer had left his paternal home, had thrown in his lot with a group of strolling actors, and had assumed the stage name of "Molière," which he was to render forever illustrious. The French drama was beginning its most glorious period — Corneille's 'Cinna' and 'Horace' and 'Le Menteur' [The Liar] having followed one another in rapid succession. The influence of the Spanish theater was making itself felt; and even more potent perhaps was the example set by the brisk and bustling performances of the Italian comedians; while the robust farces of the French themselves lost nothing of their comic force when represented by the broadly humorous followers of Gros Guillaume and Gautier Garguille.

At the head of the company that Molière joined was Madeleine Béjart, a charming woman and a capable actress. For two or three years the "Illustre Théâtre" (as the troupe called itself) made ineffectual efforts to get a foothold in Paris. At last, in 1646, it gave up the fight in the capital and betook itself to the provinces, where it remained for twelve years. The record of Molière's wanderings is fragmentary, but it is known that in 1648 he was at Nantes, Limoges, Bordeaux, and Toulouse; in 1650 at Narbonne; in 1653 at Lyons; in 1654 at Montpellier; in 1657 at Dijon and Avignon; and in 1658 at Rouen. From Scarron's 'Roman Comique' we can get some idea of the life of the vagabond comedians in those days, and of the kind of adventure likely to befall them.

From Rouen the journey to Paris was easy; and Molière was at last able to secure the patronage of Monsieur, the younger brother of the young king, Louis XIV. He had left the city of his birth little more than a raw recruit of the stage. He returned to the capital the most accomplished comedian of his time, a dramatist whose earlier comic plays had already met with warm popular appreciation, and a manager surrounded by a homogeneous company of skilled comedians, all devoted to him and all having high confidence in his ability. As a writer of plays Molière had begun modestly with farces on the Italian model, but with a fuller flavor of humor, more like that in the old French folk-tales. Most of these 'prentice trifles are lost, although the author probably worked into his more mature pieces all that was valuable in them. The strongest of the plays produced in the provinces was 'L'Étourdi' [The Blunderer], brought out in Lyons in 1655, and still often acted in Paris today after two centuries and a half.

At this time Molière was only thirty-six, and he was unusually well equipped for the comic drama. He had begun with a solid training in philosophy; and he had gained a thorough knowledge of the theater and a wide acquaintance with mankind. It is fair to assume that through his father he had had an insight into the middle class; that through his father's workmen he had been able to get an understanding of the artisan; and that through his father's royal appointment he had had opportunities of observing the courtiers. In the course of his wanderings he had been brought in contact with the peasants and also with the inhabitants of the provincial towns. On his return to the capital he was to become intimate with Boileau, Chapelle, and other men of letters; and he was to have occasion for closer observation of the court.

The long years of strolling in the provinces had not only trained the company to an incomparable perfection in comedy, but had also brought financial prosperity. The actors of the troupe owned in common rich costumes, scenery, and properties; and some of them had severally money out at interest. Molière returned to the capital almost a rich man; and he was able to enlarge his fortune by his successful management in Paris. As it happened, the first appearance of the company before the king, in a theater erected in the

Louvre, was almost a failure (October 24, 1658). The play was Corneille's 'Nicomède,' a tragedy; and Molière and his companions were more at home in comedy. Moreover, Molière was natural in his histrionic method; and the custom of the day required that tragedy should be interpreted in toplofty fashion. At the conclusion of the serious play, Molière, who was an easy and adroit speaker, came forward with a neatly turned compliment to the king, and asked permission to add to the program one of the little farces they had often acted in the country. This little farce was 'Le Docteur Amoureux' [The Doctor in Love], and it made the king laugh heartily.

The royal permission was given for the company to establish itself in Paris; and Molière was at first allowed the use of a theater in the Petit Bourbon, where he and his companions appeared on the nights not already reserved for the Italian comedians. There were then two other theaters in Paris: one at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where was the company specially patronized by the king, and the other in the Marais. Molière seems to have tried to establish his company as a rival in tragedy of the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne; but he met with no popular approval till he returned to comedy, in the acting of which he and his comrades were really superior. In November 1658 he brought out the 'Étourdi,' already successful at Lyons and elsewhere, and at once equally successful in Paris. The 'Étourdi' is a long farce on the Italian model, with traditional characters, but having a vivacity and a verve all Molière's own. It was followed by another comic play, also already performed in the provinces — the 'Dépit Amoureux' [The Lovers' Quarrel], which became instantly as popular as its predecessor; in a condensed form it still holds the stage in France.

It is doubtful whether his next piece was absolutely new, or whether it also had been tried during his wanderings outside of the capital. It is not doubtful that this little one-act comedy was made of richer material than any of its predecessors, and that it contained a promise of the finer works to follow it shortly. The 'Précieuses Ridicules' (November 18, 1659) was the title of the little play [The Affected Ladies]; and it was a piquant and telling satire upon the affectations of literary culture then prevalent. Although somewhat farcical in its plot and in its details, it was truly a picture of life. There is a legend that an aged spectator at its final performance cried out, "Take courage, Molière, this is good comedy!" And yet one of those satirized had influence enough to have the new play interdicted; but the interdiction was soon lifted, and the second performance took place a fortnight after the first. When the king returned to Paris the play was acted before him to his great satisfaction; and it helped to establish Molière in the royal favor.

The good-will of the monarch was doubly valuable to a man like Molière, who was going to speak his mind freely on the stage in one play after another, boldly to assault hypocrisy and vice, and unhesitatingly to make many enemies. His next piece, however, 'Sganarelle' (May 28, 1660), had no ul-

terior purpose; its object was merely to make the spectators laugh. Molière was shrewd always in the management of his theater, ever ready to give his audiences another play of a kind they had already approved. But a few months after the production of 'Sganarelle,' it looked for a little while as though Molière might have no theater to manage. Without notice the theater in the Petit Bourbon was maliciously demolished, and the company was left without a stage on which to act. Then the king assigned to Molière and his comrades the large theater in the Palais Royal which Richelieu had built for the performance of a play of his own.

This theater had to be repaired; and not until January 1661 was it that Molière was able to begin his season there. His first new play on this new stage was a failure. 'Don Garcie de Navarre' (February 4, 1661) is the dullest of Molière's works — the one in which he is seen to least advantage. It was a heroic comedy on the Spanish model; and the artificial plot gave small scope to Molière's humor or to his knowledge of his fellow-man. He took the defeat hard; he acted the play more than once before the king; and he ventured to revive it two years later. But the appeal was decided against him, and he never repeated the blunder.

The earlier pieces which had pleased the Parisian public were but humorous trifles when compared with the best of his later works; and now with his next play he entered on a second stage of his development as a dramatist. 'L'École des Maris' [The School for Husbands], June 24, 1661, was not dependent chiefly upon its intrigue as the others had been: it was essentially a study of character — a little hard, it may be, but unfailingly amusing and not without sympathy. Not long after, Molière improvised in a fortnight's time a comedy-ballet, 'Les Fâcheux' [The Bores], August 17, 1661, prepared especially for the series of magnificent entertainments with which Fouquet splendidly feasted the king at Vaux only a few days before the downfall of the superintendent. It is told that the king himself suggested to Molière the original of one type of bore neglected by the author; and that this royal hint was instantly seized, a new character being added to the play before it was next performed.

Molière availed himself of his father's place as *valet de chambre tapissier* of the king to keep in closer contact with the court than would ordinarily be possible to an actor or a dramatist. He insisted on performing the duties of the office, in spite of the protest of those of his fellow-officials who did not wish to associate with a comedian. There is little or no warrant for the legend that Louis XIV himself once rebuked these contemners of the actor by inviting Molière to share his own supper; and yet the picturesque scene has been painted both by Ingres and by Gérome. There is no doubt, however, that Louis XIV did esteem Molière highly, certainly finding him most ingenious in the invention of the ballets in which the young king liked to figure, and possibly even appreciating dimly the abiding merits of the great dramatist.

Louis XIV had many faults, but a lack of discernment was not among them. It is recorded that the king once asked Boileau who was the rarest of the literary geniuses illuminating his reign, and that Boileau responded by naming Molière — a little to the monarch's surprise, it may be, but without eliciting a royal contradiction.

In February 1662, Molière married Armande Béjart, a younger sister of the leading lady of the company. Molière was then forty years of age; as author, actor, manager, he was a very busy man, with incessant demands on his time; he had the fits of abstraction and the occasional moodiness and melancholy which are often characteristic of genius. His wife was scant twenty; she was beautiful, charming, and fond of admiration; she became a brilliant actress; she seems to have had rather a narrow intelligence. That such a marriage should be happy would have been little short of a miracle. That there were in time disagreements between husband and wife is indisputable; and it is undeniable that Molière was intensely jealous. No passion occurs and reoccurs in his plays more often than jealousy; and none is more feelingly analyzed. That the most of the brutal charges brought against the young wife are but slanders, is highly probable. When she bore him a son, Louis XIV accepted to be godfather.

The first play produced by Molière after his marriage was 'L'École des Femmes' [The School for Wives], December 26, 1662; a companion to 'L'École des Maris,' somewhat more careless in its structure but distinctly deeper in its insight. His enemies pretended prudishly to be shocked at one or two of the scenes of this delicate comedy, and even to discover in one speech a parody of a sermon. Most wittily did the author defend himself. He brought out on the stage 'La Critique de L'École des Femmes' [The Criticism of the School for Wives], June 1, 1663; a comedy in one act which is little more than a conversation in a drawing-room, and in which certain foolish characters bring forward all the charges made against the piece, only to be answered completely by certain clever characters. The king sided with Molière; conferring upon him a pension of a thousand livres annually as "an excellent comic poet," and inviting him to appear again before the court. In a week, Molière improvised 'L'Impromptu de Versailles' [The Impromptu of Versailles], October 14, 1663, taking the spectators behind the curtain and showing them a rehearsal of his own company, in the course of which he found occasion to mimic the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne who had attacked him, and to hit back sharply at others of his enemies.

For the king's pleasure once more Molière wrote the lively comedy-ballet of 'Le Mariage Forcé [The Forced Marriage], January 29, 1664; with a farcical plot interrupted adroitly by eight dances, in one of which the young monarch himself figured as an Egyptian. When a series of sumptuous entertainments were given at Versailles in the spring, Molière was again ready not only with 'La Princesse d'Élide' (May 8, 1664), one of the less interesting

of his comedies, but also with the first three acts of 'Tartuffe' (May 12, 1664), the strong five-act comedy which is perhaps his masterpiece. The somewhat somber theme might have made 'Tartuffe' seem a little out of place in so gay a festivity; but the earlier acts were frankly amusing, and the monarch's guests found pleasure in the performance even if they could not suspect the serious purpose of the whole work, which is the most powerful onslaught on religious hypocrisy ever attempted on the stage. Those whom the play assaulted were able to prevent its being produced in Paris for several years; and Molière set out to make friends for his work by reading it aloud in the drawing-rooms of leading members of the court, and even by acting it again and again at the houses of the princes of the blood.

In the mean while he returned to the attack; and in 'Le Festin de Pierre' [The Stone Guest], February 16, 1665, he gave to the legendary figure of Don Juan a meaning and a power not to be found in the preceding plays on the same subject in Spanish, in Italian, and in French. Perhaps he was attracted to the subject because the spectacular element in the story was certain to prove effective on the stage; perhaps he thought that under cover of the spectacular he might the more easily let fly his burning shafts of irony and satire. The supernatural element in 'Don Juan,' as in 'Hamlet' and in 'Faust,' is kept subordinate to the philosophical. In Molière's hands the gallant and graceful hero is not only a type of the eternal lover, but also a rival of Iago in cynical villainy. The play is founded upon a Spanish drama, and yet it might be called the most original of Molière's works — the most vigorous, the boldest. Those who had chosen to take offense at 'L'École des Femmes,' and who had been indignant at 'Tartuffe,' were up in arms at once against 'Don Juan.' The king was besought to interdict the dangerous drama; and again Louis XIV stood Molière's friend. He refused the interdiction, and took Molière and his company under the royal patronage, allotting them an annual pension of six thousand livres.

Not content with having the prudes and the hypocrites against him, Molière now took for his target the abuses of the contemporary practice of medicine. In a little comedy 'L'Amour Médecin' [Love as a Physician], September 15, 1665 — a return to his earlier and more farcical manner — he put on the stage five types of the doctor of that time, suggested each of them more or less by a living practitioner of the art. The author was then ill himself, worn and harassed, with difficulties at home and disputes abroad. Yet there was no falling-off in the next play, 'Le Misanthrope' [The Misanthrope], June 4, 1666, which indeed French critics have generally held to be his masterpiece, but which has never pleased the playgoing public so much as others of his comedies. Its movement is slow, and its action is barely adequate to sustain its five acts. In subject it has a fundamental resemblance to 'Timon of Athens,' not one of Shakespeare's most highly esteemed plays. It is a manly protest against the empty conventionalities of civilization — the shams, the

gauds, the trifles, the insincerities of which modern society so often seems to be made up. Its tone is lofty and its morality is austere. But there is some truth in the charge that the observer and the philosopher in Molière had got the better of the dramatist when he wrote 'Le Misanthrope.' The dramatist came promptly to the rescue of the philosopher; and a brisk and rollicking farce, 'Le Médecin malgré Lui' [The Physician in Spite of Himself], August 6, 1666, was added to the bill to increase the drawing power of the more serious comedy.

Like Shakespeare, Molière was an excellent man of business; and he felt it to be his duty always to keep his company supplied with plays of a kind already proved to be popular. So although he had begun by imitating the lively farces of the Italians ('L'Étourdi,' for example), and had then risen to the comedy of character ('L'École des Femmes'), and finally had attained to the sublime height of 'Le Misanthrope,' he went back unhesitatingly to his earlier manner again and again; and no more thought it unworthy of himself to write frank farces like 'Le Médecin malgré Lui' after 'Tartuffe' than Shakespeare did to compose the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' after the 'Merchant of Venice.' It was one of these lighter plays — not a farce this time, but an airily comic love tale — that he next brought forth: 'Le Sicilien' [The Sicilian], February 1667. Then a single performance of 'Tartuffe' took place (August 5, 1667); but further performances were promptly forbidden by the authorities, the king being then with the army in Flanders. Nothing daunted, Molière bided his time. A very free version of a comedy of Plautus, 'Amphitryon' (January 13, 1668), came next; followed by another broad farce, though with a tragic suggestion if we choose so to take it, 'Georges Dandin' (July 10, 1668); and in rapid succession a second comedy, more or less derived from Plautus, 'L'Avare' [The Miser], September 9, 1668. The royal permission was finally granted for the public performance in Paris of 'Tartuffe' (February 5, 1669); and that great comedy-drama achieved a triumph which endures to this day. Like 'Hamlet' in England, 'Tartuffe' in France is the most effective of theatrical masterpieces, repaying the best efforts of the best actors, and yet so dramatic in itself that it satisfies a large audience even when done by a scratch company anywhere and anyhow. A little later in the year came one of the briskest and most bustling of his farces, 'M. de Pourceaugnac' (September 17, 1669).

Molière continued to vary his style; and no dramatist was ever more versatile or more fertile in inventing new forms. He devised for the court a comedy-ballet, 'Les Amants Magnifiques' [The Magnificent Lovers], February 10, 1670; and toward the end of the year he brought out 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' [The Tradesman Turned Gentleman], October 23, 1670; one of the best of his comedies, full of fresh fun, and inspired by the wholesome common-sense which was always one of Molière's most marked characteristics. With 'Les Fourberies de Scapin' [The Tricks of Scapin], May 24, 1671,

there was again a return to the more primitive farce, boisterous perhaps, but indisputably laughter-provoking. A little earlier in the year he had collaborated with Corneille in the dialogue of 'Psyché' (January 1671), Quinault writing the lyrics which Lulli set to music. And before the twelve months were out he was ready with yet another comedy-farce, 'La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas' [The Countess of Escarbagnas], December 2, 1671, rich with his ample knowledge of provincial characteristics.

He was coming now to the close of his career; and he rose again to the level of high comedy in 'Les Femmes Savantes' [The Learned Ladies], March 11, 1672, which disputes with 'Tartuffe,' 'Don Juan,' and 'Le Misanthrope' the honor of being considered his finest and sanest work. In its theme, this, the last of his great plays, is very like the 'Précieuses Ridicules,' in which he first revealed the power of social satire; affectation of every sort was abhorrent to him always — affectation and insincerity and hypocrisy. When he beheld these things his scorn burned hot within him, and he delighted in scourging them.

The last months of Molière's life were saddened by the death of his old companion and sister-in-law, Madeleine Béjart, and by the death of his only son. His health, never strong, became feebler; and in the summer of 1672 the theater had to be closed unexpectedly more than once, because Molière was not well enough to act. And yet through all these trials he kept his good-humor and his gentle serenity, although he — like most other great humorists — was essentially melancholy. It was under these conditions that he wrote his last play, 'Le Malade Imaginaire' [The Imaginary Invalid], February 10, 1673. He himself, of course, was the imaginary invalid, being then worn out with his own illness. The fourth performance of the new play took place on February 17; and Molière was seized with a spasm of coughing on the stage, and burst a blood-vessel. They conveyed him to his own house in the Rue de Richelieu, on the site of the building now numbered 38 and 40; and here he died "not more than half an hour or three-quarters after the bursting of the said vessel" — so his faithful friend and fellow-actor, Lagrange, recorded in the register or private diary, which is an invaluable document for the details of Molière's life.

The bitter hostility which had long delayed the performance of 'Tartuffe, and which had unceasingly pursued Molière during the last years of his life, not shrinking from obtrusion into his family relations, was not relaxed after his death. Permission for Christian burial was at first denied. It is told that the widow threw herself at the king's feet and implored a royal mandate, overruling the ecclesiastical authorities. At last the funeral was authorized; and it took place on the evening of the fourth day. The procession was very simple, the priests not intoning the usual psalms. The interment took place in the cemetery which was behind the chapel of St. Joseph, in the Rue de Montmartre.

The inventory taken after his demise gives the list of Molière's stage costumes and of the books that composed his library. Among these was a Bible, a Plutarch, a Montaigne (but no Rabelais, oddly enough), a Terence (but no Plautus), a Lucian, a Horace, a Juvenal, and two hundred and forty volumes of unnamed French, Italian, and Spanish plays. He left a fortune of about forty thousand livres. Four years after his death his widow married an obscure actor named Guérin. The only child of Molière to survive him was a daughter, who married a M. de Montalant, and who died without issue in 1723, half a century after her illustrious father.

Molière was only fifty-one when he died, and all of his more important plays had been written during the final fourteen years of his life. He had served a long apprenticeship in the provinces, mastering all the mysteries of his art, and heaping up a store of observations of human nature; and after his return to Paris, his genius ripened swiftly. While the novelists have often flowered late in life, the dramatists have usually begun young; but Molière was forty-two when he wrote 'Tartuffe,' forty-three when he followed it with 'Don Juan,' forty-four when he produced 'Le Misanthrope,' forty-eight when he brought forth 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' and fifty when he made fun of the 'Femmes Savantes.' Perhaps a part of the deeper insight and the wider vision of these plays, when compared with those of all other comic dramatists, is due to the relative maturity of Molière when he composed them. The personal and poetic burlesques of Aristophanes do not belong in the same category; and the fragments of Menander are, after all, only fragments. Some of the comic plays of Plautus and of Terence survive for purposes of comparison — as a result of which the best criticism of today is in accord with La Fontaine's declaration on the morrow of Molière's death, that the great French comic dramatist had surpassed both of the great Latin comic dramatists.

For us who speak English, and who hold Shakespeare as a standard by which the men of every other language must be measured, it is impossible not to set the author of 'Hamlet' over against the author of 'Tartuffe.' In many ways the two men were alike. Dramatists, they were both actors, Shakespeare being probably not prominent in that profession, while Molière certainly excelled all his contemporaries. They were both managers; and both of them were shrewd men of affairs, governing their private fortunes with skill. Legend relates that Shakespeare wrote the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' on a hint of Queen Elizabeth's, and that Molière augmented the 'Fâcheux' on a hint of King Louis's. Each of them kept the most of his plays in manuscript while he was alive; and after they were dead, the plays of each were published by the pious care of surviving comrades. They were both of them surpassingly original; and yet neither often took the trouble to invent a plot, preferring to adopt this ready-made, more or less, and rather to expend his strength upon the analysis of emotion and the creation of character. Some

of these resemblances are merely fortuitous; but some are also strangely significant.

To push the comparison too far would be unfair to Molière; for Shakespeare is the master mind of all literature. He soared to heights, and he explored depths, and he had a range, to which Molière could not pretend. His is the spirit of soul-searching tragedy, of romantic comedy, of dramatic history; and in no one of these is Molière his rival. But in the comedy of real life, he is not Molière's rival. In every variety of the comic drama Molière is unequaled — in farce, in the comedy of situation, in the comedy of character, and in the comedy which is almost stiffened into drama, yet without ceasing to be comedy. Shakespeare is the greatest of dramatists, no doubt, but Molière is indubitably the greatest of comic dramatists. In sheer comic force the Frenchman is stronger than the Englishman, or at least more abundant; and also in the compelling power of humor. The influence of Shakespeare upon the comedy of the nineteenth century is almost negligible; for Musset seems to be the only modern poet who has modeled his plays upon 'As You Like It' and 'Twelfth Night.' The influence of Molière upon the comedy of the nineteenth century is overwhelming; and the author of the 'Demi-Monde,' the authors of the 'Gendre de M. Poirier,' the author of the 'Doll's House,' and the author of the 'Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' are all followers of the author of 'Tartuffe' and 'Les Femmes Savantes.'

It is to be said also that Shakespeare, though essentially an Englishman, is in a wide sense cosmopolitan and universal; he rises superior to race and to time. Molière, on the other hand, despite his philosophical grasp of human nature, is typically French. He has the robust humor of Rabelais, and Montaigne's genial common-sense, and Voltaire's eagerness to abolish frauds. He has his full share of Gallic salt; and he inherits also the Latin tradition of reserve, of order, and of symmetry. He was able to unite humor and truth — fun and an exact observation of life — satire and sincerity sustained by pity. Like Rabelais and like Montaigne, Molière is a moralist; he has an ethical code of his own; the total effect of his plays is wholesome. He is on the side of the angels, although he recognizes the existence of many an evil demon. Like Shakespeare, he can pierce almost to the center of things, even if his penetration is not so profound as Shakespeare's. The moral is never tagged to the end or paraded or vaunted; but he is a shallow student who cannot discover the ethical richness of the soil in which Molière's plays were grown.

Certain authors there are that we outgrow as we wax in years and in wisdom. There are books that we once liked, and that now remain behind us as milestones marking the road traveled. Though we came up to them with pleasure, yet without regret we leave them in the distance. We have not tarried with them long, and unless we turn back we never pass them again. Molière is not one of these: he is for all ages of man. In youth we may enjoy him unthinkingly, amused by his comic invention, his drollery, his

frank fun. As we grow older his charm over us grows also; and we see the finer qualities of his work — his insight into human motives, and his marvelous skill in exhibiting these on the stage. And in old age we may refresh ourselves once again with his unfailing and unfading humor, and with the true wisdom which underlies it. At one time 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' may please us, and at another 'Le Misanthrope'; but at all times a man who takes interest in the comedy of human endeavor may find in Molière what he needs.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE PHYSICIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SGANARELLE, *Martine's husband.*
MARTINE, *Sganarelle's wife.*
M. ROBERT, *Sganarelle's neighbor.*
VALÈRE, *Géronte's attendant.*
LUCAS, *Jacqueline's husband.*
GÉRONTE, *Lucinde's father.*
JACQUELINE, *Lucas's wife and nurse at Géronte's.*
LUCINDE, *Géronte's daughter.*
LÉANDRE, *Lucinde's lover.*

ACT I

Scene 1

SGANARELLE, MARTINE [*appearing on the stage quarreling*]

SGANARELLE. No; I tell you, I will not do anything of the kind, it is for me to speak, and to be master.

Martine. And I tell you you shall live as I choose. I didn't marry you to put up with your freaks.

Sganarelle. Oh! what a plaguy nuisance it is to have a wife! Aristotle was quite right when he said a woman is worse than a devil.

Martine. Look at the clever man with his blockhead of an Aristotle!

Sganarelle. Yes, clever indeed. Find me a fagot-binder who can argue on things as I can, who has served a famous doctor for six years, and who, in his boyish years, had his rudiments by heart.

Martine. Plague on the arrant dolt!

Sganarelle. Plague on the slut!

Martine. Cursed be the hour and the day when I took it into my head to say yes.

Sganarelle. Cursed be the notary who made me sign my own ruination.

Martine. Truly it well becomes you to complain on that score. Ought you not rather to thank heaven every moment that you have me for a wife? Did you deserve to marry a woman like me?

Sganarelle. It is true you did me too much honor, and I had good reason to thank my stars for my wedding night. Good Heavens! do not make me say too much: I might tell you certain things.

Martine. Well! what could you say?

Sganarelle. Enough; let us drop the subject. It is sufficient that I know what I know, and you were very lucky to light on me.

Martine. What do you mean by very lucky to light on you? A fellow who will drive me to beggary, a drunken rascal who gobbles up all I have!

Sganarelle. That is a lie: I drink part of it.

Martine. Who sells piecemeal everything there is in the house!

Sganarelle. That is living on one's means.

Martine. Who has taken away even the bed from under me!

Sganarelle. You will get up all the earlier.

Martine. In short, who does not leave me a stick in the whole house.

Sganarelle. There will be less trouble when we move.

Martine. And who from morning to night does nothing but gamble and guzzle!

Sganarelle. That is done to keep one's self out of the dumps.

Martine. And what do you intend me to do all the while with my family?

Sganarelle. Whatever you like.

Martine. I have four poor little children on my hands.

Sganarelle. Put them on the ground.

Martine. Who ask me every hour for bread.

Sganarelle. Give them a birch rod. When I have had enough to eat and drink, everyone else ought to be glutted.

Martine. And you mean to tell me, you drunkard, that things can always go on like this.

Sganarelle. Gently, wife, if you please.

Martine. That I am for ever to put up with your insolence and debauchery?

Sganarelle. Do not let us get into a passion, wife.

Martine. And that I do not know the way to bring you to a sense of your duty?

Sganarelle. Wife, you know I have not a very patient nature, and that my arm is none of the lightest.

Martine. I laugh at your threats.

Sganarelle. My sweet wife, my honey, your hide itches as usual.

Martine. I will soon let you see I am not afraid of you.

Sganarelle. My better half, you have made up your mind to have a larruping.
Martine. Do you think I am frightened by your talk?
Sganarelle. Sweet object of my love, I shall box your ears for you.
Martine. Drunkard!
Sganarelle. I shall bang you.
Martine. Wine-cask!
Sganarelle. I shall leather you.
Martine. Scoundrel!
Sganarelle. I shall dress your hide.
Martine. Rascal! villain! knave! cur! scoundrel! hangdog! blackguard! wretch! scamp! rogue! thief! . . .
Sganarelle [*He takes a stick and beats her*]. You will have it, then?
Martine. Oh! oh! oh! oh!
Sganarelle. That is the smartest way to make you hold your tongue.

Scene 2

M. Robert, Sganarelle, Martine

M. Robert. Hullo, Hullo, Hullo! Fie! What is this? What a disgraceful thing! Plague take the coward to beat his wife like that.
Martine [*her hands on her hips: she speaks to him, and makes him draw back: at last she smacks his face*]. I like him to beat me.
M. Robert. Nay, then I agree with all my heart.
Martine. What have you to do with it?
M. Robert. I am wrong.
Martine. Is it your business?
M. Robert. You are right.
Martine. The impertinent fellow, to wish to hinder husbands from beating their wives.
M. Robert. I am sorry.
Martine. What have you to say to it?
M. Robert. Nothing.
Martine. Is it for you to poke your nose into it?
M. Robert. No.
Martine. Mind your own business.
M. Robert. I shall not utter another word.
Martine. I like being beaten.
M. Robert. Very well.
Martine. It does not sting you.
M. Robert. Quite true.
Martine. And you are a fool to interfere with what does not concern you.
M. Robert. [*He goes up to the husband, who addresses him in the same*

fashion, making him go back, hitting him with the same stick and putting him to flight. He says at length:] Neighbor, I ask your pardon with all my heart. Go on, whack and bash your wife about as much as you please; I will help you, if you like.

Sganarelle. I do not like.

M. Robert. Ah! that is another thing.

Sganarelle. I will beat her if I like: and if I do not like, I will not beat her.

M. Robert. Very well.

Sganarelle. She is my wife, and not yours.

M. Robert. Certainly.

Sganarelle. It is not for you to order me about.

M. Robert. I grant that.

Sganarelle. I do not want your help.

M. Robert. All right.

Sganarelle. And it is like your impudence to meddle with other people's concerns. Remember what Cicero says; that between the tree and the finger you must not thrust in the bark. [*Then he comes back to his wife, and says to her, taking hold of her hand*] Come now, let us make it up. Shake hands.

Martine. Yes, after you have beaten me like this.

Sganarelle. Never mind that. Shake hands.

Martine. I will not.

Sganarelle. Eh!

Martine. No.

Sganarelle. My little wife!

Martine. No.

Sganarelle. Come, I tell you.

Martine. I will not do anything of the kind.

Sganarelle. Come, come, come.

Martine. No; I will be angry.

Sganarelle. Come! it is a trifle. Come, come.

Martine. Leave me alone.

Sganarelle. Shake hands, I tell you.

Martine. You have ill-used me too much.

Sganarelle. Come now, I ask your pardon; give me your hand.

Martine. I forgive you; [*she says the rest in a low voice*] but you will have to pay for it.

Sganarelle. You are silly to take notice of it; these are little things that are necessary now and then for friendship's sake: five or six strokes of a switch between folks who love each other only whet the affections. There, I am going to the wood, and I promise you more than a hundred fagots today.

Scene 3

Martine [*alone*]. Go, whatever pretense I make I shall not forget I have a score to settle with you. I am dying to find out something that will punish you for the blows you gave me. I know well enough that a wife has always at hand the means of being avenged on her husband; but that is too delicate a punishment for my hangdog. I want a revenge that shall make him smart a bit more, or it will not pay me for the insult I have received.

Scene 4

VALÈRE, LUCAS, MARTINE

Lucas. I'll be blowed if we haven't got a deuce of an errand; I don't know, neither, what I shall collar by it.

Valère. What would you have us do, my poor foster-father? We must do as our master bids us: and, besides, we have both of us an interest in the health of his daughter, our mistress; for her wedding, which is put off through her sickness, will no doubt bring something in our way. Among her suitors, Horace, who is liberal, is the most likely to succeed, and, although she has shown some inclination for a certain Léandre, you know well that her father will never be willing to receive him for his son-in-law.

Martine [*musing, aside*]. Can I not think of some way of avenging myself?

Lucas. What fancy has he taken into his head, since the doctors have all forgot their Latin?

Valère. You may often find by searching carefully what cannot be found at first; and frequently in the most unlikely places.

Martine. Yes; I must pay him out, no matter what it costs me. Those whacking blows stick in my gizzard; I cannot digest them, and . . . [*She says all this musingly, so that, not noticing the two men, she knocks against them in turning round, and says to them:*] Ah, gentlemen, I ask your pardon, I did not see you, I was puzzling my brains about something that bothers me.

Valère. Everyone has his troubles in this world; we also are looking out for something that we should like to find.

Martine. Is it something in which I can help you?

Valère. It may be so. We are trying to find some skilful man, some specialist, who might bring some relief to our master's daughter: she is seized with an illness which has suddenly deprived her of her power of speech. Several doctors have already exhausted all their art in her behalf; but sometimes one may find persons with wonderful secrets and certain special remedies, who very often succeed where others have failed; that is the sort of man we are looking for.

Martine [*She says the first lines to herself*]. Ah! This is an inspiration from Heaven to avenge myself on my hangdog. [*Aloud*] You could never have fallen in with anyone better able to get you what you want. We have a man here, the most marvelous fellow in the world for desperate illnesses.

Valère. Ah! for mercy's sake, where can we find him?

Martine. You will find him now in that little place there, where he is amusing himself in chopping wood.

Lucas. A doctor chopping wood!

Valère. You mean who is amusing himself in gathering herbs?

Martine. No; he is an odd fellow who pleases himself in that way; a fantastic, eccentric, fanciful man, whom you would never take to be what he is. He goes about dressed in an absurd way, pretends sometimes to appear ignorant, keeps his learning to himself, and dislikes nothing so much every day as using the wonderful talents which Heaven has given him in the art of medicine.

Valère. It is a strange thing that all these great men have always some caprice, some slight alloy of madness mixed with their learning.

Martine. The madness of this man is greater than you can imagine, for sometimes he has even to be thrashed before he will own his skill. I warn you that you will not succeed, that he will never own he is a doctor if the whim is on him, unless you each take a stick and thrash him until you make him confess at last what he will hide at first. We use him like that when we need him.

Valère. What a strange whim!

Martine. It is true; but, when that is over, you will see him work wonders.

Valère. What is he called?

Martine. He is called Sganarelle. But it is easy to recognize him. He is a man with a large black beard, and wears a ruff, and a yellow and green coat.

Lucas. A yellow and green coat! He must be fit to be a parrot-doctor.

Valère. But is it really true he is as skilful as you say?

Martine. Ah! He works miracles. About six months ago, a woman was given up by all the other doctors; for six hours they thought her dead, and they were going to bury her, when they dragged the man we are speaking of to her by force. Having seen her, he poured a small drop of something in her mouth; at that very moment she rose from her bed, and began to walk about her room at once as if nothing had happened.

Lucas. Ah!

Valère. It must have been a golden drug.

Martine. Possibly it was. Not more than three weeks ago a young lad of twelve years old fell from the top of the belfry, and smashed his skull, arms and legs on the pavement. They had no sooner brought our man on the scene than he rubbed the whole body with a certain ointment, which he is clever at; and the lad got up at once on his legs, and ran away to play at chuck-farthing.

Lucas. Ah!

Valère. This man must have the universal elixir.

Martine. No one doubts it.

Lucas. By jingo! yon's the very man we want. Let's look sharp and fetch him.

Valère. We are much obliged to you for the service you have done us.

Martine. But do not fail to remember the warning I gave you.

Lucas. Goodness me, leave it to us. If he only wants a tannin', we've got the hide.

Valère. We are very lucky to have had this meeting. I am very hopeful about the result.

Scene 5

SGANARELLE, VALÈRE, LUCAS

Sganarelle [*enters on the stage singing, and holding a bottle*]. La, la, la.

Valère. I hear someone singing and chopping wood.

Sganarelle. La, la, la, . . . Really I have done enough for one spell. Let us take a little breath. [*He drinks and, after this, he says:*] This wood is devilish salt. [*Sings:*]

What pleasure's so sweet as the bottle can give,
  What music's so good as thy little gull-gull!
My fate might be envied by all on the earth
  Were my dear jolly flask but constantly full.
Say why, my sweet bottle, I pray thee, say why,
  Since, full you're delightful, you ever are dry?

Come on! we must not have the blues.

Valère. That is he himself.

Lucas. I think you're right; we've hit on him straight.

Valère. Let us look nearer.

Sganarelle. [*seeing them, he looks at them, turning toward one and then toward the other, lowers his voice, and says:*] Ah! my little rogue! how I love you, my pretty darling. My fate . . . might be envied . . . by all . . . on the earth. — What the deuce do these people want?

Valère. It is surely he.

Lucas. That's him, the very spit of him, as he was made out to us.

Sganarelle [*puts his bottle on the ground, and Valère stooping down to salute him he thinks it is in order to rob him of it, so he puts it on the other side; then, as Lucas does the same thing, he takes it up again, and hugs it against his stomach with various gestures, and so makes plenty of "business." Aside*]. They are consulting each other while looking at me. What can they mean?

Valère. Monsieur, is not your name Sganarelle?

Sganarelle. Eh! What?

Valère. I ask you if your name is not Sganarelle.

Sganarelle [*turning first to Valère, then to Lucas*]. Yes, and no. It depends on what you want with him.

Valère. We do not want anything with him except to offer him our cordial greetings.

Sganarelle. In that case, my name is Sganarelle.

Valère. We are delighted to have met you, Monsieur. We have been recommended to you for what we are in need of: we have come to beg your help, of which we are in want.

Sganarelle. If it is anything, gentlemen, that concerns my little trade, I am very ready to serve you.

Valère. You are too kind to us, Monsieur. But, pray, put on your hat, Monsieur, the sun might hurt you.

Lucas. Clap it on, Master.

Sganarelle [*aside*]. How very ceremonious these people are.

Valère. You must not think it strange that we have come to you, Monsieur. Skilful people are always much sought after, and we have been told of your ability.

Sganarelle. It is true, gentlemen, that I am the best man in the world at making fagots.

Valère. Ah! Monsieur.

Sganarelle. I do not spare any pains. I make them in such a manner that leaves nothing to be desired.

Valère. That is not the question we have come about, Monsieur.

Sganarelle. But I sell them at ten sous the hundred.

Valère. Let us not talk about that, if you please.

Sganarelle. I promise you I cannot sell them for less.

Valère. We know what is what, Monsieur.

Sganarelle. If you know what is what, you know I sell them thus.

Valère. You are jesting, Monsieur, and . . .

Sganarelle. I am not jesting: I cannot take any less.

Valère. Pray, now, let us talk differently.

Sganarelle. You may find someone else who will let you have them for less; there are fagots and fagots; but for those I make . . .

Valère. Ah! Monsieur, let us cease talking like this.

Sganarelle. I swear you shall not have them for a farthing less.

Valère. Oh! Fie!

Sganarelle. No, on my word, you will have to pay that. I am talking to you frankly. I am not the man to overcharge.

Valère. Ought a gentleman like you, Monsieur, to amuse himself with these absurd pretenses, and demean himself to talk thus? Ought so learned

a man, such a skilful doctor as you are, wish to disguise himself from the eyes of the world, and keep buried the great talents he possesses?

Sganarelle [*aside*]. He is mad.

Valère. Pray, Monsieur, do not dissemble with us.

Sganarelle. What do you mean?

Lucas. All this flimflam's neither here nor there. I know what I know.

Sganarelle. What is it, then? What do you want to say to me? For whom do you take me?

Valère. For what you are, a great doctor.

Sganarelle. Doctor yourself; I am not one; I have never been one.

Valère [*aside*]. Now his fit is on him. [*Aloud*] Do not hide matters longer, Monsieur, and do not, we beseech you, cause us to take extreme measures.

Sganarelle. What do you mean?

Valère. Certain things we should be sorry to do.

Sganarelle. Goodness me! Come on and do what you like. I am not a doctor. I do not understand what you are talking about.

Valère [*aside*]. Well, I see we shall have to apply the remedy. [*Aloud*] Once more, Monsieur, I beg you will admit what you are.

Lucas. Now then, don't let's have no more shamming; say outright you're a doctor.

Sganarelle. This makes me wild.

Valère. What is the good of denying what everybody knows?

Lucas. Why all these lies? What's the good of 'em?

Sganarelle. One word is as good as two thousand, gentlemen. I tell you I am not a doctor.

Valère. You are not a doctor?

Sganarelle. No.

Lucas. You ain't a doctor?

Sganarelle. No, I tell you.

Valère. Since you will have it so, we must make up our minds to it. [*They take sticks and thrash him.*]

Sganarelle. Oh! ah! ah! gentlemen! I will be everything you like.

Valère. Why do you force us to use this violence, Monsieur?

Lucas. What's the good of bothering us to wallop you?

Valère. I assure you I regret it with all my heart.

Lucas. I'll take my davy I'm sorry for it, I tell you straight.

Sganarelle. What the devil is this, gentlemen? For pity's sake, is it a joke, or are you both gone out of your wits, that you wish to make out I am a doctor?

Valère. What! you do not give in yet, you deny that you are a doctor?

Sganarelle. The devil take me if I am one!

Lucas. It ain't true you're a doctor?

Sganarelle. No, plague choke me! [*Upon this they begin again to beat him*] Ah! ah! Oh well! gentlemen, yes, since you will have it so. I am a doctor. I am a doctor, an apothecary too, if you think well. I had rather agree to everything than be bashed about.

Valère. Ah! that is all right, Monsieur; I am delighted to see you so reasonable.

Lucas. It does my heart good to hear you talk like that.

Valère. I ask your pardon with all my heart.

Lucas. I hope you'll overlook the liberty I took.

Sganarelle [*aside*]. Bless my soul! Am I really deceived, and have I become a doctor without knowing it?

Valère. You shall not have cause to regret, Monsieur, having told us what you are; you shall certainly be satisfied.

Sganarelle. But tell me, gentlemen, may you not yourselves be mistaken? Is it quite certain I am a doctor?

Lucas. Yes, by gum!

Sganarelle. Really and truly?

Valère. Undoubtedly.

Sganarelle. The devil take me if I knew it!

Valère. Why, you are the most skilful doctor in the world.

Sganarelle. Ah! ah!

Lucas. A doctor who's mended I don't know how many complaints.

Sganarelle. The deuce I did!

Valère. A woman was thought dead for six hours; they were going to bury her, when you, with a drop of something, brought her to again, and at once made her walk about the room.

Sganarelle. The plague I did!

Lucas. A little lad of twelve years fell from the top of the belfry, and got his head, legs and arms smashed; and you, with some ointment or other, made him jump on his feet, and off he went to play chuck-farthing.

Sganarelle. The devil I did!

Valère. In short, Monsieur, you will be satisfied with us, and we will pay you any fee you like, if you will allow us to take you where we want to take you.

Sganarelle. I shall have what fees I choose?

Valère. Yes.

Sganarelle. In that case I am a doctor, without dispute. I had forgotten it; but I remember it now. What is the matter? Where am I to go?

Valère. We will conduct you. We want you to see a girl who has lost her speech.

Sganarelle. Indeed! I have not found it.

Valère. He loves to joke! Come, Monsieur.

Sganarelle. Without a doctor's gown?

Valère. We will get one.

Sganarelle [*giving his bottle to Valère*]. You carry this: it is where I put my juleps. [*Then, turning towards Lucas, and spitting*] And you can step on that by order of the doctor.

Lucas. By jingo! I like this doctor. I think he'll get on, for he's fond of a lark.

Act II

Scene 1

Géronte, Valère, Lucas, Jacqueline

Valère. Yes, Monsieur, I think you will be satisfied; we have brought you the greatest doctor in the world.

Lucas. Oh! my eyes! you can let the others go hang after this one: the rest aren't fit to lick his boots.

Valère. He is a man who has performed some marvelous cures.

Lucas. He's mended folks after they were dead.

Valère. He is rather whimsical, as I have told you; sometimes his mind wanders, and he does not seem to be what he really is.

Lucas. Yes, he loves a joke; you'll excuse me, but, as a body may say, he's got a tile loose somewhere.

Valère. But, in reality, this is all learning; he very often says things quite beyond one's understanding.

Lucas. When he sets about it, he talks as fine as if he were reading a book.

Valère. He has already a great reputation here, everyone comes to him.

Géronte. I should much like to see him; send him to me quickly.

Valère. I will go and fetch him.

Jacqueline. You may take my word for it, Master, this one'll do just the same as all the rest. I think it's six of one and half a dozen of the others; I think the best medicine to give your daughter would be a fine strapping husband, whom she could fancy.

Géronte. Lord bless my soul, good Nurse, you are over meddlesome.

Lucas. Hold your tongue, Mother Jacqueline; it isn't for you to poke your nose in there.

Jacqueline. I say and I sez that all these doctors 'll do her no more good than a swig o' water; your daughter wants summat else than rhubarb and senna; a husband's a plaster what cures all lasses' complaints.

Géronte. Would anyone have her as she is now, with her affliction? When I intended her to marry, did she not oppose my wishes?

Jacqueline. No wonder. You wanted to give her a man she didn't like. Why not give her to Monsieur Léandre, who takes her fancy? She'd be good enough, and I bet he'd take her as she is, if you were to give her to him.

Géronte. Léandre is not the man we want; he has not a fortune like the other.

Jacqueline. He's got an uncle who's rich, and he'll come into the money.

Géronte. All these expectations seem to me to be moonshine. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush: we run a great risk in waiting for dead men's shoes. Death is not eager to listen to the desires and prayers of young heirs; teeth go on growing all the same, while one's waiting for somebody's death.

Jacqueline. However, I've always heard say that in marriage, as in everything else, better be happy than rich. Fathers and mothers all have this cursed habit of asking, "How much has he got?" and "How much has she got?" Gaffer Peter married his Simonette to that lout of a Thomas 'cos he'd got a paltry scrap of a vineyard more'n young Robin had, whom the lass had a mind to: and now the poor critter's as yaller's a guinea, and is no better for marrying. That's a good example for you, Master. What's the good of anything if you can't be happy? I'd sooner give my daughter a lusty fellow that she likes, than all the riches in the countryside.

Géronte. Bless me, Nurse, how you prate! Hold your tongue, for goodness' sake: you bother yourself too much: you will spoil your milk.

Lucas [*While he says this, he slaps Géronte's chest*]. Come, no more of yer chatter, you sauce-box. Master doesn't want your jaw: he knows what he's about. All you've got to do is to suckle your baby, without argifying so much. Master's the lass's father, and he's good enough and 'cute enough to know what's good for her.

Géronte. Gently, I say, gently!

Lucas. I want to take her down a peg, Master, and teach her how she ought to behave to you.

. . *Géronte*. Very well. But it does not need all this gesticulation.

Scene 2

VALÈRE, SGANARELLE, GÉRONTE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE

Valère. Look out, Monsieur, here is our doctor coming.

Géronte. I am delighted to see you here, Monsieur: we have very great need of you.

Sganarelle [*in a doctor's gown, with a very pointed cap*]. Hippocrates says . . . that we should both put on our hats.

Géronte. Hippocrates says that?

Sganarelle. Yes.

Géronte. In which chapter, if you please!

Sganarelle. In his chapter on hats.

Géronte. Since Hippocrates says so, it must be so.

Sganarelle. Having heard, Doctor, of the marvelous things . . .

Géronte. To whom are you speaking, pray?

Sganarelle. To you.

Géronte. I am not a doctor.

Sganarelle. You are not a doctor?

Géronte. Indeed I am not.

Sganarelle [*Sganarelle now takes a stick and thrashes him in the same way that he was thrashed*]. Really?

Géronte. Really. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Sganarelle. Now you are a doctor: I have never taken any other degree.

Géronte. What a devil of a fellow you have brought here!

Valère. Did I not tell you he was an eccentric doctor?

Géronte. Yes; but I would like to send him about his business with his eccentricities.

Lucas. Don't take no notice of it, Master. It's only his joking.

Géronte. That kind of joke does not suit me.

Sganarelle. I beg your pardon, Monsieur, for the liberty I have taken.

Géronte. I am your servant, Monsieur.

Sganarelle. I am sorry . . .

Géronte. It is nothing.

Sganarelle. For the thrashing . . .

Géronte. There is no harm done.

Sganarelle. Which I have had the honor to give you.

Géronte. Do not say any more about that. I have a daughter, Monsieur, who has fallen ill of a strange complaint.

Sganarelle. I am delighted, Monsieur, that your daughter has need of me. I wish with all my heart, that you had need of me also, you and all your family, so that I might make evident my wish to serve you.

Géronte. I am obliged to you for these desires.

Sganarelle. I assure you I speak from my very heart.

Géronte. You do me too much honor.

Sganarelle: What is your daughter's name?

Géronte. Lucinde.

Sganarelle. Lucinde! Ah! a pretty name to physic! Lucinde!

Géronte. I will just see what she is doing.

Sganarelle. Who is that tall woman?

Géronte. She is my baby's nurse.

Sganarelle. My eyes! what a fine piece of household furniture. Ah! Nurse! Charming Nurse! my doctorship is the very humble slave of your nurseship, and I wish I were the happy bantling who sucks the milk of your good graces. All my science, all my skill, all my cleverness, is at your service; and . . .

Lucas. Here, Mr. Doctor, you just leave my wife alone, I say.

Sganarelle. What! is she your wife?

Lucas. Yes.

Sganarelle [*He pretends to embrace Lucas, and turning to the Nurse, embraces her*]. Oh, indeed! I did not know that, but I am very glad of it for both your sakes.

Lucas [*pulling Sganarelle away*]. Stop that, I say.

Sganarelle. I assure you I am delighted you are mated together. I congratulate her upon having [*he again pretends to embrace Lucas, and, slipping under his arms, throws himself on the neck of his wife*] such a husband as you; and I congratulate you upon having so handsome, so sober, and so buxom a wife as she is.

Lucas [*pulling him away again*]. Now then, don't be so free with compliments, d'ye hear?

Sganarelle. I rejoice with you over such a pleasant union.

Lucas. As much as you like with me, but you can cut your palaver short with my wife.

Sganarelle. I have the happiness of both of you equally at heart; and [*he continues the same by-play*] if I embrace you to show my delight in yours, I embrace her in the same way to show my delight in hers.

Lucas [*pulling him away once more*]. Upon my word, Mr. Doctor, you're a nice fellow!

Scene 4

LUCINDE, VALÈRE, GÉRONTE, LUCAS, SGANARELLE, JACQUELINE

Sganarelle. Is this the patient?

Géronte. Yes. I have but one daughter; I should never get over it, were she to die.

Sganarelle. Do not let her do anything of the sort. She must not die without a doctor's prescription.

Géronte. Bring a chair here.

Sganarelle. This is not at all a disagreeable patient. I don't think she would be at all amiss for a sound healthy fellow.

Géronte. You have made her laugh, Monsieur.

Sganarelle. So much the better. It is the best symptom imaginable when a doctor makes his patient laugh. Well, what is the matter? What ails you? Where are your pains?

Lucinde [*replies by signs, putting her hand to her mouth, to her head, and under her chin*]. Ha, hi, ha, ha, hi, ho.

Sganarelle. Eh! what is that?

Lucinde [*continues the same gestures*]. Ha, hi, ho, ha, ha, hi, ho.

Sganarelle. What?

Lucinde. Ha, hi, ho.

Sganarelle [*imitating her*]. Ha, hi, ho, ha, ha: I do not understand you. What the deuce of a language is that?

Géronte. That is just what her complaint is, Monsieur. She became dumb, without our knowing the cause. It is this accident that has compelled us to put off the marriage.

Sganarelle. Why is that?

Géronte. The man she is going to marry wishes to wait for her to get better before concluding the marriage.

Sganarelle. Who is the fool that does not want his wife to be dumb? Would to heaven that mine had that disease! I should take very good care not to have her cured.

Géronte. Well, Monsieur, I beg of you to use all your skill to cure her of this malady.

Sganarelle. Do not be anxious. Tell me, does this affliction trouble her much?

Géronte. Yes, Monsieur.

Sganarelle. So much the better. Is the pain very acute?

Géronte. Very acute.

Sganarelle. That is quite right. Does she go to . . . you know where?

Géronte. Yes.

Sganarelle. Freely?

Géronte. I do not know anything about that.

Sganarelle. Is the matter all that could be desired?

Géronte. I do not understand these things.

Sganarelle [*turning to the patient*]. Let me feel your pulse. This tells me your daughter is dumb.

Géronte. Yes, Monsieur, that is just what is the matter with her; you have found it out at once.

Sganarelle. Ah, ah!

Jacqueline. See how he's fathomed what's the matter wi' her.

Sganarelle. We great doctors, we know things instantly. An ignoramus would have been puzzled, and would have said to you: it is this, it is that, but I hit the nail on the head with the first stroke: I tell you your daughter is dumb.

Géronte. Yes. But I would very much like you to tell me how this happened.

Sganarelle. There is nothing easier: it is because she has lost her speech.

Géronte. Very good: but what was the cause of this loss of speech?

Sganarelle. All our best authorities will tell you that it arises from an impediment in the action of her tongue.

Géronte. But, nevertheless, let us have your opinion on this impediment in the action of her tongue.

Sganarelle. Aristotle on this subject says . . . many clever things.

Géronte. I can quite believe it.

Sganarelle. Ah! he was a great man!

Géronte. No doubt.

Sganarelle [*holding out his arm from the elbow*]. A very great man. A man who was greater than I am by this much. But to return to our argument: I am of opinion that this impediment in the action of her tongue is caused by certain humors, which we learned men call peccant humors; peccant — that is to say . . . peccant humors; for, as the vapors formed by the exhalations of the influences which arise in the very region of diseases, coming . . . as we may say . . . to . . . Do you understand Latin?

Géronte. Not in the least.

Sganarelle [*rising astonished*]. You do not understand Latin?

Géronte. No.

Sganarelle [*assuming various comic attitudes*]. *Cabricias arci thuram, catalamus, singulariter, nominativo, haec Musa,* "the Muse," *bonus, bona, bonum, Deus sanctus, estne oratio latinas? Etiam,* "Yes." *Quare?* "Why?" *Quia substantivo et adjectivum concordat in generi, numerum, et casus.*

Géronte. Ah! why did I not study!

Jacqueline. What a clever 'un he is.

Lucas. Yes, it's so fine that I don't understand a word of it.

Sganarelle. Thus these vapors, of which I speak, passing from the left side, where the liver is, to the right side, where the heart is, it so happens that the lungs, which in Latin we speak of as *armyan,* communicating with the brain, which in Greek we style *nasmus,* by means of the *venæ cavæ,* which in Hebrew we call *cubile,* in their course meet the said vapors, which fill the ventricles of the *omoplata;* and as the said vapors . . . please follow this argument, closely; and as these said vapors are gifted with a certain malignity . . . listen well to this, I beseech you.

Géronte. Yes.

Sganarelle. Are gifted with a certain malignity which is caused . . . please pay attention to this.

Géronte. I am doing so.

Sganarelle. Which is caused by the acridity of these humors engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm, it so happens that these vapors . . . *Ossabandus, nequeys, nequer potarinum, quipsa milus.* That is precisely the reason your daughter is dumb.

Jacqueline. Ah! How well the gentleman explains it all!

Lucas. Why doesn't my tongue wag as well as his?

Géronte. No one could possibly argue better. There is but one thing that baffles me; that is the whereabouts of the liver and the heart. It seems to me that you place them differently from where they are; the heart is on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Sganarelle. Yes; this was so formerly; but we have changed all that, and nowadays we practise medicine in an entirely different way.

Géronte. I did not know that. I hope you will pardon my ignorance.

Sganarelle. There is no harm done, you have no need to be so clever as we are.

Géronte. Certainly not. But what do you think, Monsieur, ought to be done for this affliction?

Sganarelle. What do I think ought to be done?

Géronte. Yes.

Sganarelle. My advice is that she be put to bed again, and, for a remedy, you must make her take plenty of bread soaked in wine.

Géronte. Why so, Monsieur?

Sganarelle. Because in bread and wine when mixed together there is a sympathetic virtue which produces speech. Do you not remember that they give nothing else to parrots, and that it teaches them to speak?

Géronte. That is true. Oh! what a great man you are! Quick, bring plenty of bread and wine.

Sganarelle. I shall come back tonight to see how she is getting on. [*To the Nurse*] You stop a little. I must give some medicine to your nurse, Monsieur.

Jacqueline. To whom? Me? I'm as well as can be.

Sganarelle. So much the worse, Nurse, so much the worse. Too much health is a dangerous thing: it would not be amiss to bleed you a little, gently, and to administer a slight soothing injection.

Géronte. But, Monsieur, I do not understand this method. Why bleed people who are not ill?

Sganarelle. It does not signify: the method is salutary; even as we drink in advance to quench thirst, so must we bleed for the coming disease.

Jacqueline [*going*]. Get along with you. I don't care a fig for all this. I won't have my carcass made a chemist's shop.

Sganarelle. So you object to my remedies. Well, we shall know how to bring you to reason. [*Speaking to Géronte*] I wish you good day.

Géronte. Just wait a moment, please.

Sganarelle. What do you want?

Géronte. To give you your fee, Monsieur.

Sganarelle [*holding his hand from under his gown, while Géronte opens his purse*]. I shall not take it, Monsieur.

Géronte. Monsieur . . .

Sganarelle. Not at all.

Géronte. One moment.

Sganarelle. Under no circumstances.

Géronte. I beseech you.

Sganarelle. You are jesting.

Géronte. That is settled.

Sganarelle. I will not.

Géronte. What!

Sganarelle. I do not practise for money.

Géronte. I am sure of that.

Sganarelle [*after having taken the money*]. Is it good weight?

Géronte. Yes, Monsieur.

Sganarelle. I am not a mercenary doctor.

Géronte. That I readily believe.

Sganarelle. I am not inspired by interested considerations.

Géronte. I do not for a moment think it.

Scene 5

Sganarelle, Léandre

Sganarelle [*alone, looking at his money*]. Upon my word, this does not turn out badly; and provided that . . .

Léandre. I have been waiting for you some time, Monsieur. I have come to beg your help.

Sganarelle [*feeling his pulse*]. Your pulse is very bad.

Léandre. I am not ill, Monsieur: it is not for that I came to see you.

Sganarelle. If you are not ill, why the deuce do you not say so?

Léandre. No. To tell you the matter in a few words, my name is Léandre. I am in love with Lucinde, whom you have just seen; and, as all access to her is denied me, through the ill-will of her father, I venture to beseech you to help me in my love affair, and to assist me in carrying out a plan I have devised to enable me to say a few words to her: my life and happiness entirely depend on my doing this.

Sganarelle [*feigning anger*]. For whom do you take me? How dare you address yourself to me to help you in your love affair, and seek to lower the dignity of a doctor by such an employment?

Léandre. Do not make a noise, Monsieur.

Sganarelle [*driving him back*]. I will make a noise. You are an impudent rogue.

Léandre. Ah! gently, Monsieur.

Sganarelle. An ill-mannered puppy.

Léandre. I beseech you.

Sganarelle. I will teach you I am not the sort of man you take me for: it is the most audacious insolence . . .

Léandre [*taking out a purse which he gives him*]. Monsieur . . .

Sganarelle [*taking the purse*]. To wish to employ me. . . . I am not speaking of you, for you are a gentleman, and I shall be delighted to be of service to you. But there are some impudent fellows in this world who take people for what they are not; and I tell you frankly they make my passions rise.

Léandre. I beg your pardon, Monsieur, for the liberty I have . . .

Sganarelle. Don't mention it. What is the business in question?

Léandre. I must tell you, Monsieur, that this illness which you want to cure is a sham illness. The doctors have argued about it, to the extent of their powers, and they have not failed to say — this one, that in his opinion, it arises from the brain; that one, from the intestines; another, from the spleen; another, from the liver; the truth is, love is the sole cause; Lucinde has only feigned this illness in order to free herself from a marriage which is hateful to her. But lest we should be seen together, let us go away from here; I will tell you as we walk along what I wish from you.

Sganarelle. Very well, Monsieur. You have inspired me with an inconceivable interest in your love; and if all my physic does not fail me, the patient shall either die or be yours.

Act III

Scene 1

Sganarelle, Léandre

Léandre. I do not think I make a bad apothecary; and, as her father has hardly ever seen me, this change of dress and wig is probably sufficient, I imagine, to disguise me in his eyes.

Sganarelle. There is no doubt of it.

Léandre. Only I wish I knew five or six long medical words to mix in my conversation, and to give me the air of a clever man.

Sganarelle. Nonsense, nonsense; it is not at all necessary. The dress is sufficient; I don't know any more about it than you do.

Léandre. What?

Sganarelle. The deuce take me if I understand anything about physic! You are a gentleman, and I am perfectly willing to confide in you, as you have confided in me.

Léandre. What! Then you are not really . . .

Sganarelle. No, I tell you. They have made me a doctor in spite of my teeth. I never tried to be so learned as that; all my studies came to an end in the sixth and lowest class. I do not know what put the whim in their heads, but when I saw that in spite of everything they would have it that I was a doctor, I made up my mind to be one at other people's expense. You would not believe, however, how this error has spread, and how everyone is full of it, and believes me to be a great man. They come to fetch me on all sides; and, if things go on always in this way, I have made up my mind to stick to physic all my life. I find that it is the best trade of all; for, whether we do right or wrong, we are paid just the same. Blunders never do us a bad turn; we cut away the material we have to work with as we choose. A shoemaker,

in making a pair of shoes, cannot spoil a scrap of leather without having to pay for it; but in our trade we can spoil a man without its costing us a farthing. The blunders are never put down to our charge: it is always the fault of the fellow who dies. In short, the best of this profession is, that there is the greatest excellence and discretion current among the dead; for they have never yet been known to complain of the doctor who killed them.

Léandre. It is true the dead are very honorable fellows in this respect.

Sganarelle [*seeing some people come toward him*]. Here are some people who seem as though they wished to consult me. Go and wait for me near the house of your lady-love.

Scene 6

JACQUELINE, LUCINDE, GÉRONTE, LÉANDRE, SGANARELLE

Jacqueline. Here's your daughter, Master: she wishes to walk a bit.

Sganarelle. It will do her good. Go to her, Mr. Apothecary, and feel her pulse, and I will consult with you presently about her malady. [*At this point he draws Géronte to one side of the stage, puts one arm on his shoulder, places his hand under his chin, and makes him turn toward him, each time that Géronte wants to look at what is going on between his daughter and the apothecary, while he holds the following discourse with him to keep him occupied.*] Monsieur, it is a great and subtle question among doctors whether women or men are most easy to cure. Pray listen to this. Some say 'no,' some say 'yes'; I say both "yes" and "no"; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humors, which are found in the natural temperament of women, causes the animal part to struggle ever for mastery over the spiritual, we find that the inequality of their opinions depends on the oblique motion of the circle of the moon; and as the sun, which darts its rays on the concavity of the earth, meets . . .

Lucinde. No; I can never change my feelings.

Géronte. Hark! my daughter speaks! O the great virtue of physic! O excellent Doctor! How deeply am I indebted to you, Monsieur, for this marvelous cure! How can I repay you for such a service?

Sganarelle [*strutting about the stage, wiping his forehead*]. This case has given me much trouble.

Lucinde. Yes, father, I have recovered my speech; but I have recovered it only to tell you I will never have any other husband than Léandre, and it is useless for you to try to give me to Horace.

Géronte. But . . .

Lucinde. Nothing will shake the resolution I have taken.

Géronte. What . . . ?

Lucinde. All your fine arguments will be in vain.

Géronte. If . . .

Lucinde. Nothing you say will have any effect.

Géronte. I . . .

Lucinde. I have made up my mind on the subject.

Géronte. But . . .

Lucinde. No paternal authority can force me to marry against my will.

Géronte. I have . . .

Lucinde. You may try as much as you like.

Géronte. It . . .

Lucinde. My heart cannot submit to such a tyranny.

Géronte. There . . .

Lucinde. And I will sooner go into a convent than marry a man I do not love.

Géronte. But . . .

Lucinde [*speaking in a piercing tone of voice*]. No. Not by any means. It is of no use. You waste your breath. I will not do anything of the kind. I am determined.

Géronte. Ah! what a torrent of words! One cannot stand against it. I beseech you, Monsieur, to make her dumb again.

Sganarelle. That is impossible. All that I can do for you is to make you deaf, if you like.

Géronte. Many thanks. Do you think then . . .

Lucinde. No; all your arguments will not have the least effect on me.

Sganarelle. Stop, for Heaven's sake! Let me take this affair in hand: it is a disease that has got hold of her, and I know the remedy for it.

Géronte. Is it really possible, Monsieur, that you can cure this affliction of the mind also?

Sganarelle. Yes; let me arrange it. I have remedies for everything; and our apothecary is the man for this cure. [*He calls the apothecary and speaks to him.*] One word. You see that the passion she has for this Léandre is altogether against the wishes of her father; that there is no time to lose; that the humors are very acrimonious; and that it is important to find a remedy for this complaint without loss of time, since it may become worse by delay. For my part, I see but one remedy, which is a dose of purgative flight, mixed, as it ought to be, with two drachms of matrimonium, in pills. Perhaps she may object to this remedy; but as you are a clever man in your calling, you must persuade her to agree to it, and make her swallow the thing as best you can. Go and take a little turn in the garden with her to prepare the humors, while I talk here with her father; but, above all, do not lose a moment. Apply the remedy at once, apply the specific remedy.

Scene 7

GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE

Géronte. What drugs are those you have just mentioned, Monsieur? I do not remember ever to have heard of them before.

Sganarelle. They are drugs which are only used in urgent cases.

Géronte. Did you ever see such insolence as hers?

Sganarelle. Daughters are somewhat obstinate at times.

Géronte. You would hardly believe how infatuated she is over this Léandre.

Sganarelle. The heat of the blood causes these things in young people.

Géronte. Well, the moment I found out the violence of this passion, I took care to keep my daughter always under lock and key.

Sganarelle. You acted wisely.

Géronte. And I prevented the slightest communication passing between them.

Sganarelle. Quite right.

Géronte. They would have committed some folly or other, if they had been allowed to see each other.

Sganarelle. Undoubtedly.

Géronte. I think she is just the girl who would have eloped with him.

Sganarelle. You have acted prudently.

Géronte. I was warned that he tried every means to see her.

Sganarelle. The villain!

Géronte. But he will waste his time.

Sganarelle. Ah! ah!

Géronte. I will take good care he does not see her.

Sganarelle. He has no fool to deal with; you know some tricks he doesn't guess. A cleverer than you is no fool.

Scene 8

LUCAS, GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE

Lucas. Oh Lord! Master, here's a fine to do. Your daughter's run away with her Léandre. It was him as played the 'pothecary, and this is t' doctor what's performed t' operation.

Géronte. What! to use me in this manner! Quick, fetch the police, and see he does not go away. Ah, villain! I will have you punished by the law.

Lucas. I give you my word, Mister Doctor, you'll swing for this. Don't budge a step.

Scene 9

MARTINE, SGANARELLE, LUCAS

Martine. Good gracious! what a bother I have had to find this place! Just tell me what has become of the doctor I recommended to you?

Lucas. Here he is; just going to be hanged.

Martine. What! my husband hanged! Alas, what has he done to deserve that?

Lucas. He's helped someone to bolt with our Master's daughter.

Martine. Alas, my dear husband, is it true you are going to be hanged?

Sganarelle. You see. Ah!

Martine. Will they put you to death before so many people?

Sganarelle. What can I do?

Martine. If you had only finished chopping our wood, I should be somewhat comforted.

Sganarelle. Go away, you break my heart.

Martine. No, I will stay and encourage you to die; I will not leave you until I have seen you hanged.

Sganarelle. Ah!

Scene 10

GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, MARTINE, LUCAS

Géronte. The official will be here soon, and we shall put you in a place of safety where they will answer for you.

Sganarelle [*hat in hand*]. Alas! will not a few blows with a stick do instead?

Géronte. No, no; the law shall decide. But what do I see?

Scene 11

LÉANDRE, LUCINDE, JACQUELINE, LUCAS, GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, MARTINE

Léandre. Monsieur, I appear before you as Léandre, and I am come to restore Lucinde to your authority. We intended to run away and be married; but this intention has yielded to a more honorable proceeding. I will not venture to steal your daughter from you: it is from your hands alone that I will receive her. I have at the same time to acquaint you, Monsieur, that I have just now received letters which tell me of the death of my uncle, and that he has left me heir to all his fortune.

Géronte. Monsieur, your virtue is worthy of the greatest consideration: I give you my daughter with the utmost pleasure in the world.

Sganarelle. Physic has had a narrow escape.

Martine. Since you are not going to be hanged, you may thank me for making you a doctor: it was I who gained you that honor.

Sganarelle. Yes, it was you gained me I do not know how many thwacks with a stick.

Léandre. The result has proved too fortunate for you to harbor any grudge.

Sganarelle. Be it so. I forgive you the beating because of the dignity to which you have raised me; but be prepared henceforth to show greater respect toward a man of my consequence; and remember that the anger of a doctor is more to be feared than people imagine.

Translated by A. R. Waller

TARTUFFE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MADAME PERNELLE, *mother of Orgon.*
ORGON, *husband of Elmire.*
ELMIRE, *wife of Orgon.*
DAMIS, *son of Orgon.*
MARIANE, *daughter of Orgon, in love with Valère.*
VALÈRE, *in love with Mariane.*
CLÉANTE, *brother-in-law of Orgon.*
TARTUFFE, *a hypocrite.*
DORINE, *Mariane's maid.*
M. LOYAL, *a bailiff.*
A POLICE OFFICER.
FLIPOTTE, *Madame Pernelle's servant.*

The Scene is at Paris

ACT I

Scene 1

MADAME PERNELLE *and* FLIPOTTE, *her servant;* ELMIRE, MARIANE, CLÉANTE, DAMIS, DORINE

MADAME PERNELLE. Come, come, Flipotte, and let me get away.

Elmire. You hurry so, I hardly can attend you.

Madame Pernelle. Then don't, my daughter-in-law. Stay where you are.

I can dispense with your polite attentions.

Elmire. We're only paying what is due you, mother.
Why must you go away in such a hurry?
Madame Pernelle. Because I can't endure your carryings-on,
And no one takes the slightest pains to please me.
I leave your house, I tell you, quite disgusted;
You do the opposite of my instructions;
You've no respect for anything; each one
Must have his say; it's perfect pandemonium.
Dorine. If . . .
Madame Pernelle. You're a servant wench, my girl, and much
Too full of gab, and too impertinent
And free with your advice on all occasions.
Damis. But . . .
Madame Pernelle. You're a fool, my boy — f, o, o, l
Just spells your name. Let grandma tell you that.
I've said a hundred times to my poor son,
Your father, that you'd never come to good
Or give him anything but plague and torment.
Mariane. I think . . .
Madame Pernelle. O dearie me, his little sister!
You're all demureness, butter wouldn't melt
In *your* mouth, one would think to look at you.
Still waters, though, they say . . . you know the proverb;
And I don't like your doings on the sly.
Elmire. But, mother . . .
Madame Pernelle. Daughter, by your leave, your conduct
In everything is altogether wrong;
You ought to set a good example for 'em;
Their dear departed mother did much better.
You are extravagant; and it offends me,
To see you always decked out like a princess.
A woman who would please her husband's eyes
Alone, wants no such wealth of fineries.
Cléante. But, madam, after all . . .
Madame Pernelle. Sir, as for you,
The lady's brother, I esteem you highly,
Love, and respect you. But, sir, all the same,
If I were in my son's, her husband's, place,
I'd urgently entreat you not to come
Within our doors. You preach a way of living
That decent people cannot tolerate.
I'm rather frank with you; but that's my way —
I don't mince matters, when I mean a thing.

Damis. Mr. Tartuffe, your friend, is mighty lucky . . .
Madame Pernelle. He is a holy man, and must be heeded;
I can't endure, with any show of patience,
To hear a scatterbrains like you attack him.
Damis. What! Shall I let a bigot criticaster
Come and usurp a tyrant's power here?
And shall we never dare amuse ourselves
Till this fine gentleman deigns to consent?
Dorine. If we must hark to him, and heed his maxims,
There's not a thing we do but what's a crime;
He censures everything, this zealous carper.
Madame Pernelle. And all he censures is well censured, too.
He wants to guide you on the way to heaven;
My son should train you all to love him well.
Damis. No, madam, look you, nothing — not my father
Nor anything — can make me tolerate him.
I should belie my feelings not to say so.
His actions rouse my wrath at every turn;
And I foresee that there must come of it
An open rupture with this sneaking scoundrel.
Dorine. Besides, 'tis downright scandalous to see
This unknown upstart master of the house —
This vagabond, who hadn't, when he came,
Shoes to his feet, or clothing worth six farthings,
And who so far forgets his place, as now
To censure everything, and rule the roost!
Madame Pernelle. Eh! Mercy sakes alive! Things would go better
If all were governed by his pious orders.
Dorine. He passes for a saint in your opinion.
In fact, he's nothing but a hypocrite.
Madame Pernelle. Just listen to her tongue!
Dorine. I wouldn't trust him,
Nor yet his Lawrence, without bonds and surety.
Madame Pernelle. I don't know what the servant's character
May be; but I can guarantee the master
A holy man. You hate him and reject him
Because he tells home truths to all of you.
'Tis sin alone that moves his heart to anger,
And heaven's interest is his only motive.
Dorine. Of course. But why, especially of late,
Can he let nobody come near the house?
Is heaven offended at a civil call
That he should make so great a fuss about it?

I'll tell you, if you like, just what I think;
[*Pointing to Elmire*]
Upon my word, he's jealous of our mistress.

Madame Pernelle. You hold your tongue, and think what you are saying.
He's not alone in censuring these visits;
The turmoil that attends your sort of people,
Their carriages for ever at the door,
And all their noisy footmen, flocked together,
Annoy the neighborhood, and raise a scandal.
I'd gladly think there's nothing really wrong;
But it makes talk; and that's not as it should be.

Cléante. Eh! madam, can you hope to keep folks' tongues
From wagging? It would be a grievous thing
If, for the fear of idle talk about us,
We had to sacrifice our friends. No, no;
Even if we could bring ourselves to do it,
Think you that everyone would then be silenced?
Against backbiting there is no defense.
So let us try to live in innocence,
To silly tattle pay no heed at all,
And leave the gossips free to vent their gall.

Dorine. Our neighbor Daphne, and her little husband,
Must be the ones who slander us, I'm thinking.
Those whose own conduct's most ridiculous,
Are always quickest to speak ill of others;
They never fail to seize at once upon
The slightest hint of any love affair,
And spread the news of it with glee, and give it
The character they'd have the world believe in.
By others' actions, painted in their colors,
They hope to justify their own; they think,
In the false hope of some resemblance, either
To make their own intrigues seem innocent,
Or else to make their neighbors share the blame
Which they are loaded with by everybody.

Madame Pernelle. These arguments are nothing to the purpose.
Orante, we all know, lives a perfect life;
Her thoughts are all of heaven; and I have heard
That she condemns the company you keep.

Dorine. O admirable pattern! Virtuous dame!
She lives the model of austerity;
But age has brought this piety upon her,
And she's a prude, now she can't help herself.

As long as she could capture men's attentions
She made the most of her advantages;
But, now she sees her beauty vanishing,
She wants to leave the world, that's leaving her,
And in the specious veil of haughty virtue
She'd hide the weakness of her worn-out charms.
That is the way with all your old coquettes;
They find it hard to see their lovers leave 'em;
And, thus abandoned, their forlorn estate
Can find no occupation but a prude's.
These pious dames, in their austerity,
Must carp at everything, and pardon nothing.
They loudly blame their neighbors' way of living,
Not for religion's sake, but out of envy,
Because they can't endure to see another
Enjoy the pleasures age has weaned them from.

Madame Pernelle [*to Elmire*]. There! That's the kind of rigamarole to please you,
Daughter-in-law. One never has a chance
To get a word in edgewise, at your house,
Because this lady holds the floor all day;
But, none the less, I mean to have my say, too.
I tell you that my son did nothing wiser
In all his life, than take this godly man
Into his household; heaven sent him here,
In your great need, to make you all repent;
For your salvation, you must harken to him;
He censures nothing but deserves his censure.
These visits, these assemblies, and these balls,
Are all inventions of the evil spirit.
You never hear a word of godliness
At them — but idle cackle, nonsense, flimflam.
Our neighbor often comes in for a share,
The talk flies fast, and scandal fills the air;
It makes a sober person's head go round,
At these assemblies, just to hear the sound
Of so much gab, with not a word to say;
And as a learned man remarked one day
Most aptly, 'tis the Tower of Babylon,
Where all, beyond all limit, babble on.
And just to tell you how this point came in . . .
[*To Cléante*] So! Now the gentleman must snicker, must he?
Go find fools like yourself to make you laugh

And don't . . .
[*To Elmire*] Daughter, good-by; not one word more.
As for this house, I leave the half unsaid;
But I shan't soon set foot in it again.
[*Cuffing Flipotte*] Come, you! what makes you dream and stand agape,
Hussy! I'll warm your ears in proper shape!
March, trollop, march!

Scene 2

CLÉANTE, DORINE

Cléante. I won't escort her down,
For fear she might fall foul of me again;
The good old lady . . .
Dorine. Bless us! What a pity
She couldn't hear the way you speak of her!
She'd surely tell you you're too "good" by half,
And that she's not so "old" as all that, neither!
Cléante. How she got angry with us, all for nothing!
And how she seems possessed with her Tartuffe!
Dorine. Her case is nothing, though, beside her son's!
To see him, you would say he's ten times worse!
His conduct in our late unpleasantness [1]
Had won him much esteem, and proved his courage
In service of his king; but now he's like
A man besotted, since he's been so taken
With this Tartuffe. He calls him brother, loves him
A hundred times as much as mother, son,
Daughter, and wife. He tells him all his secrets
And lets him guide his acts, and rule his conscience.
He fondles and embraces him; a sweetheart
Could not, I think, be loved more tenderly;
At table he must have the seat of honor,
While with delight our master sees him eat
As much as six men could; we must give up
The choicest tidbits to him; if he belches,
[*'tis a servant speaking.*] [2]

[1] Referring to the rebellion called La Fronde, during the minority of Louis XIV.

[2] Molière's note, inserted in the text of all the old editions. It is a curious illustration of the desire for uniformity and dignity of style in dramatic verse of the seventeenth century, that Molière feels called on to apologize for a touch of realism like this. Indeed, these lines were even omitted when the play was given.

Master exclaims: "God bless you!"—Oh, he dotes
Upon him; he's his universe, his hero;
He's lost in constant admiration, quotes him
On all occasions, takes his trifling acts
For wonders, and his words for oracles.
The fellow knows his dupe, and makes the most on't:
He fools him with a hundred masks of virtue,
Gets money from him all the time by canting,
And takes upon himself to carp at us.
Even his silly coxcomb of a lackey
Makes it his business to instruct us too;
He comes with rolling eyes to preach at us,
And throws away our ribbons, rouge, and patches.
The wretch, the other day, tore up a kerchief
That he had found, pressed in the 'Golden Legend,'
Calling it horrid crime for us to mingle
The devil's finery with holy things.

Scene 3

ELMIRE, MARIANE, DAMIS, CLÉANTE, DORINE

Elmire [*to Cléante*]. You're very lucky to have missed the speech
She gave us at the door. I see my husband
Is home again. He hasn't seen me yet,
So I'll go up and wait till he comes in.
Cléante. And I, to save time, will await him here;
I'll merely say good-morning, and be gone.

Scene 4

CLÉANTE, DAMIS, DORINE

Damis. I wish you'd say a word to him, about
My sister's marriage; I suspect Tartuffe
Opposes it, and puts my father up
To all these wretched shifts. You know, besides,
How nearly I'm concerned in it myself;
If love unites my sister and Valère,
I love his sister too; and if this marriage
Were to . . .
Dorine. He's coming.

Scene 5

ORGON, CLÉANTE, DORINE

Orgon. Ah! Good-morning, brother.
Cléante. I was just going, but am glad to greet you.
Things are not far advanced yet, in the country?
Orgon. Dorine . . . [*To Cléante*] Just wait a bit, please, brother-in-law.
Let me allay my first anxiety
By asking news about the family.
[*To Dorine*] Has everything gone well these last two days?
What's happening? And how is everybody?
Dorine. Madam had a fever, and a splitting headache
Day before yesterday, all day and evening.
Orgon. And how about Tartuffe?
Dorine. Tartuffe? He's well;
He's mighty well; stout, fat, fair, rosy-lipped.
Orgon. Poor man!
Dorine. At evening she had nausea
And couldn't touch a single thing for supper,
Her headache still was so severe.
Orgon. And how
About Tartuffe?
Dorine. He supped alone, before her,
And unctuously ate up two partridges,
As well as half a leg o' mutton, deviled.
Orgon. Poor man!
Dorine. All night she couldn't get a wink
Of sleep, the fever racked her so; and we
Had to sit up with her till daylight.
Orgon. How
About Tartuffe?
Dorine. Gently inclined to slumber
He left the table, went into his room,
Got himself straight into a good warm bed,
And slept quite undisturbed until next morning.
Orgon. Poor man!
Dorine. At last she let us all persuade her,
And got up courage to be bled; and then
She was relieved at once.
Orgon. And how about
Tartuffe?

Dorine. He plucked up courage properly,
Bravely entrenched his soul against all evils,
And, to replace the blood that she had lost,
He drank at breakfast four huge draughts of wine.
Orgon. Poor man!
Dorine. So now they both are doing well;
And I'll go straightway and inform my mistress
How pleased you are at her recovery.

ELMIRE DISCOVERS THE HYPOCRISY OF TARTUFFE

ACT III

Scene 2

TARTUFFE, DORINE

TARTUFFE [*speaking to his valet, off the stage, as soon as he sees Dorine is there*]. Lawrence, put up my haircloth shirt and scourge,
And pray that Heaven may shed its light upon you.
If any come to see me, say I'm gone
To share my alms among the prisoners.
Dorine [*aside*]. What affectation and what showing off!
Tartuffe. What do you want with me?
Dorine. To tell you . . .
Tartuffe [*taking a handkerchief from his pocket*]. Ah!
Before you speak, pray take this handkerchief.
Dorine. What?
Tartuffe. Cover up that bosom, which I can't
Endure to look on. Things like that offend
Our souls, and fill our minds with sinful thoughts.
Dorine. Are you so tender to temptation, then,
And has the flesh such power upon your senses?
I don't know how you get in such a heat;
For my part, I am not so prone to lust,
And I could see you stripped from head to foot,
And all your hide not tempt me in the least.
Tartuffe. Show in your speech some little modesty,
Or I must instantly take leave of you.
Dorine. No, no, I'll leave you to yourself; I've only
One thing to say: Madam will soon be down,
And begs the favor of a word with you.

Tartuffe. Ah! Willingly.
Dorine [*aside*]. How gentle all at once!
My faith, I still believe I've hit upon it.
Tartuffe. Will she come soon?
Dorine. I think I hear her now.
Yes, here she is herself; I'll leave you with her.

Scene 3

ELMIRE, TARTUFFE

Tartuffe. May Heaven's overflowing kindness ever
Give you good health of body and of soul,
And bless your days according to the wishes
And prayers of its most humble votary!
Elmire. I'm very grateful for your pious wishes.
But let's sit down, so we may talk at ease.
Tartuffe [*after sitting down*]. And how are you recovered from your illness?
Elmire [*sitting down also*]. Quite well; the fever soon let go its hold.
Tartuffe. My prayers, I fear, have not sufficient merit
To have drawn down this favor from on high;
But each entreaty that I made to Heaven
Had for its object your recovery.
Elmire. You're too solicitous on my behalf.
Tartuffe. We could not cherish your dear health too much;
I would have given mine, to help restore it.
Elmire. That's pushing Christian charity too far;
I owe you many thanks for so much kindness.
Tartuffe. I do far less for you than you deserve.
Elmire. There is a matter that I wished to speak of
In private; I am glad there's no one here
To listen.
Tartuffe. Madam, I am overjoyed.
'Tis sweet to find myself alone with you.
This is an opportunity I've asked
Of Heaven, many a time; till now, in vain.
Elmire. All that I wish, is just a word from you,
Quite frank and open, hiding nothing from me.
[*Damis, without their seeing him, opens the closet door half-way.*]
Tartuffe. I too could wish, as Heaven's especial favor,
To lay my soul quite open to your eyes,
And swear to you, the trouble that I made

About those visits which your charms attract,
Does not result from any hatred toward you,
But rather from a passionate devotion,
And purest motives . . .

Elmire. That is how I take it,
I think 'tis my salvation that concerns you.

Tartuffe [*pressing her finger-tips*]. Madam, 'tis so; and such is my devotion . . .

Elmire. Ouch! but you squeeze too hard.

Tartuffe. Excess of zeal.
In no way could I ever mean to hurt you,
And I'd as soon . . . [*He puts his hand on her knee.*]

Elmire. What's your hand doing there?

Tartuffe. Feeling your gown; the stuff is very soft.

Elmire. Let be, I beg of you; I am very ticklish. [*She moves her chair away, and Tartuffe brings his nearer.*]

Tartuffe [*handling the lace yoke of Elmire's dress*]. Dear me, how wonderful in workmanship
This lace is! They do marvels, nowadays;
Things of all kinds were never better made.

Elmire. Yes, very true. But let us come to business.
They say my husband means to break his word,
And marry Mariane to you. Is't so?

Tartuffe. He did hint some such thing, but truly, madam,
That's not the happiness I'm yearning after;
I see elsewhere the sweet compelling charms
Of such a joy as fills my every wish.

Elmire. You mean you cannot love terrestrial things.

Tartuffe. The heart within my bosom is not stone.

Elmire. I well believe your sighs all tend to Heaven,
And nothing here below can stay your thoughts.

Tartuffe. Love for the beauty of eternal things
Cannot destroy our love for earthly beauty;
Our mortal senses well may be entranced
By perfect works that Heaven has fashioned here.
Its charms reflected shine in such as you,
And in yourself, its rarest miracles;
It has displayed such marvels in your face,
That eyes are dazed, and hearts are rapt away;
I could not look on you, the perfect creature,
Without admiring Nature's great Creator,
And feeling all my heart inflamed with love
For you, His fairest image of Himself.

At first I trembled lest this secret love
Might be the Evil Spirit's artful snare;
I even schooled my heart to flee your beauty,
Thinking it was a bar to my salvation.
But soon, enlightened, O all lovely one,
I saw how this my passion may be blameless,
How I may make it fit with modesty,
And thus completely yield my heart to it.
'Tis, I must own, a great presumption in me
To dare make you the offer of my heart;
My love hopes all things from your perfect goodness,
And nothing from my own poor weak endeavor.
You are my hope, my stay, my peace of heart;
On you depends my torment or my bliss;
And by your doom of judgment, I shall be
Blest, if you will; or damned, by your decree.

Elmire. Your declaration's turned most gallantly;
But truly, it is just a bit surprising.
You should have better armed your heart, methinks,
And taken thought somewhat on such a matter.
A pious man like you, known everywhere . . .

Tartuffe. Though pious, I am none the less a man;
And when a man beholds your heavenly charms,
The heart surrenders, and can think no more.
I know such words seem strange, coming from me;
But, madam, I'm no angel, after all;
If you condemn my frankly made avowal
You only have your charming self to blame.
Soon as I saw your more than human beauty,
You were thenceforth the sovereign of my soul;
Sweetness ineffable was in your eyes,
That took by storm my still resisting heart,
And conquered everything, fasts, prayers, and tears,
And turned my worship wholly to yourself.
My looks, my sighs, have spoke a thousand times;
Now, to express it all, my voice must speak.
If but you will look down with gracious favor
Upon the sorrows of your worthless slave,
If in your goodness you will give me comfort
And condescend unto my nothingness,
I'll ever pay you, O sweet miracle,
An unexampled worship and devotion.
Then too, with me your honor runs no risk;

With me you need not fear a public scandal.
These court gallants, that women are so fond of,
Are boastful of their acts, and vain in speech;
They always brag in public of their progress;
Soon as a favor's granted, they'll divulge it;
Their tattling tongues, if you but trust to them,
Will foul the honor where their hearts have worshiped.
But men like me are so discreet in love,
That you will pardon my temerity,
The care we take to guard our own good name
May fully guarantee the one we love;
So you may find, with hearts like ours sincere,
Love without scandal, pleasure without fear.

Elmire. I've heard you through — your speech is clear, at least.
But don't you fear that I may take a fancy
To tell my husband of your gallant passion,
And that a prompt report of this affair
May somewhat change the friendship which he bears you?

Tartuffe. I know that you're too good and generous,
That you will pardon my temerity,
Excuse, upon the score of human frailty,
The violence of passion that offends you,
And not forget, when you consult your mirror,
That I'm not blind, and man is made of flesh.

Elmire. Some women might do otherwise, perhaps,
But I am willing to employ discretion,
And not repeat the matter to my husband;
But in return I'll ask one thing of you:
That you urge forward, frankly and sincerely,
The marriage of Valère to Mariane;
That you give up the unjust influence
By which you hope to win another's rights;
And . . .

Scene 4

ELMIRE, DAMIS, TARTUFFE

Damis [*coming out of the closet-room where he had been hiding*].
No, I say! This thing must be made public.
I was just there, and overheard it all;
And Heaven's goodness must have brought me there
On purpose to confound this scoundrel's pride
And grant me means to take a signal vengeance

On his hypocrisy and arrogance,
And undeceive my father, showing up
The rascal caught at making love to you.
Elmire. No, no; it is enough if he reforms,
Endeavoring to deserve the favor shown him.
And since I've promised, do not you belie me.
'Tis not my way to make a public scandal;
An honest wife will scorn to heed such follies,
And never fret her husband's ears with them.
Damis. You've reasons of your own for acting thus;
And I have mine for doing otherwise.
To spare him now would be a mockery;
His bigot's pride has triumphed all too long
Over my righteous anger, and has caused
Far too much trouble in our family.
The rascal all too long has ruled my father,
And crossed my sister's love, and mine as well.
The traitor now must be unmasked before him;
And Providence has given me means to do it.
To Heaven now I owe the opportunity,
And if I did not use it now I have it,
I should deserve to lose it once for all.
Elmire. Damis . . .
Damis. No, by your leave; I'll not be counseled.
I'm overjoyed. You needn't try to tell me
I must give up the pleasure of revenge.
I'll make an end to this affair at once;
And, to content me, here's my father now.

Scene 5

ORGON, ELMIRE, DAMIS, TARTUFFE

Damis. Father, we've news to welcome your arrival,
That's altogether novel, and surprising.
You are well paid for your caressing care,
And this fine gentleman rewards your love
Most handsomely, with zeal that seeks no less
Than your dishonor, as has now been proven.
I've just surprised him making to your wife
The shameful offer of a guilty love.
She, somewhat over gentle and discreet,
Insisted that the thing should be concealed;

But I will not condone such shamelessness,
Nor so far wrong you as to keep it secret.
Elmire. Yes, I believe a wife should never trouble
Her husband's peace of mind with such vain gossip;
A woman's honor does not hang on telling;
It is enough if she defend herself;
Or so I think; Damis, you'd not have spoken,
If you would but have heeded my advice.

Scene 6

ORGON, DAMIS, TARTUFFE

Orgon. Just Heaven! Can what I hear be credited?
Tartuffe. Yes, brother, I am wicked, I am guilty,
A miserable sinner, steeped in evil,
The greatest criminal that ever lived.
Each moment of my life is stained with soilures;
And all is but a mass of crime and filth;
Heaven, for my punishment, I see it plainly,
Would mortify me now. Whatever wrong
They find to charge me with, I'll not deny it
But guard against the crime of self-defense.
Believe their stories, arm your wrath against me,
And drive me like a villain from your house;
I cannot have so great a share of shame
But what I have deserved a greater still.
Orgon [*to his son*]. You miscreant, can you dare, with such a falsehood,
To try to stain the whiteness of his virtue?
Damis. What! The feigned meekness of this hypocrite
Makes you discredit . . .
Orgon. Silence, cursèd plague!
Tartuffe. Ah! Let him speak; you chide him wrongfully;
You'd do far better to believe his tales.
Why favor me so much in such a matter?
How can you know of what I'm capable?
And should you trust my outward semblance, brother,
Or judge therefrom that I'm the better man?
No, no; you let appearances deceive you;
I'm anything but what I'm thought to be,
Alas! and though all men believe me godly,
The simple truth is, I'm a worthless creature.
[*To Damis*] Yes, my dear son, say on, and call me traitor,

Abandoned scoundrel, thief, and murderer;
Heap on me names yet more detestable,
And I shall not gainsay you; I've deserved them;
I'll bear this ignominy on my knees,
To expiate in shame the crimes I've done.

Orgon [*to Tartuffe*]. Ah, brother, 'tis too much! [*To his son*] You'll not relent,
You blackguard?

Damis. What! His talk can so deceive you . . .

Orgon. Silence, you scoundrel! [*To Tartuffe*] Brother, rise, I beg you.
[*To his son*] Infamous villain!

Damis. Can he . . .

Orgon. Silence!

Damis. What . . .

Orgon. Another word, I'll break your every bone.

Tartuffe. Brother, in God's name, don't be angry with him!
I'd rather bear myself the bitterest torture
Than have him get a scratch on my account.

Orgon [*to his son*]. Ungrateful monster!

Tartuffe. Stop. Upon my knees
I beg you pardon him . . .

Orgon [*throwing himself on his knees too, and embracing Tartuffe*].
Alas! how can you?
[*To his son*] Villain! Behold his goodness!

Damis. So . . .

Orgon. Be still!

Damis. What! I . . .

Orgon. Be still, I say. I know your motives
For this attack. You hate him, all of you;
Wife, children, servants, all let loose upon him,
You have recourse to every shameful trick
To drive this goodly man out of my house;
The more you strive to rid yourselves of him,
The more I'll strive to make him stay with me;
I'll have him straightway married to my daughter,
Just to confound the pride of all of you.

Damis. What! Will you force her to accept his hand?

Orgon. Yes, and this very evening, to enrage you,
Young rascal! Ah! I'll brave you all, and show you
That I'm the master, and must be obeyed.
Now, down upon your knees this instant, rogue,
And take back what you said, and ask his pardon.

Damis. Who? I? Ask pardon of that cheating scoundrel . . . ?

Orgon. Do you resist, you beggar, and insult him?
A cudgel, here! A cudgel!
[*To Tartuffe*] Don't restrain me.
[*To his son*] Off with you! Leave my house this instant, sirrah,
And never dare set foot in it again.
Damis. Yes, I will leave your house, but . . .
Orgon. Leave it quickly.
You reprobate, I disinherit you,
And give you, too, my curse into the bargain.

ORGON IS CONVINCED AT LAST

ACT IV

Scene 4

ELMIRE, ORGON

ELMIRE. Bring up this table, and get under it.
Orgon. What?
Elmire. One essential is to hide you well.
Orgon. Why under there?
Elmire. Oh dear! Do as I say;
I know what I'm about, as you shall see.
Get under, now, I tell you; and once there
Be careful no one either hears or sees you.
Orgon. I'm going a long way to humor you,
I must say; but I'll see you through your scheme.
Elmire. And then you'll have, I think, no more to say.
[*To her husband, who is now under the table.*] But mind, I'm going to meddle with strange matters;
Prepare yourself to be in nowise shocked.
Whatever I may say must pass, because
'Tis only to convince you, as I promised.
By wheedling speeches, since I'm forced to do it,
I'll make this hypocrite put off his mask,
Flatter the longings of his shameless passion,
And give free play to all his impudence.
But, since 'tis for your sake, to prove to you
His guilt, that I shall feign to share his love,
I can leave off as soon as you're convinced,
And things shall go no farther than you choose.

So, when you think they've gone quite far enough,
It is for you to stop this mad pursuit,
To spare your wife, and not expose me farther
Than you shall need, yourself, to undeceive you.
It is your own affair, and you must end it
When . . . Here he comes. Keep still, don't show yourself.

Scene 5

TARTUFFE, ELMIRE; ORGON [*under the table*]

Tartuffe. They told me that you wished to see me here.
Elmire. Yes. I have secrets for your ear alone.
But shut the door first, and look everywhere
For fear of spies. [*Tartuffe goes and closes the door and comes back.*]
We surely can't afford
Another scene like that we had just now;
Was ever anyone so caught before!
Damis did frighten me most terribly
On your account; you saw I did my best
To baffle his design, and calm his anger.
But I was so confused, I never thought
To contradict his story; still, thank Heaven,
Things turned out all the better, as it happened,
And now we're on an even safer footing.
The high esteem you're held in laid the storm;
My husband can have no suspicion of you,
And even insists, to spite the scandal-mongers,
That we shall be together constantly;
So that is how, without the risk of blame,
I can be here locked up with you alone,
And can reveal to you my heart, perhaps
Only too ready to allow your passion.
Tartuffe. Your words are somewhat hard to understand,
Madam; just now you used a different style.
Elmire. If that refusal has offended you,
How little do you know a woman's heart!
How ill you guess what it would have you know,
When it presents so feeble a defense!
Always, at first, our modesty resists
The tender feelings you inspire us with.
Whatever cause we find to justify
The love that masters us, we still must feel

Some little shame in owning it; and strive
To make as though we would not, when we would.
But from the very way we go about it
We let a lover know our heart surrenders,
The while our lips, for honor's sake, oppose
Our heart's desire, and in refusing promise.
I'm telling you my secret all too freely
And with too little heed to modesty.
But — now that I've made bold to speak — pray tell me,
Should I have tried to keep Damis from speaking,
Should I have heard the offer of your heart
So quietly, and suffered all your pleading,
And taken it just as I did — remember —
If such a declaration had not pleased me?
And, when I tried my utmost to persuade you
Not to accept the marriage that was talked of,
What should my earnestness have hinted to you
If not the interest that you've inspired,
And my chagrin, should such a match compel me
To share a heart I want all to myself?

Tartuffe. 'Tis, past a doubt, the height of happiness,
To hear such words from lips we dote upon;
Their honeyed sweetness pours through all my senses
Long draughts of suavity ineffable.
My heart employs its utmost zeal to please you,
And counts your love its one beatitude;
And yet that heart must beg that you allow it
To doubt a little its felicity.
I well might think these words an honest trick
To make me break off this approaching marriage;
And if I may express myself quite plainly,
I cannot trust these too enchanting words
Until the granting of some little favor
I sigh for shall assure me of their truth
And build within my soul, on firm foundations,
A lasting faith in your sweet charity.

Elmire [*coughing to draw her husband's attention*]. What? Must you go
so fast? — and all at once
Exhaust the whole love of a woman's heart?
She does herself the violence to make
This dear confession of her love, and you
Are not yet satisfied, and will not be
Without the granting of her utmost favors?

Tartuffe. The less a blessing is deserved, the less
We dare to hope for it; and words alone
Can ill assuage our love's desires. A fate
Too full of happiness seems doubtful still;
We must enjoy it ere we can believe it.
And I, who know how little I deserve
Your goodness, doubt the fortunes of my daring;
So I shall trust to nothing, madam, till
You have convinced my love by something real.
Elmire. Ah! How your love enacts the tyrant's rôle,
And throws my mind into a strange confusion!
With what fierce sway it rules a conquered heart,
And violently will have its wishes granted!
What! Is there no escape from your pursuit?
No respite even? — not a breathing space?
Nay, is it decent to be so exacting,
And so abuse by urgency the weakness
You may discover in a woman's heart?
Tartuffe. But if my worship wins your gracious favor,
Then why refuse me some sure proof thereof?
Elmire. But how can I consent to what you wish,
Without offending Heaven you talk so much of?
Tartuffe. If Heaven is all that stands now in my way,
I'll easily remove that little hindrance;
Your heart need not hold back for such a trifle.
Elmire. But they affright us so with Heaven's commands!
Tartuffe. I can dispel these foolish fears, dear madam;
I know the art of pacifying scruples.
Heaven forbids, 'tis true, some satisfactions;
But we find means to make things right with Heaven.
[*'Tis a scoundrel speaking.*] [3]
There is a science, madam, that instructs us
How to enlarge the limits of our conscience
According to our various occasions,
And rectify the evil of the deed
According to our purity of motive.
I'll duly teach you all these secrets, madam;
You only need to let yourself be guided.
Content my wishes, have no fear at all;
I answer for't, and take the sin upon me.
[*Elmire coughs still louder.*]

[3] Molière's note, in the original edition.

Your cough is very bad.
Elmire. Yes, I'm in torture.
Tartuffe. Would you accept this bit of licorice?
Elmire. The case is obstinate, I find; and all
The licorice in the world will do no good.
Tartuffe. 'Tis very trying.
Elmire. More than words can say.
Tartuffe. In any case, your scruple's easily
Removed. With me you're sure of secrecy,
And there's no harm unless a thing is known.
The public scandal is what brings offense,
And secret sinning is not sin at all.
Elmire [*after coughing again*]. So then, I see I must resolve to yield;
I must consent to grant you everything,
And cannot hope to give full satisfaction,
Or win full confidence, at lower cost.
No doubt 'tis very hard to come to this;
'Tis quite against my will I go so far;
But since I must be forced to it, since nothing
That can be said suffices for belief,
Since more convincing proof is still demanded,
I must make up my mind to humor people.
If my consent give reason for offense,
So much the worse for him who forced me to it;
The fault can surely not be counted mine.
Tartuffe. It need not, madam; and the thing itself . . .
Elmire. Open the door, I pray you, and just see
Whether my husband's not there, in the hall.
Tartuffe. Why take such care for him? Between ourselves,
He is a man to lead round by the nose.
He's capable of glorying in our meetings;
I've fooled him so, he'd see all, and deny it.
Elmire. No matter; go, I beg you, look about,
And carefully examine every corner.

Scene 6

ORGON, ELMIRE

Orgon [*crawling out from under the table*]. That is, I own, a man . . . abominable!
I can't get over it; the whole thing floors me.
Elmire. What? You come out so soon? You cannot mean it!

Go back under the table; 'tis not time yet;
Wait till the end, to see, and make quite certain,
And don't believe a thing on mere conjecture.
Orgon. Nothing more wicked e'er came out of Hell.
Elmire. Dear me! Don't go and credit things too lightly.
No, let yourself be thoroughly convinced;
Don't yield too soon, for fear you'll be mistaken.
[*As Tartuffe enters, she makes her husband stand behind her.*]

Scene 7

TARTUFFE, ELMIRE, ORGON

Tartuffe [*not seeing Orgon*]. All things conspire toward my satisfaction,
Madam. I've searched the whole apartment through.
There's no one here; and now my ravished soul . . .
Orgon [*stopping him*]. Softly! You were too eager in your amours;
You needn't be so passionate. Ah ha!
My holy man! You want to put it on me!
How is your soul abandoned to temptation!
Marry my daughter, eh? — and want my wife, too?
I doubted long enough if this was earnest,
Expecting all the time the tone would change;
But now the proof's been carried far enough;
I'm satisfied, and ask no more, for my part.
Elmire [*to Tartuffe*]. 'Twas quite against my character to play
This part; but I was forced to treat you so.
Tartuffe. What? You believe . . . ?
Orgon. Come now, no protestations.
Get out from here, and make no fuss about it.
Tartuffe. But my intent . . .
Orgon. That talk is out of season.
You leave my house this instant.
Tartuffe. You're the one
To leave it, you who play the master here!
This house belongs to me, I'll have you know,
And show you plainly it's no use to turn
To these low tricks, to pick a quarrel with me,
And that you can't insult me at your pleasure,
For I have wherewith to confound your lies,
Avenge offended Heaven, and compel
Those to repent who talk to me of leaving.

THE HYPOCRITE SHOWS HIS TEETH

ACT V

Scene 6

VALÈRE, ORGON, MADAME PERNELLE, ELMIRE, CLÉANTE, MARIANE, DAMIS, DORINE

VALÈRE. 'Tis with regret, sir, that I bring bad news;
But urgent danger forces me to do so.
A close and intimate friend of mine, who knows
The interest I take in what concerns you,
Has gone so far, for my sake, as to break
The secrecy that's due to state affairs,
And sent me word but now, that leaves you only
The one expedient of sudden flight.
The villain who so long imposed upon you,
Found means, an hour ago, to see the prince,
And to accuse you (among other things)
By putting in his hands the private strong-box
Of a state-criminal, whose guilty secret,
You, failing in your duty as a subject,
(He says) have kept. I know no more of it
Save that a warrant's drawn against you, sir,
And for the greater surety, that same rascal
Comes with the officer who must arrest you.

Cléante. His rights are armed; and this is how the scoundrel
Seeks to secure the property he claims.

Orgon. Man is a wicked animal, I'll own it!

Valère. The least delay may still be fatal, sir.
I have my carriage, and a thousand louis,
Provided for your journey, at the door.
Let's lose no time; the bolt is swift to strike,
And such as only flight can save you from.
I'll be your guide to seek a place of safety,
And stay with you until you reach it, sir.

Orgon. How much I owe to your obliging care!
Another time must serve to thank you fitly;
And I pray Heaven to grant me so much favor
That I may some day recompense your service.
Good-by; see to it, all of you . . .

Cléante. Come, hurry,
We'll see to everything that's needful, brother.

Scene 7

TARTUFFE, AN OFFICER, MADAME PERNELLE, ORGON, ELMIRE, CLÉANTE, MARIANE, VALÈRE, DAMIS, DORINE

Tartuffe [*stopping Orgon*]. Softly, sir, softly; do not run so fast;
You haven't far to go to find your lodging;
By order of the prince, we here arrest you.
Orgon. Traitor! You saved this worst stroke for the last;
This crowns your perfidies, and ruins me.
Tartuffe. I shall not be embittered by your insults,
For Heaven has taught me to endure all things.
Cléante. Your moderation, I must own, is great.
Damis. How shamelessly the wretch makes bold with Heaven!
Tartuffe. Your ravings cannot move me; all my thought
Is but to do my duty.
Mariane. You must claim
Great glory from this honorable act.
Tartuffe. The act cannot be aught but honorable,
Coming from that high power which sends me here.
Orgon. Ungrateful wretch, do you forget 'twas I
That rescued you from utter misery?
Tartuffe. I've not forgot some help you may have given;
But my first duty now is toward my prince.
The higher power of that most sacred claim
Must stifle in my heart all gratitude;
And to such puissant ties I'd sacrifice
My friend, my wife, my kindred, and myself.
Elmire. The hypocrite!
Dorine. How well he knows the trick
Of cloaking him with what we most revere!
Cléante. But if the motive that you make parade of
Is perfect as you say, why should it wait
To show itself, until the day he caught you
Soliciting his wife? How happens it
You have not thought to go inform against him
Until his honor forces him to drive you
Out of his house? And though I need not mention
That he'd just given you his whole estate,
Still, if you meant to treat him now as guilty,
How could you then consent to take his gift?
Tartuffe [*to the officer*]. Pray, sir, deliver me from all this clamor;
Be good enough to carry out your order.

The officer. Yes, I've too long delayed its execution;
'Tis very fitting you should urge me to it;
So therefore, you must follow me at once
To prison, where you'll find your lodging ready.
Tartuffe. Who? I, sir?
The officer. You.
Tartuffe. But why to prison?
The officer. You
Are not the one to whom I owe account.
You, sir, [*to Orgon*], recover from your hot alarm.
Our prince is not a friend to double dealing,
His eyes can read men's inmost hearts, and all
The art of hypocrites cannot deceive him.
His sharp discernment sees things clear and true;
His mind cannot too easily be swayed,
For reason always holds the balance even.
He honors and exalts true piety,
But knows the false, and views it with disgust.
This fellow was by no means apt to fool him;
Far subtler snares have failed against his wisdom,
And his quick insight pierced immediately
The hidden baseness of this tortuous heart.
Accusing you, the knave betrayed himself,
And by true recompense of Heaven's justice
He stood revealed before our monarch's eyes
A scoundrel known before by other names,
Whose horrid crimes, detailed at length, might fill
A long-drawn history of many volumes.
Our monarch — to resolve you in a word —
Detesting his ingratitude and baseness,
Added this horror to his other crimes,
And sent me hither under his direction
To see his insolence out-top itself,
And force him then to give you satisfaction.
Your papers, which the traitor says are his,
I am to take from him, and give you back;
The deed of gift transferring your estate
Our monarch's sovereign will makes null and void;
And for the secret personal offense
Your friend involved you in, he pardons you:
Thus he rewards your recent zeal, displayed
In helping to maintain his rights, and shows
How well his heart, when it is least expected,

Knows how to recompense a noble deed,
And will not let true merit miss its due,
Remembering always rather good than evil.
Dorine. Now Heaven be praised!
Madame Pernelle. At last I breathe again.
Elmire. A happy outcome!
Mariane. Who'd have dared hope it?
Orgon [*to Tartuffe, who is being led off by the officer*].
There, traitor! Now you're . . .

Scene 8

MADAME PERNELLE, ORGON, ELMIRE, MARIANE,
CLÉANTE, VALÈRE, DAMIS, DORINE

Cléante. Brother, hold! — and don't
Descend to such indignities, I beg you.
Leave the poor wretch to his unhappy fate,
And let remorse oppress him, but not you.
Hope rather that his heart may now return
To virtue, hate his vice, reform his ways,
And win the pardon of our glorious prince;
While you must straightway go, and on your knees
Repay with thanks his noble generous kindness.
Orgon. Well said! We'll go, and at his feet kneel down,
With joy to thank him for his goodness shown;
And this first duty done, with honors due,
We'll then attend upon another, too,
With wedded happiness reward Valère,
And crown a lover noble and sincere.

Translated by Curtis Hidden Page. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London

PASCAL

BLAISE PASCAL was born at Clermont-Ferrand, Auvergne, France, June 19, 1623. His father, Étienne Pascal, was a man of wealth, education, and high judicial position, who, when Blaise was eight years old, removed to Paris especially to care for his education. Blaise showed a very precocious talent, especially for mathematics. At the age of sixteen he wrote a remarkable treatise on conic sections; at nineteen he invented a calculating machine. By this time his health, never robust, was undermined by his study, and thereafter he had to contend with disease. But in spite of it he went on with his researches in mathematics and physics. He developed the calculus of probabilities, and solved the problem of the cycloid. In 1648 he made the series of experiments which confirmed the conclusions of Torricelli, and established our knowledge of the weight of the atmosphere. Then for some years he gave himself to social pleasures and dissipations; but after his sister Jacqueline's entrance into a convent, and a startling accident through which he nearly lost his life, he renounced the world and entered the community of Port-Royal in 1654. In its defense he wrote, under the name of Louis de Montalte, the famous 'Lettres Provinciales,' in 1656 and 1657. The even more famous 'Pensées' are the fruit of the profound and poignant meditation that, with increasing bodily pains, filled out the few years until his death, August 19, 1662.

But this little outline gives no adequate suggestion of the power and versatility of his mind:

"There was a man who at the age of twelve, with straight lines and circles, had created mathematics; who at sixteen had composed the most learned treatise on conic sections produced since ancient times; who at nineteen reduced to machinery the processes of a science that resides wholly in the mind; who at twenty-three demonstrated the weight of the atmosphere and destroyed one of the greatest errors of the older physics; who at an age when other men are just beginning to awake to life, having traversed the whole round of human knowledge, perceived its emptiness, and turned all his thoughts toward religion; who from that moment till his death at the age of thirty-eight, constantly beset by infirmity and disease, fixed the tongue that Bossuet and Racine spoke, gave the model at once of the most perfect pleasantry and of the closest logic, and finally, in the short respite that his bodily pains allowed him, solved unaided one of the deepest problems of geometry, and set down in random order thoughts that seem as much divine as human."

In such words does Chateaubriand sum up Pascal's career, and they hardly

overstate his qualities and achievements. His contributions to the progress of mathematics and physics would be enough of themselves to make his name remembered; but they are wholly overshadowed by the fame of his two great contributions to literature — the 'Provincial Letters' and the 'Thoughts.' Both these works have a very direct relation to his life and experience. The 'Provincial Letters' bear witness both to his sincere devotion to Port-Royal, and to his familiarity with the mind and spirit of worldly society. Before becoming a member of that famous little band of scholars and teachers, he had been an accomplished man of the world. He had early been attracted by the logic of the doctrines of Jansenius, and had become a zealous champion of Jansenism. But he did not therefore renounce the gay companions and pleasures of his hours of recreation. It was only as his ideas developed, and he advanced from the curious pursuit of knowledge to the imperious need of certainty, that he was driven from reason, self-convicted of insufficiency, to revelation, and the complete surrender of himself to God and to the austere religious life of Port-Royal. The influence of his sister Jacqueline's example, and the impression made upon him by his almost miraculous escape from death, are only incidents of his approach to the experience of the night of November 23, 1654; when, in an ecstasy of religious feeling, he felt himself possessed by Divine grace. So he brought to Port-Royal a wholly lay mind, capable of appreciating from the simple human standpoint of the common man the theological controversy over grace and free-will in which it was soon involved. He was therefore equipped as no other for bringing this quarrel before the bar of public opinion. So the 'Provincial Letters' are not merely, nor mainly, a skilful argument on the theological doctrines in contest. They are that at first; but from the fifth letter their field broadens, and they become a vehement and indignant impeachment of the moral teachings and practices of the Jesuits, who were the head and front of the attack against Port-Royal. In them Pascal makes an appeal to the common reason and conscience, with such an accent of intense sincerity and conviction, with such resources of irony, ridicule, illustration, and eloquent indignation, and with such command of clear, nimble, and strong speech, that the letters have long outlived the interest of the quarrel that was the occasion of them, and have become its imperishable monument.

The 'Thoughts,' first published by his associates of Port-Royal in 1670, are the concentrated expression of the life of religious devotion and meditation to which he gave himself there. Having devoted himself unreservedly to it, he could not do and suffer enough. He welcomed the pains that his feeble health imposed upon him, and doubled them by self-inflicted rigors. All the strength his infirmities left him was given to an 'Apology for the Christian Religion,' but he was not permitted to finish it.

The 'Thoughts' are the fragments of this work. In them he unites the eager intellectual curiosity of the man of science with the fervent devotion of the religious ascetic and the imagination of the poet. He is possessed, almost

tormented, by the imperious need of knowing, of satisfying his reason. But his reason halts appalled before the infinitely little and the infinitely great, and declares itself powerless to get beyond the partial and relative knowledge of the world and to attain absolute truth. The source of absolute certainty must then be above reason, and reason herself is summoned to testify to the superior authority of revelation and Christian faith. In the very opposition of revelation and reason he makes reason find a seal of the Divine source of revelation. But the 'Thoughts,' left incomplete and in disorder, do not persuade us, as Pascal intended, by close and consecutive argument and logical unity, so much as profoundly impress us by his wealth of powerful and illuminating ideas, the depth of his searching of the human heart, and the intense and passionate eloquence of his style. Few if any have given such poignant expression to the sense of disproportion between human powers and human aspirations, and of the combined grandeur and pettiness of human destiny. From all other such collections of 'Thoughts,' Pascal's stand pre-eminent for the intensity of the human emotion that vibrates through them.

ARTHUR G. CANFIELD

FROM THE 'THOUGHTS'

THE whole visible world is but an imperceptible speck in the ample bosom of nature. No idea approaches it. We may swell our conceptions beyond all imaginable space, yet bring forth only atoms in comparison with the reality of things. It is an infinite sphere, the center of which is everywhere, the circumference nowhere. It is, in short, the greatest sensible mark of the almighty power of God; in that thought let imagination lose itself.

Then, returning to himself, let man consider his own being compared with all that is; let him regard himself as wandering in this remote province of nature; and from the little dungeon in which he finds himself lodged — I mean the universe — let him learn to set a true value on the earth, on its kingdoms, its cities, and on himself.

What is a man in the infinite? But to show him another prodigy no less astonishing, let him examine the most delicate things he knows. Let him take a mite, which in its minute body presents him with parts incomparably more minute; limbs with their joints, veins in the limbs, blood in the veins, humors in the blood, drops in the humors, vapors in the drops; let him, again dividing these last, exhaust his power of thought; let the last point at which he arrives be that of which we speak, and he will perhaps think that here is the extremest diminutive in nature. Then I will open before him therein a new abyss. I will paint for him not only the visible universe, but all that he can

conceive of nature's immensity in the inclosure of this diminished atom. Let him therein see an infinity of universes, of which each has its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportion as in the visible world; in each earth animals, and at the last the mites, in which he will come upon all that was in the first, and still find in these others the same without end and without cessation; let him lose himself in wonders as astonishing in their minuteness as the others in their immensity; for who will not be amazed at seeing that our body, which before was imperceptible in the universe, itself imperceptible in the bosom of the whole, is now a colossus, a world, a whole, in regard to the nothingness to which we cannot attain.

Whoso takes this survey of himself will be terrified at the thought that he is upheld in the material being given him by nature, between these two abysses of the infinite and nothing — he will tremble at the sight of these marvels; and I think that as his curiosity changes into wonder, he will be more disposed to contemplate them in silence than to search into them with presumption.

For after all, what is man in nature? A nothing in regard to the infinite, a whole in regard to nothing, a mean between nothing and the whole; infinitely removed from understanding either extreme. The end of things and their beginnings are invincibly hidden from him in impenetrable secrecy; he is equally incapable of seeing the nothing whence he was taken, and the infinite in which he is engulfed.

What shall he do then, but discern somewhat of the middle of things, in an eternal despair of knowing either their beginning or their end? All things arise from nothing, and tend towards the infinite. Who can follow their marvelous course? The author of these wonders can understand them, and none but he.

We think we are playing on ordinary organs when we play upon man. Men are organs indeed, but fantastic, changeable, and various, with pipes not arranged in due succession. Those who understand only how to play upon ordinary organs make no harmonies on these.

The weather and my moods have little in common. I have my foggy and my fine days within me; whether my affairs go well or ill has little to do with the matter. I sometimes strive against my luck; the glory of subduing it makes me subdue it gaily, whereas I am sometimes wearied in the midst of my good luck.

The spirit of this sovereign judge of the world — man — is not so independent but that it is liable to be troubled by the first disturbance about him. The noise of a cannon is not needed to break his train of thought; it need only be the creaking of a weathercock or a pulley. Do not be astonished if at this moment he argues incoherently: a fly is buzzing about his ears, and that is enough to render him incapable of sound judgment. Would you have him

arrive at truth, drive away that creature which holds his reason in check, and troubles that powerful intellect which gives laws to towns and kingdoms. Here is a droll kind of god!

When we are too young our judgment is at fault; so also when we are too old.

If we take not thought enough, or too much, on any matter, we are obstinate and infatuated.

He that considers his work so soon as it leaves his hands, is prejudiced in its favor; he that delays his survey too long, cannot regain the spirit of it.

So with pictures seen from too near or too far: there is but one precise point from which to look at them; all others are too near or too far, too high or too low. Perspective determines that precise point in the art of painting. But who shall determine it in truth or morals?

It is not well to be too much at liberty. It is not well to have all we want.

Nothing more astonishes me than to see that men are not astonished at their own weakness. They act seriously, and everyone follows his own mode of life, not because it is as a fact good to follow, being the custom, but as if each man knew certainly where are reason and justice. They find themselves constantly deceived; and by an amusing humility always imagine that the fault is in themselves, and not in the art which all profess to understand. But it is well there are so many of this kind of people in the world, who are not sceptics for the glory of scepticism; to show that man is thoroughly capable of the most extravagant opinions, because he is capable of believing that his weakness is not natural and inevitable, but that on the contrary his wisdom comes by nature.

Nothing fortifies scepticism more than that there are some who are not sceptics. If all were so, they would be wrong.

Chance gives thoughts, and chance takes them away; there is no art for keeping or gaining them.

A thought has escaped me. I would write it down. I write instead, that it has escaped me.

The nature of man is not always to go forward — it has its advances and retreats. Fever has its hot and cold fits, and the cold proves as well as the hot how great is the force of the fever.

The strength of a man's virtue must not be measured by his occasional efforts, but by his ordinary life.

We do not remain virtuous by our own power: but by the counterpoise of two opposite vices, we remain standing as between two contrary winds; take away one of these vices, we fall into the other.

It is not shameful to man to yield to pain, and it is shameful to yield to pleasure. This is not because pain comes from without us, while we seek pleasure; for we may seek pain, and yield to it willingly, without this kind of baseness. How comes it then that reason finds it glorious in us to yield under the assaults of pain, and shameful to yield under the assaults of pleasure? It is because pain does not tempt and attract us. We ourselves choose it voluntarily, and will that it have dominion over us. We are thus masters of the situation, and so far man yields to himself; but in pleasure man yields to pleasure. Now only mastery and empire bring glory, and only slavery causes shame.

When I have set myself now and then to consider the various distractions of men, the toils and dangers to which they expose themselves in the court or the camp, whence arise so many quarrels and passions, such daring and often such evil exploits, etc., I have discovered that all the misfortunes of men arise from one thing only, that they are unable to stay quietly in their own chamber. A man who has enough to live on, if he knew how to dwell with pleasure in his own home, would not leave it for seafaring or to besiege a city. An office in the army would not be bought so dearly, but that it seems insupportable not to stir from the town; and people only seek conversation and amusing games because they cannot remain with pleasure in their own homes.

But upon stricter examination, when, having found the cause of all our ills, I have sought to discover the reason of it, I have found one which is paramount: the natural evil of our weak and mortal condition, so miserable that nothing can console us when we think of it attentively.

Whatever condition we represent to ourselves, if we bring to our minds all the advantages it is possible to possess, royalty is the finest position in the world. Yet when we imagine a king surrounded with all the conditions which he can desire, if he be without diversion, and be allowed to consider and examine what he is, this feeble happiness will never sustain him; he will necessarily fall into a foreboding of maladies which threaten him, of revolutions which may arise, and lastly, of death and inevitable diseases: so that if he be without what is called diversion he is unhappy, and more unhappy than the humblest of his subjects who plays and diverts himself.

Hence it comes that play, and the society of women, war, and offices of State, are so sought after. Not that there is in these any real happiness, or that any imagine true bliss to consist in the money won at play, or in the hare which is hunted: we would not have these as gifts. We do not seek an easy and peaceful lot, which leaves us free to think of our unhappy condition, nor the dan-

gers of war, nor the troubles of statecraft, but seek rather the distraction which amuses us, and diverts our mind from these thoughts.

Hence it comes that men so love noise and movement; hence it comes that a prison is so horrible a punishment; hence it comes that the pleasure of solitude is a thing incomprehensible. And it is the great subject of happiness in the condition of kings, that all about them try incessantly to divert them, and to procure for them all manner of pleasures.

The king is surrounded by persons who think only how to divert the king, and to prevent his thinking of self. For he is unhappy, king though he be, if he think of self.

That is all that human ingenuity can do for human happiness. And those who philosophize on the matter, and think men unreasonable that they pass a whole day in hunting a hare which they would not have bought, scarce know our nature. The hare itself would not free us from the view of death and our miseries, but the chase of the hare does free us. Thus, when we make it a reproach that what they seek with such eagerness cannot satisfy them, if they answered — as on mature judgment they should do — that they sought in it only violent and impetuous occupation to turn their thoughts from self, and that therefore they made choice of an intriguing object which charms and ardently attracts them, they would leave their adversaries without a reply. But they do not so answer, because they do not know themselves; they do not know they seek the chase and not the quarry.

They fancy that were they to gain such-and-such an office they would then rest with pleasure, and are unaware of the insatiable nature of their desire. They believe they are honestly seeking repose, but they are only seeking agitation.

They have a secret instinct prompting them to look for diversion and occupation from without, which arises from the sense of their continual pain. They have another secret instinct, a relic of the greatness of our primitive nature, teaching them that happiness indeed consists in rest, and not in turmoil. And of these two contrary instincts a confused project is formed within them, concealing itself from their sight in the depths of their soul, leading them to aim at rest through agitation, and always to imagine that they will gain the satisfaction which as yet they have not, if by surmounting certain difficulties which now confront them, they may thereby open the door to rest.

Thus rolls all our life away. We seek repose by resistance to obstacles; and so soon as these are surmounted, repose becomes intolerable. For we think either on the miseries we feel or on those we fear. And even when we seem sheltered on all sides, weariness, of its own accord, will spring from the depths of the heart wherein are its natural roots, and fill the soul with its poison.

The counsel given to Pyrrhus, to take the rest of which he was going in search through so many labors, was full of difficulties.

Strife alone pleases us, and not the victory. We like to see beasts fighting, not the victor furious over the vanquished. We wish only to see the victorious end, and as soon as it comes we are surfeited. It is the same in play, and in search for truth. In all disputes we like to see the clash of opinions, but care not at all to contemplate truth when found. If we are to see truth with pleasure, we must see it arise out of conflict.

So in the passions: there is pleasure in seeing the shock of two contraries, but as soon as one gains the mastery it becomes mere brutality. We never seek things in themselves, but only the search for things. So on the stage: quiet scenes which raise no emotion are worthless; so is extreme and hopeless misery, so are brutal lust and excessive cruelty.

Cæsar, as it seems to me, was too old to set about amusing himself with the conquest of the world. Such a pastime was good for Augustus or Alexander, who were still young men, and these are difficult to restrain; but Cæsar should have been more mature.

Not from space must I seek my dignity, but from the ruling of my thought. I should have no more if I possessed whole worlds. By space the universe encompasses and swallows me as an atom; by thought I encompass it.

Man is but a reed, weakest in nature, but a reed which thinks. It needs not that the whole universe should arm to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, is enough to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which has slain him, because he knows that he dies, and that the universe has the better of him. The universe knows nothing of this.

All our dignity, therefore, consists in thought. By this must we raise ourselves, not by space or duration which we cannot fill. Then let us make it our study to think well; for this is the starting-point of morals.

Justice and truth are two such subtle points, that our instruments are too blunt to touch them accurately. If they attain the point, they cover it so completely that they rest more often on the wrong than the right.

Our imagination so enlarges the present by dint of continually reflecting on it and so contracts eternity by never reflecting on it, that we make a nothing of eternity and an eternity of nothing; and all this has such living roots in us, that all our reason cannot suppress them.

We are not content with the life we have in ourselves and in our own being: we wish to live an imaginary life in the idea of others, and to this end we strive to make a show. We labor incessantly to embellish and preserve this imaginary being, and we neglect the true. And if we have either calmness, generosity, or fidelity, we hasten to let it be known, that we may attach these vir-

tues to that imaginary being; we would even part with them for this end, and gladly become cowards for the reputation of valor. It is a great mark of the nothingness of our own being that we are not satisfied with the one without the other, and that we often renounce one for the other. For he would be infamous who would not die to preserve his honor.

Vanity is so anchored in the heart of man that a soldier, a camp-follower, a cook, a porter, makes his boasts, and is for having his admirers; even philosophers wish for them. Those who write against it, yet desire the glory of having written well; those who read, desire the glory of having read; I who write this have maybe this desire, and perhaps those who will read it.

Whoever will know fully the vanity of man has but to consider the causes and the effects of love. The cause is an unknown quantity, and the effects are terrible. This unknown quantity, so small a matter that we cannot recognize it, moves a whole country, princes, armies, and all the world.

Cleopatra's nose — had it been shorter, the face of the world had been changed.

On what shall man found the economy of the world which he would fain govern? If on the caprice of each man, all is confusion. If on justice, man is ignorant of it.

Certainly, had he known it, he would not have established the maxim, most general of all current among men, that everyone must conform to the manners of his own country; the splendor of true equity would have brought all nations into subjection, and legislators would not have taken as their model the fancies and caprice of Persians and Germans instead of stable justice. We should have seen it established in all the States of the world, in all times; whereas now we see neither justice nor injustice which does not change its quality upon changing its climate. Three degrees of latitude reverse all jurisprudence, a meridian decides what is truth, fundamental laws change after a few years of possession, right has its epochs, the entrance of Saturn into the Lion marks for us the origin of such-and-such a crime. That is droll justice which is bounded by a stream! Truth on this side of the Pyrenees, error on that. . . .

Can there be anything more absurd than that a man should have the right to kill me because he lives across the water, and because his prince has a quarrel with mine, although I have none with him?

The most unreasonable things in the world become most reasonable because of the unruly lives of men. What is less reasonable than to choose the eldest son of a queen to guide a State? for we do not choose as steersman of a ship that one of the passengers who is of the best family. Such a law would be ridiculous and unjust; but since men are so themselves, and ever will be, it

becomes reasonable and just. For would we choose the most virtuous and able, we at once fall to blows, since each asserts that he is the most virtuous and able. Let us then affix this quality to something which cannot be disputed. This man is the king's eldest son. That is clear, and there is no dispute. Reason can do no better, for civil war is the worst of evils.

Men of unruly lives assert that they alone follow nature, while those who are orderly stray from her paths; as passengers in a ship think that those move who stand upon the shore. Both sides say the same thing. There must be a fixed point to enable us to judge. The harbor decides the question for those who are in the vessel; but where can we find the harbor in morals?

Do we follow the majority because they have more reason? No; but because they have more power.

The way of the majority is the best way, because it is plain, and has power to make itself obeyed; yet it is the opinion of the least able.

It is necessary that men should be unequal. True; but that being granted, the door is open, not only to the greatest domination, but to the greatest tyranny.

It is necessary to relax the mind a little, but that opens the door to extreme dissipation.

We must mark the limits. There are no fixed boundaries in these matters; law wishes to impose them, but the mind will not bear them.

Mine, thine. — "This is my dog," say poor children; "that is my place in the sunshine." Here is the beginning and the image of the usurpation of the whole earth.

Good birth is a great advantage; for it gives a man a chance at the age of eighteen, making him known and respected as an ordinary man is on his merits at fifty. Here are thirty years gained at a stroke.

How rightly do men distinguish by exterior rather than by interior qualities! Which of us twain shall take the lead? Who will give place to the other? The least able? But I am as able as he is. We should have to fight about that. He has four footmen, and I have but one; that is something which can be seen; there is nothing to do but to count; it is my place to yield, and I am a fool if I contest it. So by this means we remain at peace — the greatest of all blessings.

We care nothing for the present. We anticipate the future as too slow in coming, as if we could make it move faster; or we call back the past, to stop

its rapid flight. So imprudent are we that we wander through the times in which we have no part, unthinking of that which alone is ours; so frivolous are we that we dream of the days which are not, and pass by without reflection those which alone exist. For the present generally gives us pain; we conceal it from our sight because it afflicts us, and if it be pleasant we regret to see it vanish away. We endeavor to sustain the present by the future, and think of arranging things not in our power, for a time at which we have no certainty of arriving.

If we examine our thoughts, we shall find them always occupied with the past or the future. We scarcely think of the present; and if we do so, it is only that we may borrow light from it to direct the future. The present is never our end; the past and the present are our means, the future alone is our end. Thus we never live, but hope to live; and while we always lay ourselves out to be happy, it is inevitable that we can never be so.

Our nature exists by motion; perfect rest is death.

Great men and little have the same accidents, the same tempers, the same passions; but one is on the felloe of the wheel, the other near the axle, and so less agitated by the same revolutions.

Man is full of wants, and cares only for those who can satisfy them all. "Such a one is a good mathematician," it is said. But I have nothing to do with mathematics: he would take me for a proposition. "This other is a good soldier." He would treat me as a besieged city. I need then an honorable man who can lend himself generally to all my needs.

I feel that I might not have been, for the "I" consists in my thought; therefore I, who think, had not been had my mother been killed before I had life. So I am not a necessary being. Neither am I eternal nor infinite; but I see plainly there is in nature a necessary being, eternal and infinite.

We never teach men to be gentlemen, but we teach them everything else; and they never pique themselves so much on all the rest as on knowing how to be gentlemen. They pique themselves only on knowing the one thing they have not learnt.

I put it down as a fact that if all men knew what each said of the other, there would not be four friends in the world. This is evident from the quarrels which arise from indiscreet reports made from time to time.

Were we to dream the same thing every night, this would affect us as much as the objects we see every day; and were an artisan sure to dream every night,

for twelve hours at a stretch, that he was a king, I think he would be almost as happy as a king who should dream every night for twelve hours at a stretch that he was an artisan.

Should we dream every night that we were pursued by enemies, and harassed by these painful phantoms, or that we were passing all our days in various occupations, as in traveling, we should suffer almost as much as if the dream were real, and should fear to sleep, as now we fear to wake when we expect in truth to enter on such misfortunes. And in fact, it would bring about nearly the same troubles as the reality.

But since dreams are all different, and each single dream is diversified, what we see in them affects us much less than what we see when awake, because that is continuous; not indeed so continuous and level as never to change, but the change is less abrupt — except occasionally, as when we travel, and then we say, "I think I am dreaming," for life is but a little less inconstant dream.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

WHEN Louis XIV became possessed of a number of the letters of Madame de Sévigné, upon the arrest of her friend Fouquet, the Superintendent of Finance, he proclaimed that their style was matchless in grace of thought and expression; and the little court world which took from the king its opinions, on matters of taste as in so much else, henceforth placed her at the head of that group of charming women who wrote charming letters in seventeenth-century France. Her subsequent correspondence was frequently handed about from friend to friend; and the interest it excited depended quite as much upon the amusing news of the court and the salons which it contained, as upon the style in which the agreeable gossip was related. That in later times, however, her name should stand high in the literature of France, and her house be visited as the shrine of her gracious memory, was anticipated by none of her contemporaries; least of all by herself.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, the only child of Celse Bénigne de Rabutin, Baron de Chantal, and of Marie de Coulanges his wife, was born in the Château de Bourbilly, Burgundy, on February 5, 1626. Left an orphan when seven years old, she was consigned to the care of her uncle Philippe de Coulanges; and upon his death in 1636 she became the charge of his brother Christophe de Coulanges, Abbé de Livry. To the latter she was indebted for her careful education under the best masters of the day — among them Chapelain and Ménage. Of the training received from "Le Bien-bon," as she termed her uncle, she says: "I owe to him the sweetness and repose of my life; all my gaiety, my good-humor, my vivacity. In a word, he has made me what I am, such as you have seen me; and worthy of your esteem and of your friendship."

When eighteen years old, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal married Henri, Marquis de Sévigné — a profligate young noble of a distinguished Breton family. It was said of him, "He loved everywhere; but never anything so amiable as his own wife." He was killed in 1651 in a duel, undertaken in defense of an unworthy name, leaving his wife with a young son and daughter. Madame de Sévigné spent the early years of her widowhood with her children at "Les Rochers" — her husband's estate in Brittany — returning to Paris in 1654. Charles de Sévigné, her eldest child, inherited his father's pleasure-loving nature; and during the years of his early manhood caused his mother much anxiety. On resigning his commission in the army, he retired to his estate in Brittany, married a good woman, became "serious," and spent the rest of his years in the study of the Fathers and of Horace.

When Madame de Sévigné presented her daughter Françoise at court, this "prettiest girl in France" seemed destined to set the world on fire. On her the affection of the mother's heart, which had met disappointment in so many other directions, was lavished. Mademoiselle de Sévigné married in 1668 François Adhémar de Monteil, Comte de Grignan; and the following year went with him to Provence, where he exercised viceregal functions — nominally during the minority of the Duc de Vendôme, but as the duke never in fact assumed authority, the count was the actual ruler of the province for forty years. From the moment when, on entering her daughter's vacant room, Madame de Sévigné's grief was renewed at sight of the familiar objects, relief was found only in pouring forth her heart in constant letters to Madame de Grignan, which every courier carried to Provence. The wonderful series is as vividly fresh now as then, when by the direct aid of Providence and the postal service of the day they reached Château Grignan on its heights above the sea.

The letters were full of domestic and public news: the details of daily life, the books the writer had read, the people she had met; what was said, thought, and suspected in the world of Paris. Very much too of contemporary history is woven into the correspondence. The letters addressed in 1664 to M. de Pomponne, the former minister of Louis XIV, then living in exile on his estate, contain the most vivid and detailed account of the trial of Superintendent Fouquet which remains to us. In them the course of the proceedings is daily related, the character of witnesses and judges discussed, the nature of the testimony weighed, and the hopes and anxieties of the prisoner's friends communicated. There are among the collection letters to other friends; but the mass of the correspondence was addressed to Madame de Grignan, and it contains a detailed account of the mother's life from 1670 to 1696.

Madame de Sévigné died at Château Grignan, on April 18, 1696, and was buried in the church of Grignan. Her tomb was undisturbed during the storms of the Revolution, and may still be seen.

Unauthorized editions of a portion of the letters of Madame de Sévigné were published in 1726; but so incomplete and full of errors were the collections, that her granddaughter, Madame de Simiane, was forced very reluctantly to consent to the issuing of the correspondence in a more correct form and under her own supervision. She disliked the publicity thus given to private letters, however, believing that "one should be at liberty to be witty with impunity in one's family." Even this last-named collection was not complete; and diligent research has subsequently increased the number of letters, and given rise to numerous editions of the entire correspondence.

Into the literary work of Madame de Sévigné no moral purpose obtrudes, although it unconsciously reveals not only her intellectual power but also the strongly ethical bent of her character. It had no other inspiration than the passion of motherhood, which was her controlling impulse; was conceived

without reference to audience or critics, without a thought of inspection by other eyes than those of her daughter. She wrote of the world, but not for the world; to amuse Madame de Grignan, and relieve her own heart by expressing the love and longing which filled it. The correspondence is full of wit, of humor, of epigram; not designed to dazzle or attract, but after the manner of a highly endowed and highly cultured nature. Her style, formed under the guidance of authors of distinction, has become a model for imitation throughout the world. Her language is pure in form and graceful in expression. It is true that in the freedom of family correspondence, she occasionally used provincial terms; but they were always borrowed with due acknowledgment of their source — not as being a part of the personal *appanage* of the writer. It was said of her: "You don't read her letters, you think she is speaking; you listen to her." To her friends so much of Madame de Sévigné's personal attraction was associated with what she wrote, that it is not strange they could not dissever them. Even after the lapse of two centuries, that personal grace and charm is so present in the written speech, that we can believe in what was said of her by her cousin Count Bussy de Rabutin: —

"No one was ever weary in her society. She was one of those people who should never have died; as there are others who should never have been born."

TO HER COUSIN, M. DE COULANGES

From the 'Correspondence'

PARIS, Monday, December 15, 1670.

I AM going to tell you something most astonishing, most surprising, most miraculous, most triumphant, most bewildering, most unheard-of, most singular, most extraordinary, most incredible, most unexpected, most important, most insignificant, most rare, most ordinary, most startling, most secret (until today), most brilliant, most enviable; finally, something of which past ages furnish only one example, and that example is not exactly similar. Something which we in Paris can hardly credit, and how then can it be believed at Lyons? Something which makes all the world cry "Bless me!" Something which overwhelms Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hauterive with joy. [From seeing a royal lady marry below her rank as they had done.] Something, finally, which is to happen on Sunday, when those who will see it will think they are blind. Something which will happen on Sunday, and yet by Monday may not be done. I can't make up my mind to tell you — you must divine it. I'll give you three guesses. Do you give it up? Well, then, I must tell you: M. de Lauzun [The Duke of Lauzun] is to marry on Sun-

day, at the Louvre — can you imagine whom? I'll give you three guesses, I'll give you ten, I'll give you a hundred! I know Madame de Coulanges will say, "That is not difficult to imagine. It is Mademoiselle de la Vallière." Not at all, madame. "Is it then Mademoiselle de Retz?" By no means; you are far astray. "Ah, yes; we are stupid: it must be Mademoiselle Colbert!" you say. Still less. "It certainly is then Mademoiselle de Créqui?" You are not right yet. I shall have to tell you. He is to marry — on Sunday at the Louvre, by permission of the King — Mademoiselle — Mademoiselle de — Mademoiselle — now tell me her name! On my word — on my sacred word — on my word of honor — MADEMOISELLE! LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE; Mademoiselle the daughter of the late Monsieur [Gaston, Duke of Orleans, uncle to Louis XIV]; Mademoiselle the granddaughter of Henry the Fourth; Mademoiselle d'Eu; Mademoiselle de Dombes; Mademoiselle de Montpensier; Mademoiselle d'Orleans; Mademoiselle, first cousin to the King; Mademoiselle, destined to a throne; Mademoiselle, the only match in France who was worthy of Monsieur! [Philippe, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV, whom she had refused.] This is a pretty subject for reflection! If you exclaim, if you are beside yourself, if you say I am telling a lie, that it is all false, that I am making fun of you, that it is a joke and rather a stupid one too — we shall agree that you are right: we have said the same thing. Adieu: the letters which go by this post will show you whether we are telling the truth or not.

TO M. DE COULANGES

PARIS, Friday, December 19, 1670.

WHAT happened yesterday evening at the Tuileries is what one might call a fall from the clouds — but I must begin at the beginning. You heard of the joy, of the transports, of the bliss, of the princess and her fortunate lover. It was on Monday that the affair was announced as I wrote you. Tuesday passed in talking — in wondering — in complimenting. On Wednesday Mademoiselle made a donation to M. de Lauzun, with the object of endowing him with the titles, names, and necessary decorations, that they might be enumerated in the marriage contract, which was made the same day. She gave him, in preparation for something better, four duchies: the first was the county of Eu, which is the first peerage in France; the duchy of Montpensier, whose title he bore through that day; the duchy of Saint Fargeau; the duchy of Châtellerault — the whole valued at twenty-two millions. The contract was finally prepared, in which he took the name of Montpensier. On Thursday morning — which was yesterday — Mademoiselle hoped that the King would sign the contract, as he had agreed

to do; but about seven o'clock in the evening, the Queen, Monsieur, and some busybodies convinced the King that this affair would injure his reputation. Accordingly, having summoned Mademoiselle and M. de Lauzun, his Majesty announced to them, before M. le Prince, that he forbade them absolutely to think of the marriage. M. de Lauzun received this order with all respect and submission, all the firmness and all the despair, which became so great a fall. But Mademoiselle — characteristically — burst into tears, shrieks, and groans, and bitter complaints. She kept her bed the whole day, taking nothing but bouillons.

TO HER DAUGHTER, MADAME DE GRIGNAN

THE PANGS OF SEPARATION

LIVRY, Holy Wednesday, March 25, 1671.

I HAVE been here three hours, my dear child. I left Paris with the Abbé, Hélène, Hébert, and Marphise [her pet dog], with the intention of retiring from the world and its tumult until Thursday evening. I am supposed to be in retreat. I am making a kind of little "La Trappe," where I may pray to God and indulge in a thousand pious reflections. I have resolved to fast here, for various reasons: to make up in walking for all the time that I have been in my room; and chiefly, to be bored for the love of God. But what I shall do far better than all these, is to think of you, my child. I have not ceased to do so since I arrived; and not being able to restrain all my feelings, I have seated myself to write to you, at the end of this little shady walk which you love, upon a mossy bank where I have so often seen you lying. But, *mon Dieu!* where have I not seen you here! and how these memories grieve my heart! There is no place, no spot — either in the house or in the church, in the country or in the garden — where I have not seen you. Everything brings some memory to mind; and whatever it may be, it makes my heart ache. I see you; you are present to me. I think of everything and think again. My brain and my heart grow confused. But in vain I turn — in vain I seek: that dear child whom I passionately love is two hundred leagues distant from me. I have her no more; and then I weep, and cannot cease. My love, that is weakness; but as for me, I do not know how to be strong against a feeling so powerful and so natural.

I cannot tell in what frame of mind you will be when reading this letter: perhaps chance may bring it to you inopportunely, and it may not be read in the spirit in which it is written — but for that there is no remedy. To write it at least consoles me now; that is all I ask of it at present, for the state into which this place has thrown me is inconceivable. Do not speak of my weaknesses; but you must love and respect my tears, since they proceed from a heart which is wholly yours.

THE SUICIDE OF VATEL

PARIS, Sunday, April 26, 1671.

THIS letter will not go before Wednesday; but this is not a letter — only an account of what Moreuil has just told me for your benefit, concerning Vatel. I wrote you on Friday that he had stabbed himself: here is the story in detail.

The King arrived on Thursday evening; the promenade, the collation — served on a lawn carpeted with jonquils — all was perfect. At supper there were a few tables where the roast was wanting, on account of some guests whose arrival had not been expected. This mortified Vatel, who said several times, "My honor is gone: I can never survive this shame." He also said to Gourville, "My head swims. I have not slept for twelve nights. Help me give the orders." Gourville encouraged him as well as he could. The roast had not been wanting at the King's table; but he could not forget that there was none at the twenty-fifth. Gourville told M. le Prince, who went immediately to Vatel's room, and said to him, "Vatel, everything is going on well. Nothing could be finer than the King's supper." He replied, "My lord, your goodness overwhelms me. I know that the roast was missing at two tables." "Not at all," said M. le Prince. "Don't disturb yourself: everything is going on well." Midnight came; the fireworks, which cost sixteen thousand francs, did not succeed, on account of the fog. At four o'clock in the morning, Vatel, going through the château, found everyone asleep. He met a young steward, who had brought only two hampers of fish: he asked, "Is that all?" — "Yes, sir." The lad did not know that Vatel had sent to all the seaports. Vatel waited some time; the other purveyors did not arrive: his brain reeled; he believed no more fish could be had: and finding Gourville, he said, "My dear sir, I shall never survive this disgrace." Gourville ridiculed him. Vatel went up to his chamber, placed his sword against the door, and stabbed himself to the heart; but only on the third attempt — for he gave himself two thrusts which were not mortal — did he fall dead. Meanwhile the fish arrived from every quarter; and seeking for Vatel to give it out, they went to his room, knocked, burst in the door, and found him drowned in his blood. They ran to M. le Prince, who was in despair. M. le Duc wept; his father told the king in sorrow. It was said that this occurred because Vatel had a high sense of honor. He was praised; and his courage both praised and blamed. The King said that he had deferred going to Chantilly for five years because he knew how much trouble his visit would cause. He told M. le Prince that he ought only to have two tables, and not provide for everybody. He vowed that he would no longer permit M. le Prince to do so; but it was too late for poor Vatel. Gourville, however, tried to make up for his loss, in which he succeeded. They all dined very well: had a collation and a supper — walked — played — hunted. Everything was perfumed with jonquils; all was enchantment.

SEPARATION ONCE MORE

MONTELIMART, Thursday, October 5, 1673.

THIS is a terrible day, my dear child. I confess to you I can bear no more. I have left you in a state which increases my grief. I think of all the steps you are taking away from me, and those I take away from you, and how impossible that walking in this manner we shall ever meet again. My heart is at rest when it is near you; that is its natural state, and the only one which can give it peace. What happened this morning gave me keen sorrow, and a pang of which your philosophy can divine the reasons. I have felt and shall long feel them. My heart and my imagination are filled with you. I cannot think of you without weeping, and of you I am always thinking: so that my present state is unendurable; as it is so extreme, I hope its violence may not last. I am seeking for you everywhere, and I find that all things are wanting since I have not you. My eyes, which for fourteen months have gazed upon you, find you no more. The happy time that is past makes the present unhappy — at least until I am a little accustomed to it; but I shall never be so wonted to it as not to wish ardently to see and embrace you again. I cannot expect more of the future than of the past. I know what your absence has made me suffer. I am henceforth still more to be pitied, because I have made the habit of seeing you necessary to me. It seems to me that I did not embrace you enough when we parted: why should I have refrained? I have never told you often enough what happiness your tenderness gives me. I have never enough commended you to M. de Grignan, nor thanked him enough for all his courtesy and friendship towards me. In a word, I only live for you, my child. God give me the grace some day to love him as I love you. Adieu, my beloved child: love me always. Alas! we must be content now with letters.

COURT GOSSIP

PARIS, Friday, January 5, 1674.

M. DE GRIGNAN is right in saying that Madame de Thiange no longer wears rouge or low dresses. You would hardly recognize her in this disguise, but nothing is more certain. She is often with Madame de Longueville, and quite on the higher plane of devotion. She is always very good company, and not at all a recluse. The other day I was near her at dinner: a servant handed her a large glass of wine; she said to me, "Madame, this man does not know that I am religious" — which made

us all laugh. She speaks very naturally of her good intentions, and of her change of mind; takes care of what she says of her neighbor, and when some unkind word escapes her, she stops short, and cries out against her evil habit. As for me, I find her more amiable than ever. People are willing to wager that the Princess d'Harcourt will not be *dévote* a year from now — having been made lady of the palace — and that she will use rouge again; for rouge is the law and the prophets — Christianity itself turns upon rouge. As for the Duchesse d'Aumont, her fad is to bury the dead: it is said that on the frontier, the Duchesse de Charost killed people for her with her badly compounded remedies, and that the other promptly buried them. The Marquise d'Auxelles is very amusing in relating all that, but La Marans is better still. I met Madame de Schomberg, who told me very seriously that she was a *dévote* of the first rank, both as regards retreats and penitence: going no longer into society, and even declining religious amusements. This is what is called "worshiping God in spirit and in truth," with the simplicity of the Early Church.

The ladies of the palace are under strict discipline: the King has had an explanation with them, and desires that the Queen should always have them in attendance. Madame de Richelieu, although she no longer waits at table, is always present at the Queen's dinner, with four ladies who serve in turn. The Comtesse d'Ayen, the sixth, is in dread of this office, and of not going every day to vespers, to the sermon, or to *salut*. Indeed, nothing in this world is so saintly. As to the Marquise de Castelnau, she is fair, fresh, and consoled. *L'Eclair,* people say, has only changed apartments, at which the first floor is ill pleased. Madame de Louvigny does not seem sufficiently pleased with her good fortune. She cannot be pardoned for not loving her husband as much as she did at first — which is certainly the first occasion on which the public has been scandalized at such a fault. Madame de Brissac is lovely, and dwells in the shadow of the late Princesse de Conti. Her affairs with her father are in arbitration; and poor M. d'Arnusson says he has never seen a woman so honest and so frank. Madame de Cresqueu is very much as you have seen her. She has had made a skirt of black velvet, with heavy embroidery of gold and silver, and a mantle of flame-colored tissue, with gold and silver. This costume cost enormous sums: but although she was really resplendent, people thought her dressed like an actress; and she was so unmercifully laughed at that she did not dare to wear it again.

La Manierosa is somewhat chagrined at not being lady of the palace. Madame de Dura, who does not wish the honor, ridicules her. La Troche is, as you have known her, passionately devoted to your interests. The ladies of the palace have been slandered in a way that made me laugh. I said "Let us revenge ourselves by abusing them." Guilleragues said yesterday that Pelisson abused the privilege which men possess of being ugly.

THE EXECUTION OF MME. DE BRINVILLIERS, THE POISONER

PARIS, July 17, 1676.

AT last it is all over, the Brinvilliers woman is in the air; her poor little body was thrown, after the execution, into a huge fire, and her ashes cast to the winds, so that we shall be breathing her in, and through the channel of the animal spirits some whim for poisoning will seize upon us, which will surprise us mightily. She had been tried by yesterday: this morning they read her sentence, which was that she should make public confession at Notre-Dame, and have her head cut off, her body burned, and the ashes strown to the winds. They brought her up for examination by torture; she said that there was no need for it and that she would confess everything. And in fact she was busy telling the story of her life up to five o'clock that evening — it was even more dreadful than had been imagined. Ten times running she poisoned her father, without success; then her brothers and several other people — and all through she intermingled talk of love and of secrets. None the less, after this confession, they next morning put her to the ordinary and extraordinary question [the torture]. She said nothing more. . . . At six, they brought her, naked in her shift, with a cord about her neck to Notre-Dame, to make public confession. Then they took her back in the same tumbril, where I saw her, flung down on some straw with a low coif on and in her shift, a doctor on one side of her and the executioner on the other — really, it made me shudder. Those who saw the execution say she mounted the scaffold very courageously. For myself, I was on the Pont Notre-Dame. Never were there such crowds to be seen; never was Paris so moved and so absorbed. And when you ask most people what they saw — they saw, like me, nothing but a bonnet. At any rate, the whole day was devoted to this tragedy.

JACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET

JACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET, the greatest Roman Catholic divine France has ever produced, and one of her finest prose writers and orators, was born at Dijon in Burgundy, September 27, 1627. He came of good middle-class stock, his father having been a successful lawyer and a judge. Bossuet received his training partly at Dijon, from the Jesuits, and partly at Paris in the Collège de Navarre. Entering the ministry, he was appointed Archdeacon of Sarrebourg in 1652; during his stay of seven years at Metz he made a name for himself as a controversialist. The nature of the district was such that he early came into contact with both Lutheran and Calvinist Protestantism, as well as with Judaism, and it is recorded that Bossuet made numerous converts to Catholicism by his zeal and eloquence.

After returning to Paris, Bossuet added to his fame by preaching in various churches and at court. In 1699 he was invited to deliver the funeral oration of Henrietta of France, the widow of Charles I of England. The following year he spoke in commemoration of her daughter, Henrietta of England. Both speeches were magnificent pieces of French oratory — impassioned yet under perfect control.

The king then selected Bossuet as the tutor of his son, the Dauphin. Bossuet did his best with rather recalcitrant material. Certainly the Dauphin, under his hand, showed no signs of being either particularly bright or particularly amiable; but the connection between the two resulted in the tutor's writing for the instruction of his pupil three notable treatises, one of which, the 'Discourse upon Universal History,' was among the finest things Bossuet ever composed.

In 1680, Bossuet left the Dauphin, who was soon to be married, and a year later he was made Bishop of Meaux. In the General Assembly of the French clergy, held in 1682 to assert the national character of the Gallican Church, and to enunciate its subjection in civil matters to the king rather than to the Pope, he played a conspicuous part. As a result, his chances of obtaining a cardinal's hat faded away. On the other hand, the king saw in Bossuet a most valuable ally, the supporter of his political absolutism. When Bossuet urged the suppression of Protestantism as a means of making even more complete the consolidation of the kingdom under a single head and with a single faith, Louis XIV was only too ready to give the word. The Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685, and France consolidated indeed, but at a heavy cost.

In his later years, Bossuet became involved in a religious controversy with Fénelon, then Archbishop of Cambrai, over the mystical doctrine known as

"Quietism." He succeeded in making Fénelon recant, but the fierce zeal he had shown caused some criticism of his harshness. There was, however, no personal jealousy in Bossuet's action; for him it was purely a matter of principle. Up to the time of his death on April 12, 1704, Bossuet continued to give the closest attention to the spiritual welfare of the French people; he was always regarded as a model bishop.

The greatest and best-known of his longer works was undoubtedly his 'History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches' (1688). Here we see him at his best as an historian and controversialist, endeavoring to show that the Protestants had no means of controlling their religious doctrines, once they rejected tradition and authority. In support of his thesis, Bossuet most ably marshals the facts of the Reformation; the closeness of his reasoning is admirable.

Bossuet delivered, too, eleven funeral orations, one of which — that on Anne of Austria, widow of Louis XIII — has been lost. Of the others, four are youthful productions, and deal with comparatively unimportant people. The remaining six are known as the *great* funeral orations; they were delivered between 1669 and 1687. The most notable, critics are agreed, are those on Henrietta of France, on Henrietta of England, and on Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé. Bossuet's method was to make the occasion of some well-known person's death the basis of a meditation on life and death in general, which he set forth in pure luminous French. Although the more ornate passages of these speeches are those most often quoted, it is a fact that Bossuet was nearly always simple, direct, and classically unadorned.

OPENING OF THE FUNERAL ORATION ON HENRIETTA OF FRANCE

[This oration was delivered in the presence of the Duke of Orleans, son-in-law of Henrietta of France; it is he whom Bossuet addresses in beginning his speech.]

My Lord:

HE who reigns in heaven and who is the Lord of all the empires, to whom alone majesty, glory, and independence belong, is also the only one who glories in dictating laws to kings, and in giving them, when it so pleases him, great and terrible lessons. Whether he raises or lowers thrones; whether he communicates his own power to princes, or reclaims it all and leaves them nothing but their own weakness, he teaches them their duties in a manner both sovereign and worthy of him; for when giving them his

power, he commands them to use it, as he does, for the good of the world; and he shows them in withdrawing it that all their majesty is borrowed, and that, though seated on the throne, they are nevertheless under his hand and supreme authority. Thus does he teach princes, not only by words but by deeds and examples. "*Et nunc, reges, intelligite; erudimini, qui judicatis terram.*" [Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.]

Christians, ye who have been called from all sides to this ceremony by the memory of a great Queen — daughter, wife, mother of powerful kings and of sovereigns of three kingdoms — this speech will bring before you one of those conspicuous examples which spread before the eyes of the world its absolute vanity. You will see in a single life all the extremes of human affairs: boundless felicity and boundless misery; a long and peaceful possession of one of the world's noblest crowns; all that can be given of the glories of birth and rank gathered upon a head which is afterwards exposed to all the insults of fortune; the good cause at first rewarded by success, then met by sudden turns and unheard-of changes; rebellion long restrained, at last overriding everything; unbridled licentiousness; the destruction of all laws; royal majesty insulted by crimes before unknown; usurpation and tyranny under the name of liberty; a queen pursued by her enemies, and finding no refuge in either of her kingdoms; her own native land become a melancholy place of exile; many voyages across the sea undertaken by a princess, in spite of the tempest; the ocean surprised at being crossed so often, in such different ways, and for so different causes; a throne shamefully destroyed and miraculously restored. Those are the lessons which are given by God to the kings; thus does He show to the world the emptiness of its pomps and splendors. If I lack words, if expression is unable to do justice to a subject of such magnitude and loftiness, things alone will speak sufficiently; the heart of a great queen [the Queen's heart was kept in the church where Bossuet was speaking], formerly raised by long years of prosperity and suddenly plunged into an abyss of bitterness, will speak loudly enough; and if private characters are not allowed to give lessons to princes upon such strange occurrences, a king lends me his voice to tell them. "*Et nunc, reges, intelligite; erudimini, qui judicatis terram:*" Understand now, ye kings of the earth; learn, ye who judge the world.

But the wise and religious Princess who is the subject of this discourse was not simply a spectacle presented to them that they may study therein the counsels of Divine Providence and the fatal revolutions of monasteries: she was her own instructor, while God instructed all princes through her example. I have said already that the Divine Lord teaches them both by giving and by taking away their power. The Queen of whom I speak understood one of these lessons as well as the other, contrary as they are, which means that in good as well as in evil fortune she behaved as a Christian. In the one she was charitable, in the other invincible. While prosperous she made her power felt by the world through infinite blessings; when fortune forsook her, she en-

larged her own treasure of virtues, so that she lost for her own good this royal power which she had had for the good of others. And if her subjects, if her allies, if the Church Universal were the gainers by her greatness, she gained by her misfortunes and humiliations more than she had done by all her glory.

FROM THE 'DISCOURSE UPON UNIVERSAL HISTORY'

INTRODUCTION

EVEN were history useless to other men, it would still be necessary to have it read by princes. There is no better way of making them discover what can be brought about by passions and interests, by times and circumstances, by good and bad advice. The books of historians are filled with the actions that occupy them, and everything therein seems to have been done for their use. If experience is necessary to them for acquiring that prudence which enables them to become good rulers, nothing is more useful to their instruction than to add to the example of past centuries the experiences with which they meet every day. While usually they learn to judge of the dangerous circumstances that surround them, only at the expense of their subjects and of their own glory, by the help of history they form their judgment upon the events of the past without risking anything. When they see even the most completely hidden vices of princes exposed to the eyes of all men, in spite of the insincere praise which they received while alive, they feel ashamed of the empty joy which flattery gives them, and they acknowledge that true glory cannot obtain without real merit.

Moreover, it would be disgraceful — I do not say for a prince, but in general for any educated man — not to know the human kind and the memorable changes which took place in the world through the lapse of ages. If we do not learn from history to distinguish the times, we shall represent men under the law of nature, or under the civil law, the same as under the sway of the gospel; we shall speak of the Persians conquered under Alexander in the same way as of the Persians victorious under Cyrus; we shall represent Greece as free in the time of Philip as in the time of Themistocles or Miltiades; the Roman people as proud under the Emperors as under the Consuls; the Church as quiet under Diocletian as under Constantine; and France, disturbed by civil wars under Charles IX and Henri III, as powerful as in the time of Louis XIV, when, united under such a great King, alone she triumphs over the whole of Europe.

PUBLIC SPIRIT IN ROME

HE who can put into the minds of the people patience in labor, a feeling for glory and the nation's greatness, and love of their country, can boast of having framed the political constitution best fitted for the production of great men. It is undoubtedly to great men that the strength of an empire is due. Nature never fails to bring forth in all countries lofty minds and hearts; but we must assist it in forming them. What forms and perfects them consists of strong feelings and noble impressions which spread through all minds and invisibly pass from one to another. What is it that makes our nobility so proud in battle, so bold in its undertakings? It is the opinion received from childhood and established by the unanimous sentiment of the nation, that a nobleman without valor degrades himself and is no longer worthy to see the light of day. All the Romans were nurtured in these sentiments, and the common people vied with the aristocracy as to who would in action be most faithful to these vigorous maxims. . . . The fathers who did not bring their children up in these maxims, and in the manner necessary to enable them to serve the State, were called into court before the magistrates and there adjudged guilty of a crime against the public. When such a course has been entered upon, great men produce great men to succeed them; and if Rome has had such men in greater number than any other city, it is nowise due to chance; it is because the Roman State, constituted in the manner which we have described, possessed as it were the very nature that must needs be most prolific of heroes.

NICOLAS BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX

THE name of Louis XIV suggests ultra-lavishness in life and taste; a time when French society, surfeited with pleasure, demanded the stimulus of continual novelty in current literature. The natural result was *preciosité,* hyperbole, falsetto sentiment, which ranked the unusual above the natural, clever conceit above careful workmanship. It was tainted with artificiality, and now seems mawkish and superficial. All this was changed by Boileau. Perhaps no author unendowed with genius has ever so influenced literature.

Aside from his work, the man and his life seem essentially commonplace. Nicolas Boileau, who, adding another name to his own — quite a fashion then — was usually called Despréaux by his contemporaries, was born at Paris in 1636, in the palace court, nearly opposite the Sainte-Chapelle. He rarely went farther from the city than to the little house at Auteuil where he spent twenty summers. Hence he knew his Paris very intimately, and was limited too by knowing only her life and thought. His was not an intense nature, and probably no training could have made the didactic poet lyric or passionate. Sincerity and common-sense were his predominating qualities, and he had the rare faculty of obedience to his own instincts. He first studied for the priesthood, but anything like mysticism was too repellent to his matter-of-fact mind. Then, as many of his family had been lawyers, he naturally turned toward that career. In spite of his literary tastes, there was something extremely mundane about the pleasure-loving bachelor, so fond of good eating and of jovial café revels with Racine, Furetière, Ninon de Lenclos, and other witty Bohemians. With them he was much happier than in the more fastidious society of the Hôtel Rambouillet, from which he retired after reading aloud a satiric poem not favorably received. Neither was he happy at court, in spite of the favor of Louis XIV, who, entertained by his rough honesty, gave him a pension of two thousand francs. Later, when appointed with Racine to write a history of the reign — that unfortunate history which was accidentally burned — we find him an unwilling follower on royal expeditions, his ungainly horsemanship the mock of high-bred courtiers. In fact, he was bourgeois through and through, and not at ease with the aristocrats. He was so often called miserly as well as malicious that it is pleasant to remember certain illustrations of his nobler side. The man who offered to resign his own pension if that of old disfavored Corneille might be continued, and when the latter was forced to sell his library, paid him its full value and then left him in lifelong possession — was generous if he did love to save sous. His was a fine inde-

pendence, which felt his art too lofty for purchase, and would accept nothing from the booksellers. Boileau was unfortunate enough to outlive his generation; after a melancholy old age, he died in 1711.

He had always wished to be a poet. Feeble of body, asthmatic, and in later life deaf and almost deprived of voice, he found in writing all the charm of a brilliant and ingenious game. Then too he had something definite to say, as all his work consistently testifies. In 1660 he published a satire upon the vices of Paris, which inaugurated his great success. Seven satires appeared in 1666, and he afterward added five others. Their malicious wit, their novel form, the harmonious swing of the couplets, forced immediate attention. They held up contemporary literary weaknesses to scorn, and indulged in the most merciless personalities, sparing not even his own brother, the poet Gilles Boileau. All retorts upon himself the author bore with a complacent superiority which forced his adversaries to feel worsted.

From 1666 to 1674 most of the 'Epistles' were written; and also his best known work, 'L'Art Poétique' [The Art of Poetry], published in 1674. In the satires he had been destructive, but he was too practical to be merely negative. The 'Art of Poetry,' modeled after Horace's work of that name, offers a theory of poetic composition. It is a work in four cantos of couplets: the first setting forth general rules of metrical composition; the second a dissertation upon different forms — ode, sonnet, pastoral, and others; the third treating tragedy, comedy, and epic poetry; and the last consisting of general reflections and advice to authors. Briefly stated, Boileau's desire was to establish literature upon a foundation of unchanging laws. Why did some works speedily die while others endure through the centuries? Because works akin to the eternal classics did not, like much contemporary writing, reflect the trivial and evanescent. They contained what is perennially true of humanity; and stated this in a simple, interesting, and reasonable way. Above all, Boileau demands truth in subject, and the conscientious workmanship which finds the most suitable form of expression. To see a word at the end of a couplet only because it rhymes with the word above it, he finds inexcusable. Without a method resulting in unity, clearness, and proportion, writing is not literature. Later, in his 'Reflections upon Longinus,' Boileau repeated and emphasized these views.

His mock-heroic poem 'Le Lutrin' [The Reading-Desk], ridiculing clerical pettinesses, was strong in realistic descriptions, and was perhaps his most popular work.

A modern poet's definition of poetry as "the heat and height of sane emotion" would have been unintelligible to Boileau. Deficient in imagination, he always saw life on its material side, and was irritated by any display of emotion not reducible to logic. His great strength lay in a taste which recognized harmony and fitness instinctively.

But after all, it is less as a poet than as a critic, "the lawgiver of the French Parnassus," that the world has always known Boileau. Before him the art of

criticism had hardly existed. Authors had received indiscriminate praise or blame, usually founded upon interested motives or personal bias; but there had been little comparison with an acknowledged standard. This "slashing reviewer in verse," as Saintsbury calls him, was a severe pedagogue, but his public did learn their lesson. He made mistakes, was neither broad-minded nor profound in attainments, was occasionally unjust; but he showed readers why they should praise or blame; taught them appreciation of his greater friends Molière and Racine; and pointed out to authors what their purpose should be.

ADVICE TO AUTHORS

From 'The Art of Poetry'

THERE is a kind of writer pleased with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compassed round —
No reason can disperse them with its light;
Learn then to think, ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
The expression follows, perfect or impure;
What we conceive with ease we can express;
Words to the notions flow with readiness.

Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease if uncouth language give offense;
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve;
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.

Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast;
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleased we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters, on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labor not afraid;
A hundred times consider what you've said;
Polish, repolish, every color lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away.

'Tis not enough, when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scattered sparks of wit;
Each object must be fixed in the true place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace;
Till, by a curious art disposed, we find
One perfect whole of all the pieces joined.
Keep to your subject close in all you say,
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.

The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe;
Fantastic wits their darling follies love,
But find you faithful friends that will reprove,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies.
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like, but means not what he says;
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.

A sycophant will everything admire;
Each verse, each sentence, sets his soul on fire;
All is divine! there's not a word amiss!
He shakes with joy and weeps with tenderness;
He overpowers you with his mighty praise.

Truth never moves in those impetuous ways.
A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine,
Reprove of words the too-affected sound —
"Here the sense flags, and your expression's bound,
Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain;
Your term's improper; — make it just and plain."
Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use.
But authors partial to their darling muse
Think to protect it they have just pretense,
And at your friendly counsel take offense.
"Said you of this, that the expression's flat?
Your servant, sir, you must excuse me that,"
He answers you. — "This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out." — "That, sir, 's the properest place."

"This term I like not." — "'Tis approved by all."
Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
If there's a symbol as to which you doubt,
'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out.
Yet still he says you may his faults confute,
And over him your power is absolute.
But of his feigned humility take heed:
'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read;
And when he leaves you, happy in his muse,
Restless he runs some other to abuse,
And often finds; for in our scribbling times
No fool can lack a fool to praise his rimes;
The flattest work has here within the court
Met with some zealous ass for its support;
And in all times a forward scribbling fop
Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

THE PASTORAL, THE ELEGY, THE ODE, AND THE EPIGRAM

From 'The Art of Poetry'

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
But without gold, or pearl, or costly scents,
Gathers from neighboring fields her ornaments;
Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral.
Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the rattling of a lofty verse;
There native beauty pleases and excites,
And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights.

But in this style a poet, often spent
In rage, throws by his rural instrument,
And vainly, when disordered thoughts abound,
Amidst the eclogue makes the trumpet sound;
Pan flies alarmed into the neighboring woods,
And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.

Opposed to this, another, low in style,
Makes shepherds speak a language low and vile;

His writings, flat and heavy, without sound,
Kissing the earth and creeping on the ground;
You'd swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,
Again was quavering to the country swains,
And changing, without care of sound or dress,
Strephon and Phyllis into Tom and Bess.

'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right:
For guides take Virgil and read Theocrite;
Be their just writings, by the gods inspired,
Your constant pattern, practised and admired.
By them alone you'll easy comprehend
How poets without shame may condescend
To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers and fruit,
To stir up shepherds and to tune the flute;
Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
Daphne a tree, Narcissus make a flower,
And by what means the eclogue yet has power
To make the woods worthy a conqueror;
This of their writings is the grace and flight;
Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful style,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;
It paints the lover's torments and delights,
A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites;
But well these raptures if you'll make us see,
You must know love as well as poetry.

I hate those lukewarm authors, whose forced fire
In a cold style describes a hot desire;
That sigh by rule, and raging in cold blood,
Their sluggish muse whip to an amorous mood.
Their transports feigned appear but flat and vain;
They always sigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their prisons and their sufferings bless,
Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
'Twas not of old in this affected tone
That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;
Nor Ovid, when, instructed from above,
By nature's rule he taught the art of love.
The heart in elegies forms the discourse.

The Ode is bolder and has greater force;
Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight;
Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
And sings the lusty conqueror's glorious course;
To Simois's streams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee,
And robs the flowers by nature's chemistry;
Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and bliss
And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,
When gently she resists with feigned remorse,
That what she grants may seem to be by force.
Her generous style at random oft will part,
And by a brave disorder shows her art.

Unlike those fearful poets whose cold rime
In all their raptures keeps exactest time;
That sing the illustrious hero's mighty praise —
Lean writers! — by the terms of weeks and days,
And dare not from least circumstances part,
But take all towns by strictest rules of art.
Apollo drives those fops from his abode;
And some have said that once the humorous god,
Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
For the short Sonnet ordered this strict bound,
Set rules for the just measure and the time,
The easy-running and alternate rime;
But above all, those licenses denied
Which in these writings the lame sense supplied,
Forbade a useless line should find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace.
A faultless sonnet, finished thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.
A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,
Believe they have this only phœnix found,
When yet the exactest scarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes, from faults and censure free:
The rest, but little read, regarded less,
Are shoveled to the pastry from the press.
Closing the sense within the measured time,
'Tis hard to fit the reason to the rime.

The Epigram, with little art composed,
Is one good sentence in a distich closed.
These points, that by Italians first were prized,
Our ancient authors knew not, or despised;
The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
To their false pleasures quickly they invite;
But public favor so increased their pride,
They overwhelmed Parnassus with their tide.

The Madrigal at first was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom;
With these grave Tragedy adorned her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites,
A hero never failed them on the stage:
Without his point a lover durst not rage;
The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
True to his point, than faithful to their love.
Each word, like Janus, had a double face,
And prose, as well as verse, allowed it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorned his speech,
The parson without quibbling could not preach.
At last affronted reason looked about,
And from all serious matters shut them out;
Declared that none should use them without shame,
Except a scattering, in the epigram —
Provided that by art, and in due time,
They turned upon the thought, and not the rime.
Thus in all parts disorders did abate;
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate,
Insipid jesters and unpleasant fools,
A corporation of dull, punning drolls.
'Tis not but that sometimes a dextrous muse
May with advantage a turned sense abuse,
And on a word may trifle with address;
But above all, avoid the fond excess,
And think not, when your verse and sense are lame,
With a dull point to tag your epigram.

JEAN RACINE

BY the time French classical tragedy had reached Racine, its form and style had become definitely fixed. Like its Latin progenitors, the tragedies of Seneca, it consisted of five acts, subdivided into scenes; was written in long lines — the Alexandrine verse of twelve syllables — and observed in its stage setting and the duration of its action the unities of place and time. But in the process of assimilation to modern requirements the chorus of the ancients had been dropped, their monologues had been shortened and subjected to interruptions by the theatrical device of confidants, and Seneca's lyricism had been given a stronger admixture of the dramatic element, by the pressure of audiences which had been trained to the action and episodes of the old miracle plays. All the questions of scenic art which had been agitated for four generations, and from which Corneille's early years were not exempt, were settled before Racine began. He had only to take his structure as he found it, and fill it in with such material as would be in harmony with the French conception of tragedy.

Racine was genius enough to make a place for himself, while conforming to these limitations. Corneille had produced his dramatic effects by opposing the passion of love to some general conception of duty, honor, or patriotism. His plays treat these topics subjectively, didactically. They abound in maxims. Their characters are ideal, perhaps. Their heroes often win attention away from the heroines. Racine's method is different. He belongs to another, a new generation, inspired by a different spirit. Instead of being general, his treatment is individual. His themes relate to private life, not public. He is objective, studying humanity around him. He indulges rarely in abstract ideas. If we might apply a modern term to him we might call him realistic. Certainly he stood, as did Molière, in the eyes of his contemporaries, for a close adherence to the plain facts of existence. And in the judgment of the eighteenth century Racine was "natural."

Furthermore he worked from within outward. It is an analysis of character which he aims at, or rather a study of the effects of some passion — almost always love, or its concomitant emotions of jealousy, hatred, revenge, or remorse, rarely ambition or bigotry — on the human heart, with the actions that result from it. The dramatic solution in Racine is obtained by the clash of such passions. In other words, Racine's situations are brought about by his characters, whereas with Corneille it was the situations which produced the characters. And it so happens, whether from the very nature of things or from

a fixed purpose, that most of Racine's characters are women. Few of his men can support comparison with them.

Racine's career shows an impulsive temperament — the temperament of a poet. He was born at the small town of La Ferté-Milon, some distance to the northeast of Paris, on December 21, 1639. His Christian name, Jean, was in the family. His parents dying before he was three years old, he fell to the care of his relatives, who sent him to the college at Beauvais. Leaving this institution at the age of sixteen, he entered the Jansenist school at Port-Royal, where he imbibed that love for the Greek poets which was to manifest itself so vigorously in his later works. The foundations of an ardent piety were evidently laid here also, though they were to be hidden many years by other interests and occupations. On leaving Port-Royal in 1658, and entering Harcourt College at Paris, to receive his final training, Racine, with his literary instincts and his capacity for enjoying life, was quickly admitted to a pleasure-loving set of authors and amateurs, of whom La Fontaine the fabulist was one. Encouraged by them, he threw himself into poetry, and in 1660 attracted public attention and royal munificence by an ode, 'The Nymph of the Seine,' written on the occasion of Louis XIV's marriage. His devout family connections, alarmed for his salvation, rusticated him to the south of France, where he was to study for orders. But in 1663 this experiment was abandoned. Racine returned to Paris, met La Fontaine again, formed acquaintance with Boileau and Molière, and under their sanction began his theatrical career.

After one unsuccessful venture, his 'Thébaïde' (1664) was played by Molière's company. It was followed the next season by 'Alexandre.' Both of these dramas reflect the ideas of older authors, particularly Corneille. But in 1667, with 'Andromaque,' a delineation of maternal love in conflict with a widow's fidelity, set off by the love and jealousy of suitors and rivals, Racine found his peculiar and lasting manner. The enthusiasm aroused by the psychological analyses of 'Andromaque' had been exceeded in Paris only by the delight occasioned by the romantic declamations of 'The Cid.' He next tried a comedy of an Aristophanic bent, 'The Pleaders' (1668), a satire of legal procedure. But this was Racine's sole deviation from the tragic path. 'Britannicus' (1669), on the imperiousness of Agrippina and the baseness of Nero; 'Bérénice' (1670), the idyl of the Jewish princess forsaken by her lover Titus, for reasons of State; 'Bajazet' (1672), the vengeance of a queen on her rival and faithless lover; 'Mithridate' (1673), the Oriental despot, the enemy of Rome, disputing a girl's heart with his own son; 'Iphigénie' (1674), a mother's love, oblivious of all but the object of its passion, contrasted with filial affection and obedience — all these pictures of the heart of woman were summed up, reached their culmination, in the love, shame, jealousy, revenge, and remorse which the poet imagined in the story of 'Phèdre' (1677). The great parts in Racine were for the heroines. The heroes rarely attained the level of being even counterpoises.

A literary cabal in favor of the rhymester Pradon prevented the immediate success of 'Phèdre'; and this circumstance, coupled with his reviving devotion, led Racine to renounce the stage and its surroundings. He was made historiographer of the king, married, and divided his time between his family and the court. But the old fire was only smoldering within him. It burst forth into new and brighter flame when at the summons of Madame de Maintenon a religious drama was demanded for the girls' school at St. Cyr. The fusion of Racine's piety with the gratification of his poetic ideals was now possible; and 'Esther' (1689), a Scriptural idyl built on the model of French tragedy, with the addition of the lyric choruses of the Greeks, displayed his talent at its best. Another sacred tragedy with choruses, 'Athalie' (1691), was lost to Racine's contemporaries by doubts about the wisdom of school-girls acting. The remainder of our author's life was passed in the exercise of his official duties, in the composition of religious hymns, and the penning of biting epigrams ridiculing the playwrights of the time. He died the last year of the century, on April 26.

The first part of Racine's dramatic work, from 'Andromaque' to 'Phèdre,' being strictly within the canons of French classical tragedy, calls for no further mention. It has the beautiful restraint, the delicacy of psychological analysis, and the chiseled perfection of expression we associate with the best products of the classical spirit. But the second part, though consisting of but two plays, drawn from sacred sources, presents certain novelties. The addition of the choruses, imitated as they evidently were from Greek models, suggests that French tragedy, in its conflict with its rival the opera, would not be above borrowing some of that rival's attractions. Besides, 'Athalie,' which is regarded by many as the best example of French tragedy, takes certain liberties with the scenery and the number of persons in evidence on the stage; and this points to a modification, an enlarging, of the scope of the traditional play.

'Athalie' is also to be noticed for its plot. The element of love does not enter into it. It is the strife of an unscrupulous, ambitious, yet fluctuating woman with the direct and persevering enthusiasm of a strong man who summons the miraculous to his aid. For these divergences from the ordinary run, and for its intrinsic excellence, 'Athalie' was the constant preoccupation of French dramatists down to the reaction in the nineteenth century against all tragedy, classical or romantic. It powerfully aided in confirming Racine in the supremacy which his method, his psychology, his measured language and harmonious versification, had combined in awarding to him. The subsequent history of French tragedy is hardly more than a commentary on Racine.

Frederick Morris Warren

THE APPEAL OF ANDROMACHE

From 'Andromaque'

[Andromache, the widow of the Trojan prince Hector, is the captive of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, who is in love with her though affianced to Princess Hermione. Orestes arrives at Pyrrhus' court with the demand of the Greeks that Astyanax, son of Andromache by Hector, be slain. Andromache, unwilling to save her son by wedding Pyrrhus, but seeing no escape from her predicament, appeals to Hermione.]

Scene: The palace of Pyrrhus, at Buthrotum in Epirus. Present: ANDROMACHE, HERMIONE, CLEONE, CEPHISSA

ANDROMACHE [*to Hermione*].
Why fly you, madam? Is it not a sight
To please you, Hector's widow at your knees,
Weeping? But not with tears of jealousy
I come, nor do I envy you the heart
Surrendered to your charms. A cruel hand
Robbed me of him whom only I admired.
Love's flame was lit by Hector long ago,
With him it was extinguished in the tomb.
But he has left a son. Some day you'll know
How closely to one's heart a son can cling;
But you will never know, I wish it not,
How keen the pang when danger threatens him,
And they would take him from you — all that's left
To soothe a blighted heart. Ah, when worn out
With ten long years of woe, the Trojans sought
Your mother's life, on Hector I prevailed
To succor her. O'er Pyrrhus you have power
As I had then o'er Hector. Can they dread
The infant he has left? Him let me hide
In some far distant isle. And they may trust
My fears to keep him there, taught but to weep
With me.

Hermione. I feel for you, but duty holds
My tongue tied, when my sire declares his will:
It is by him that Pyrrhus's wrath is stirred.
But who can bend him better than yourself?
His soul has long been subject to your eyes:
Make him pronounce the word, and I'll consent.

Andromache. How scornfully did she refuse my prayer!
Cephissa. Accept her counsel. See him, as she says;
One look of yours may Greece and her confound —
But look, he seeks you of his own accord.

[*Enter* Pyrrhus *and* Phœnix]

Pyrrhus [*to Phœnix*]. Where is the princess? Said you not that she
Was here?
Phœnix. I thought so.
Andromache [*to Cephissa*]. Now you see what power
My eyes have over him!
Pyrrhus. What says she?
Andromache. All
Is lost!
Phœnix. Hermione is gone, and we
Will follow.
Cephissa. Speak! Why obstinately dumb?
Andromache. Has he not promised them my child?
Cephissa. But not
Given him up.
Andromache. Vain are my tears — his death
Is certain.
Pyrrhus. How her pride disdains to look
My way!
Andromache. I should but irritate him more.
Let us retire.
Pyrrhus. Come, Hector's son shall be
Yielded to Greece.
Andromache [*throwing herself at his feet*]. Stop, sire. What will
you Do?
Give up the son? Why not the mother, then?
Where is the kindness that you swore to me
So lately? Can I touch no chord at least
Of pity? Does this sentence bar all hope
Of pardon?
Pyrrhus. Phœnix knows my word is pledged.
Andromache. No dangers were too great for you to brave
On my behalf!
Pyrrhus. Blind then, I now can see.
Your wishes might have won his pardon once;
You ne'er so much as asked it. Now you come
Too late.

Andromache. Full well you understood, my lord,
The sigh that feared repulse. Forgive the trace
Of pride, that died not with my royal rank,
And made me shrink from importunity.
My lord, you know, had it not been for you,
Andromache would never have embraced
A master's knees.
Pyrrhus. No, in your secret soul
You hate me, scorn to owe me anything.
This son, the only object of your care —
You would have loved him less, had he been saved
Through me. You hate me with a bitter scorn,
And worse than all the other Greeks combined.
Enjoy at leisure such a noble rage.
Come, Phœnix.
Andromache. I will go where Hector's gone.
Cephissa. Madam —
Andromache. What further can I say to him?
The author of my woes, he knows them all.
[*To Pyrrhus*] —
See to what state you have reduced me, sire!
I've seen my father slain, our walls enwrapt
In flames, and all our family cut off,
My husband's bloody corpse dragged through the dust,
His only son reserved for chains with me.
For his sake I endure to live a slave.
Yea, more, this thought has sometimes brought relief —
That fate has fixed my place of exile here;
The son of many kings beneath your sway
Is happier as a slave than he could be
Elsewhere, and I had hoped his prison walls
Might be a place of refuge. Priam found
Achilles could respect his fallen state:
I thought his son more generous still. That trust,
My Hector, pardon, when I deemed thy foe
Too noble to commit a dastard's crime!
Ah, had he but allowed us to abide
Where for thine ashes I had raised a tomb,
And ending there his hatred and our woes,
Parted us not from thy beloved remains!
Pyrrhus. Go and await me, Phœnix. —
Madam, stay.
Your tears may yet win back this cherished son.

Yes, I regret that, moving you to weep,
I armed you with a weapon 'gainst myself;
I thought I could have brought more hatred here.
You might at least consent to look at me:
See, are my eyes those of an angry judge,
Whose pleasure 'tis to cause you misery?
Why force me to be faithless to yourself?
Now for your son's sake let us cease to hate.
'Tis I who urge you, Save the child from death.
Must sighs of mine beg you to spare his life?
And must I clasp your knees to plead for him?
Once more, but once — Save him and save yourself.
I know what solemn vows for you I break,
What hatred I bring down upon myself.
Hermione shall go, and on her brow
For crown I set a burning brand of shame;
And in the fane decked for her marriage rites
Her royal diadem yourself shall wear.
This offer, lady, is no longer one
You can afford to scorn. Perish or reign!
A year's contempt has made me desperate,
Nor can I any longer live in doubt,
Harassed by fears and mingling threats with groans.
To lose you is to die — 'tis death to wait.
I leave you to consider, and will come
To bring you to the temple where this child
My fury shall destroy before your eyes,
Or where in love I crown you as my queen.

THE CONFESSION OF PHÆDRA

From 'Phèdre'

[Phædra, the wife of King Theseus of Athens, has fallen in love with her stepson, Hippolytus. During Theseus' absence, she confesses her passion to Œnone, her nurse. News comes that Theseus is dead. Œnone advises Phædra to declare her love. Hippolytus has already decided to leave Athens, when Phædra is announced.]

Scene: The palace at Trœzen, in the Peloponnesus. Present: PHÆDRA, HIPPOLYTUS, ŒNONE.

PHÆDRA [*to Œnone*]. There I see him!
My blood forgets to flow, my tongue to speak
What I am come to say.
Œnone. Think of your son,
How all his hopes depend on you.
Phœdra. I hear
You leave us and in haste. I come to add
My tears to your distress, and for a son
Plead my alarm. No more has he a father,
And at no distant day my son must witness
My death. Already do a thousand foes
Threaten his youth. You only can defend him.
But in my secret heart remorse awakes,
And fear lest I have shut your ears against
His cries. I tremble lest your righteous anger
Visit on him ere long the hatred earned
By me, his mother.
Hippolytus. No such base resentment,
Madam, is mine.
Phædra. I could not blame you, prince,
If you should hate me. I have injured you:
So much you know, but could not read my heart.
T' incur your enmity has been mine aim:
The selfsame borders could not hold us both;
In public and in private I declared
Myself your foe, and found no peace till seas
Parted us from each other. I forbade
Your very name to be pronounced before me.
And yet if punishment should be proportioned
To the offense, if only hatred draws
Your hatred, never woman merited
More pity, less deserved your enmity.
Hippolytus. A mother jealous of her children's rights
Seldom forgives the offspring of a wife
Who reigned before her. Harassing suspicions
Are common sequels of a second marriage.
Of me would any other have been jealous
No less than you, perhaps more violent.
Phædra. Ah, prince, how Heaven has from the general law
Made me exempt, be that same Heaven witness!
Far different is the trouble that devours me!
Hippolytus. This is no time for self-reproaches, madam.
It may be that your husband still beholds

The light, and Heaven may grant him safe return,
In answer to our prayers. His guardian god
Is Neptune, ne'er by him invoked in vain.

Phædra. He who has seen the mansions of the dead
Returns not thence. Since to those gloomy shores
Theseus is gone, 'tis vain to hope that Heaven
May send him back. Prince, there is no release
From Acheron's greedy maw. And yet, methinks,
He lives and breathes in you. I see him still
Before me, and to him I seem to speak;
My heart —
Oh, I am mad! Do what I will,
I cannot hide my passion.

Hippolytus. Yes, I see
The strange effects of love. Theseus, though dead,
Seems present to your eyes, for in your soul
There burns a constant flame.

Phædra. Ah, yes, for Theseus
I languish and I long; not as the Shades
Have seen him, of a thousand different forms
The fickle lover, and of Pluto's bride
The would-be ravisher, but faithful, proud
E'en to a slight disdain, with youthful charms
Attracting every heart, as gods are painted,
Or like yourself. He had your mien, your eyes,
Spoke and could blush like you, when to the isle
Of Crete, my childhood's home, he crossed the waves,
Worthy to win the love of Minos's daughters.
What were you doing then? Why did he gather
The flower of Greece, and leave Hippolytus?
Oh, why were you too young to have embarked
On board the ship that brought thy sire to Crete?
At your hands would the monster then have perished,
Despite the windings of his vast retreat.
To guide your doubtful steps within the maze
My sister would have armed you with the clue.
But no, therein would Phædra have forestalled her.
Love would have first inspired me with the thought
And I it would have been whose timely aid
Had taught you all the labyrinth's crooked ways.
What anxious care a life so dear had cost me!
No thread had satisfied your lover's fears:
I would myself have wished to lead the way,

And share the peril you were bound to face;
Phædra with you would have explored the maze,
With you emerged in safety or have perished.
Hippolytus. Gods! What is this I hear? Have you forgotten
That Theseus is my father and your husband?
Phædra. Why should you fancy I have lost remembrance
Thereof, and am regardless of mine honor?
Hippolytus. Forgive me, madam. With a blush I own
That I misconstrued words of innocence.
For very shame I cannot bear your sight
Longer. I go —
Phædra. Ah! cruel prince, too well
You understood me. I have said enough
To save you from mistake. I love. But think not
That at the moment when I love you most
I do not feel my guilt; no weak compliance
Has fed the poison that infects my brain.
The ill-starred object of celestial vengeance,
I am not so detestable to you
As to myself. The gods will bear me witness,
Who have within my veins kindled this fire;
The gods, who take a barbarous delight
In leading a poor mortal's heart astray.
Do you yourself recall to mind the past:
'Twas not enough for me to fly — I chased you
Out of the country, wishing to appear
Inhuman, odious; to resist you better,
I sought to make you hate me. All in vain!
Hating me more, I loved you none the less:
New charms were lent to you by your misfortunes.
I have been drowned in tears, and scorched by fire;
Your own eyes might convince you of the truth,
If for one moment you could look at me.
What is't I say? Think you this vile confession
That I have made is what I meant to utter?
Not daring to betray a son for whom
I trembled, 'twas to beg you not to hate him
I came. Weak purpose of a heart too full
Of love for you to speak of aught besides!
Take your revenge, punish my odious passion;
Prove yourself worthy of your valiant sire,
And rid the world of an offensive monster!
Does Theseus's widow dare to love his son?

The frightful monster! Let her not escape you!
Here is my heart. This is the place to strike.
Already prompt to expiate its guilt,
I feel it leap impatiently to meet
Your arm. Strike home. Or if it would disgrace you
To steep your hand in such polluted blood,
If that were punishment too mild to slake
Your hatred, lend me then your sword, if not
Your arm. Quick, give't.

Œnone. What, madam, will you do?
Just gods! But some one comes. Go, fly from shame;
You cannot 'scape if seen by any thus.

[*Enter* Theramenes]

Theramenes. Is that the form of Phædra that I see
Hurried away? What mean these signs of sorrow?
Where is your sword? Why are you pale, confused?

Hippolytus. Friend, let us fly. I am, indeed, confounded
With horror and astonishment extreme.
Phædra — but no; gods, let this dreadful secret
Remain for ever buried in oblivion.

THE DEATH OF HIPPOLYTUS

[Phædra, full of rage and shame, allows Œnone to tell Theseus that Hippolytus has made advances to her. Theseus in his fury calls on Neptune to avenge him on Hippolytus, who sets forth into exile. Theramenes, his tutor, returns with news of his death.]

Scene VI

THESEUS, THERAMENES

THESEUS. Theramenes, is't thou? Where is my son?
I gave him to thy charge from tenderest childhood.
But whence these tears that overflow thine eyes?
How is it with my son?

Theramenes. Concern too late!
Affection vain! Hippolytus is dead!

Theseus. Gods!

Theramenes. I have seen the flow'r of all mankind
Cut off, and I am bold to say that none
Deserved it less.
Theseus. What! My son dead! When I
Was stretching out my arms to him, has Heav'n
Hasten'd his end? What was this sudden stroke?
Theramenes. Scarce had we pass'd out of the gates of Trœzen,
He silent in his chariot, and his guards,
Downcast and silent too, around him ranged;
To the Mycenian road he turn'd his steeds,
Then, lost in thought, allow'd the reins to lie
Loose on their backs. His noble chargers, erst
So full of ardor to obey his voice,
With head depress'd and melancholy eye
Seem'd now to mark his sadness and to share it.
A frightful cry, that issues from the deep,
With sudden discord rends the troubled air;
And from the bosom of the earth a groan
Is heard in answer to that voice of terror.
Our blood is frozen at our very hearts;
With bristling manes the list'ning steeds stand still.
Meanwhile upon the watery plain there rises
A mountain billow with a mighty crest
Of foam, that shoreward rolls, and, as it breaks,
Before our eyes vomits a furious monster.
With formidable horns its brow is arm'd,
And all its body clothed with yellow scales,
In front a savage bull, behind a dragon
Turning and twisting in impatient rage.
Its long continued bellowings make the shore
Tremble; the sky seems horror-struck to see it;
The earth with terror quakes; its poisonous breath
Infects the air. The wave that brought it ebbs
In fear. All fly, forgetful of the courage
That cannot aid, and in a neighboring temple
Take refuge — all save bold Hippolytus.
A hero's worthy son, he stays his steeds,
Seizes his darts, and, rushing forward, hurls
A missile with sure aim that wounds the monster
Deep in the flank. With rage and pain it springs
E'en to the horses' feet, and, roaring, falls,
Writhes in the dust, and shows a fiery throat
That covers them with flames, and blood, and smoke.

Fear lends them wings; deaf to his voice for once,
And heedless of the curb, they onward fly.
Their master wastes his strength in efforts vain;
With foam and blood each courser's bit is red.
Some say a god, amid this wild disorder,
Is seen with goads pricking their dusty flanks.
O'er jaggèd rocks they rush, urged on by terror;
Crash! goes the axle-tree. Th' intrepid youth
Sees his car broken up, flying to pieces;
He falls himself entangled in the reins.
Pardon my grief. That cruel spectacle
Will be for me a source of endless tears.
I saw thy hapless son, I saw him, Sire,
Dragg'd by the horses that his hand had fed,
Pow'rless to check their fierce career, his voice
But adding to their fright, his body soon
One mass of wounds. Our cries of anguish fill
The plain. At last they slacken their swift pace,
Then stop, not far from those old tombs that mark
Where lie the ashes of his royal sires.
Panting I thither run, and after me
His guard, along the track stain'd with fresh blood
That reddens all the rocks; caught in the briers
Locks of his hair hang dripping, gory spoils!
I come, I call him. Stretching forth his hand,
He opes his dying eyes, soon closed again.
" The gods have robb'd me of a guiltless life,"
I hear him say: " Take care of sad Aricia
When I am dead. Dear friend, if e'er my father
Mourn, undeceived, his son's unhappy fate
Falsely accused; to give my spirit peace,
Tell him to treat his captive tenderly,
And to restore — " With that the hero's breath
Fails, and a mangled corpse lies in my arms,
A piteous object, trophy of the wrath
Of Heav'n — so changed, his father would not know him.

Theseus. Alas, my son! Dear hope for ever lost!
The ruthless gods have served me but too well.
For what a life of anguish and remorse
Am I reserved!

Translated by Robert Bruce Boswell

JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE

THE great French satirist La Bruyère has left a comprehensive portrait gallery of his contemporaries, where one searches vainly for the brilliant collector himself. One feels his desire to entertain, almost hears his amused ironical laugh at human follies; but his presence is intangible. He never took the world cordially into confidence, and we know little now of his uneventful life. He was born at Paris in 1645, educated with the Oratorians, and then studied law; but when about twenty-eight he gave up practice, and bought a treasurership at Caen, which he sold again twelve years later. To his friend and admirer, Bossuet, may be attributed his literary success; for, recommended by him, he became in 1684 instructor in history to the young Duc de Bourbon, grandson of the famous Condé. He received a salary of a thousand crowns, and seems to have taught his charge a variety of subjects. The boisterous Condés liked this genial quiet gentleman-teacher and his ready tact. They may have stormed sometimes, after their wont; but La Bruyère knew how to be amiable while preserving his own respect and winning theirs. When his pupil left him, to marry the daughter of Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan, he was asked to stay on as gentleman-in-waiting; and did so until his death of apoplexy at the Hôtel Condé in 1696, when only fifty-one.

With the Condés the witty bourgeois had every opportunity to gather material for his famous 'Characters.' He was a keen observer, with the clear impartial vision possessed only by an unconcerned spectator. Though he knew the king and all the powerful noblemen of France, though he was familiar with every court intrigue, he must often have been made to feel that he was a recognized inferior. There was quiet malice in his outward respect for these men and women, and in the merciless analysis with which he exposed their misplaced pride and ridiculous foibles.

The 'Characters' (Les Caractères), suggested as its name indicates by the work of Theophrastus, and partly modeled upon it, appeared in 1688; and La Bruyère found his literary pastime, his solace to wounded vanity, winning an immediate success. It is said that he had offered to give the manuscript to a bookseller friend, the possible profits to become a dowry for his child. The hesitating bookseller finally printed it, and thus made a large fortune.

La Bruyère has definitely stated the purpose of his work: "Of the sixteen chapters which compose it, there are fifteen wholly employed in detecting the fallacy and absurdity to be found in the objects of human passions and inclinations, and in demolishing such obstacles as at first weaken, and after-

wards extinguish, any knowledge of God in mankind: therefore these chapters are merely preparatory to the sixteenth and last, wherein atheism is attacked, and perhaps routed; wherein the proofs of a God, such at least as weak man is capable of receiving, are produced; wherein the providence of God is defended against the insults and complaints of free-thinkers."

The continuity of the sixteen chapters is not very evident. Each begins with general moral reflections upon 'Merit,' 'Women,' the 'Affections,' and similar subjects; and ends with a series of literary portraits. La Bruyère was not a profound psychologist, but a careful superficial observer, with a gift for witty description. Although he used fictitious names, the sketches were too like living originals to be mistaken. Naturally they caused resentment and personal enmities, which twice prevented his election to the Academy, finally achieved in 1693. Everybody read the 'Characters,' charmed by the delicate, forceful style, and by the shrewd moral reasoning which enriched the language with wise sayings. Key after key appeared, identifying his personages; but La Bruyère repudiated them all, declaring that he had represented types, not copied individuals.

The influence of this early realist was very great. But for him Le Sage's famous novel 'Gil Blas' might never have been written. He is said to have inspired the 'Persian Letters' of Montesquieu. Translated into English as early as 1698, the 'Characters' had a wide influence upon our literature. "There is no doubt," says Saintsbury, "that the English essayists of the Queen Anne school modeled themselves upon it."

Its success called forth many feeble imitations, among them 'The Little La Bruyère, or Characters and Morals of Children of this Century'; and 'The La Bruyère for Domestics,' by Madame de Genlis, besides a 'La Bruyère for Boys' and a 'La Bruyère for Girls.'

His other works — a translation of Theophrastus, and an unfinished work upon 'Quietism,' materially altered by the Abbé du Pin, and published after La Bruyère's death — are not noteworthy. But the 'Characters' still constitute a delightful model of style, and a wise and witty commentary on social life.

OF FASHION

From the 'Characters'

IT is very foolish, and betrays what a small mind we have, to allow fashion to sway us in everything that regards taste; in our way of living, our health, and our conscience. Game is out of fashion, and therefore insipid; and fashion forbids to cure a fever by bleeding. This long while it has also not been fashionable to depart this life shriven by Theotimus; now

none but the common people are saved by his pious exhortations, and he has already beheld his successor.

To have a hobby is not to have a taste for what is good and beautiful, but for what is rare and singular and for what no one else can match; it is not to like things which are perfect, but those which are most sought after and fashionable. It is not an amusement, but a passion; and often so violent that in the meanness of its object it yields only to love and ambition. Neither is it a passion for everything scarce and in vogue, but only for some particular object which is rare and yet in fashion.

The lover of flowers has a garden in the suburbs, where he spends all his time from sunrise till sunset. You see him standing there, and would think he had taken root in the midst of his tulips before his "Solitaire": he opens his eyes wide, rubs his hands, stoops down and looks closer at it; it never before seemed to him so handsome; he is in an ecstasy of joy, and leaves it to go to the "Orient," then to the "Veuve," from thence to the "Cloth of Gold," on to the "Agatha," and at last returns to the "Solitaire," where he remains, is tired out, sits down, and forgets his dinner; he looks at the tulip and admires its shade, shape, color, sheen, and edges — its beautiful form and calyx: but God and Nature are not in his thoughts, for they do not go beyond the bulb of his tulips, which he would not sell for a thousand crowns, though he will give it to you for nothing when tulips are no longer in fashion, and carnations are all the rage. This rational being, who has a soul and professes some religion, comes home tired and half starved, but very much pleased with his day's work: he has seen some tulips.

Talk to another of the healthy look of the crops, of a plentiful harvest, of a good vintage, and you will find he only cares for fruit, and understands not a single word you say. Then turn to figs and melons; tell him that this year the pear-trees are so heavily laden with fruit that the branches almost break, that there is abundance of peaches: and you address him in a language he completely ignores, and he will not answer you, for his sole hobby is plum-trees. Do not even speak to him of your plum-trees, for he is only fond of a certain kind, and laughs and sneers at the mention of any others; he takes you to his tree and cautiously gathers this exquisite plum, divides it, gives you one half, keeps the other himself, and exclaims, "How delicious! do you like it? is it not heavenly? You cannot find its equal anywhere;" and then his nostrils dilate, and he can hardly contain his joy and pride under an appearance of modesty. What a wonderful person, never enough praised and admired, whose name will be handed down to future ages! Let me look at his mien and shape whilst he is still in the land of the living, that I may study the features and the countenance of a man who, alone amongst mortals, is the happy possessor of such a plum.

Visit a third, and he will talk to you about his brother collectors, but especially of Diognetes. He admits that he admires him, but that he under-

stands him less than ever. "Perhaps you imagine," he continues, "that he endeavors to learn something of his medals, and considers them speaking evidences of certain facts that have happened — fixed and unquestionable monuments of ancient history. If you do, you are wholly wrong. Perhaps you think that all the trouble he takes to become master of a medallion with a certain head on it is because he will be delighted to possess an uninterrupted series of emperors. If you do, you are more hopelessly wrong than ever. Diognetes knows when a coin is worn, when the edges are rougher than they ought to be, or when it looks as if it had been newly struck. All the drawers of his cabinet are full, and there is only room for one coin; this vacancy so shocks him that in reality he spends all his property and literally devotes his whole lifetime to fill it." . . .

Another man criticizes those people who make long voyages either through nervousness or to gratify their curiosity; who write no narrative or memoirs, and do not even keep a journal; who go to see, and see nothing, or forget what they have seen; who only wish to get a look at towers or steeples they never saw before, and to cross other rivers than the Seine or the Loire; who leave their own country merely to return again, and like to be absent, so that one day it may be said they have come from afar. So far this critic is right and is worth listening to.

But when he adds that books are more instructive than traveling, and gives me to understand he has a library, I wish to see it. I call on this gentleman, and at the very foot of the stairs I almost faint with the smell of the russia-leather bindings of his books. In vain he shouts in my ears, to encourage me, that they are all with gilt edges and hand-tooled, that they are the best editions — and he names some of them, one after another — and that his library is full of them, except a few places painted so carefully that everybody takes them for shelves and real books and is deceived. He also informs me that he never reads, nor sets foot in this library, and now only accompanies me to oblige me. I thank him for his politeness, but feel as he does on the subject, and would not like to visit the tan-pit which he calls a library.

Some people immoderately thirst after knowledge, and are unwilling to ignore any branch of it, so they study them all and master none; they are fonder of knowing much than of knowing some things well, and had rather be superficial smatterers in several sciences than be well and thoroughly acquainted with one. They everywhere meet with some person who enlightens and corrects them; they are deceived by their idle curiosity, and often, after very long and painful efforts, can but just extricate themselves from the grossest ignorance.

Other people have a master-key to all sciences, but never enter there; they spend their lives in trying to decipher the Eastern and Northern languages, those of both the Indies, of the two Poles, nay, the language spoken in the moon itself. The most useless idioms, the oddest and most hieroglyphical-look-

ing characters, are just those which awaken their passion and induce them to study; they pity those persons who ingenuously content themselves with knowing their own language, or at most the Greek and Latin tongues. Such men read all historians and know nothing of history; they run through all books, but are not the wiser for any; they are absolutely ignorant of all facts and principles, but they possess as abundant a store and garner-house of words and phrases as can well be imagined, which weighs them down, and with which they overload their memory, whilst their mind remains a blank. . . .

Who can describe all the different kinds of hobbies? . . .

A fashionable person is like a certain blue flower which grows wild in the fields, chokes the corn, spoils the crops, and takes up the room of something better; it has no beauty nor value but what is owing to a momentary caprice, which dies out almost as soon as sprung up. Today it is all the rage, and the ladies are decked with it; tomorrow it is neglected and left to the common herd.

A person of merit, on the contrary, is a flower we do not describe by its color, but call by its name — which we cultivate for its beauty or fragrance, such as a lily or a rose; one of the charms of nature: one of those things which beautify the world, belonging to all times, admired and popular for centuries, valued by our fathers, and by us in imitation of them, and not at all harmed by the dislike or antipathy of a few. . . .

Every hour in itself, and in respect to us, is unique; when once it is gone, it is entirely lost, and millions of ages will not bring it back again; days, months, and years are swallowed up and irrevocably lost in the abyss of time; time itself shall be destroyed; it is but a point in the immense space of eternity, and will be erased. There are several slight and frivolous periods of time which are unstable, pass away and may be called fashions: such as grandeur, favor, riches, power, authority, independence, pleasure, joy, and superfluities. What will become of such fashions when time itself shall have disappeared? Virtue alone, now so little in fashion, will last longer than time.

THE CHARACTER OF CYDIAS

From the 'Characters'

ASCANIUS is a sculptor, Hegio an iron-founder, Æschines a fuller, a signboard, a shop, work that is ordered, and journeymen who work and Cydias [the poet Fontenelle] a wit, for that is his trade. He has under him; he cannot possibly let you have those stanzas he has promised you in less than a month, unless he breaks his word with Dosithea, who has engaged him to write an elegy; he has also an idyl on the loom which is for

Crantor, who presses him for it, and has promised him a liberal reward. You can have whatever you like — prose or verse, for he is just as good in one as in the other. If you want a letter of condolence, or one on some person's absence, he will write them: he has them even ready-made; step into his warehouse, and you may pick and choose. Cydias has a friend who has nothing else to do but to promise to certain people a long time beforehand that the great man will come to them, and who finally introduces him in some society as a man seldom to be met with and exquisite in conversation. Then, just as a vocalist sings or as a lute-player touches his instrument in a company where it has been expected, Cydias, after having coughed, puts back his ruffles, extends his hand, opens his fingers, and very gravely utters his over-refined thoughts and his sophisticated arguments. Unlike those persons whose principles agree, and who know that reason and truth are one and the same thing, and snatch the words out of one another's mouths to acquiesce in one another's sentiments, he never opens his mouth but to contradict: "I think," he says graciously, "it is just the opposite of what you say;" or, "I am not at all of your opinion;" or else, "Formerly I was under the same delusion as you are now; but . . ."; and then he continues, "There are three things to be considered," to which he adds a fourth. He is an insipid chatterer; no sooner has he obtained a footing into any society than he looks out for some ladies whom he can fascinate, before whom he can set forth his wit or his philosophy, and produce his rare conceptions: for whether he speaks or writes, he ought never to be suspected of saying what is true or false, sensible or ridiculous; his only care is not to express the same sentiments as some one else, and to differ from everybody. Therefore in conversation, he often waits till everyone has given his opinion on some casual subject, or one which not seldom he has introduced himself, in order to utter dogmatically things which are perfectly new, but which he thinks decisive and unanswerable. He is, in a word, a compound of pedantry and formality, to be admired by cits and rustics; in whom, nevertheless, there is nothing great except the opinion he has of himself.

Translated by Henri Van Laun

FÉNELON

FRANÇOIS DE SALAGNAC (or Salignac) de la Mothe-Fénelon was born in 1651 at the Château de Fénelon in Périgord. He received a careful education at the hands of his father, and later under the Jesuits at Plessis and Saint-Sulpice; the latter seminary at Paris he entered on the advice of an uncle, the Marquis de Fénelon. Having passed through his theological training and taken holy orders, he was appointed, at the age of twenty-seven, Superior of the Maison des Nouvelles Catholiques, a convent established at Paris for Protestant girls who had been converted to Roman Catholicism. It was here, undoubtedly, that he acquired the familiarity with feminine psychology which he later showed in his treatise 'On the Education of Girls' (1687).

Fénelon early evinced a desire to go to Canada and help in the work of evangelizing the Indians. His friends opposed the plan, and won the day. Fénelon remained in France; the missionaries of Canada no doubt lost a fine leader, but the church at home was the gainer. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, Fénelon was given an opportunity of showing his zeal as a proselytizer, for he was given charge of a mission to the Huguenots of Poitou, which he conducted with credit.

In 1689, there came far more important advancement. Louis XIV made him preceptor to his grandson, the young Duke of Burgundy, then seven years old. Saint-Simon in his 'Memoirs' wrote of this child, "He was born a perfect terror"; no more untractable material for a tutor to work with could have been imagined. Yet in the years between his appointment and 1695, when he relinquished the post, Fénelon accomplished marvels. He transformed the rough, impetuous, often cruel boy into a docile and kindly young man, and brought out the latent intelligence and strength of character which he had perceived under the repellent shell. For the instruction of the duke, Fénelon penned some of his finest works, including the 'Dialogues of the Dead,' the first collection of which was not published until 1712, and the 'Telemachus.' In his account of the adventures of Ulysses' son, Fénelon set forth, with a view to benefiting his pupil, most of his political and moral ideas; he did not intend the work for the public, and was much annoyed when, in 1699, it appeared in print against his wishes. The work contains a good deal of scantily-concealed criticism of Louis XIV and his methods of government; as a result of its publication Fénelon lost forever the king's favor. Up to this time, he had made excellent progress; in 1693 he had entered the French Academy, and in 1695 he had been made Archbishop of Cambrai. Now he found himself

disliked at court, just as he was involved in a religious quarrel, the Quietism controversy.

Quietism was a doctrine imported into France from Spain by the gifted mystical writer, Madame de Guyon. Fénelon had shown leanings towards the Quietistic beliefs, which were condemned by Rome as unorthodox, and had thus drawn upon him the attacks of Bossuet, the great French divine. The controversy between the two religious leaders was brought before the Holy See, and Fénelon showed his shrewdness and diplomacy by sending all his defensive writings direct to Rome without publishing them in France. Bossuet, less subtle, and sure of his orthodoxy, brought out several pamphlets against Fénelon, thus giving the impression that he was attacking an unresisting adversary. Finally, in 1699, Rome condemned some of the propositions laid before her as "dangerous," but not as "heretical," which was what the king and Bossuet had been expecting. Fénelon immediately submitted, and was allowed to continue his occupancy of the see of Cambrai undisturbed.

There he made himself admired and beloved by the zeal and tact he showed in administering his diocese. The fact that the population was largely Flemish, and the troubles caused by the War of the Spanish Succession, made his task no easy one; but Fénelon proved himself to be a good shepherd of his flock, a wise adviser of the Crown in his numerous letters and memoirs, and a first-rate preacher. He died at Cambrai on January 7, 1715, universally regretted.

As a social and political theorist, Fénelon showed, in the 'Dialogues of the Dead,' in 'Telemachus,' and in minor works, a tendency to oppose the despotic rule of Louis XIV. He discouraged the aggressive foreign policy of the king, and regretted the abasement of the once-powerful nobles, who, he thought, should play their part in governing the realm. Fénelon's conception of the educational needs of women, as outlined in his 'On the Education of Girls,' was a thoroughly practical one, but not much in advance of his age; he hesitated to admit that such subjects as Latin, Greek, and mathematics might safely be studied by the young ladies of his day. "Women," he wrote, "generally have weaker, more curious minds than men; hence it is unwise to let them enter upon studies over which they may lose their heads."

One characteristic of Fénelon, as a man and as a writer, has been singled out for emphasis by Gustave Lanson — his philanthropy. By his display of sentiment, his often-expressed love for humanity, Fénelon is a forerunner of the eighteenth-century philosophers and sociologists.

THE HORRORS OF WAR

From 'Telemachus,' Book XIII

ALAS!" cried Telemachus. "Such are the evils that war brings in its train! What blind fury urges on these wretched mortals! They have so few days to live upon the earth, and those days are so miserable; why hasten a death which is already near at hand? Why add such frightful desolation to the bitterness with which the gods have filled our short life? Men are all brothers, and yet they tear one another to pieces; the wild beasts are less cruel than they. Lions do not make war on lions, nor tigers on tigers; they attack only creatures of a different kind. Man alone, in spite of his reason, does what the unreasoning animals never have done. And furthermore, what is the reason for these wars? Is there not enough land in the universe to give to all men more than they can cultivate? What uninhabited stretches there are! The whole race of men could not fill them. What is it, then? A false glory, the empty title of conqueror which a prince wishes to obtain, sets war ablaze over vast tracts of country. And so a single man, whom the wrath of the gods has set upon the earth, brutally sacrifices all these other men to his vanity: everyone must perish, blood must be poured out on all sides, the flames must swallow up all, whatever escapes fire and sword must not escape the hunger which is even more cruel — all in order that one man, who has made the whole human race his plaything, may find pleasure and glory in this general destruction! What a monstrous glory is this! Can we abhor and despise too deeply men who have so forgotten their humanity? No, no! So far from being demi-gods, they are not even men. They should be held in execration by all the centuries by whom they fancied they should be admired. Oh, let kings beware of the wars they undertake. They must be just — and that is not enough, they must be necessary for the public good. The blood of a people should be shed only to save that people in a last extremity. But flattering counsels, false ideas of glory, vain jealousies, unjust greed that hides itself under fine pretexts, imprudent engagements, nearly always drag kings into wars, in which they make themselves unhappy, risk all needlessly, and hurt their subjects as much as their enemies."

TO ONE IN PERPLEXITY

From the 'Spiritual Letters'

YOU doubt, and you cannot bear up under doubt. I am not surprised; doubt is torture; but do not argue, and you will cease to doubt. The shadows of a simple faith are very different from doubt; its troubles bring their own consolation and fruits. After they have reduced a man they restore him, and leave him in full peace. Doubt is the trouble of a soul left to itself, which wants to see what God hides from it, and out of self-love seeks impossible securities. What have you sacrificed to God, save your own judgment and self-interest? Would you lose sight of that which has been your aim from your very first step, namely, to abandon yourself to God? Would you make shipwreck when just in port, recall your gift, and require God to subject himself to your rules, whereas he requires, and you have promised, to walk Abraham-like in the deepest darkness of faith? And what merit would there be in your course, if you had miracles and revelations to make sure of your path? Miracles and revelations would soon lose their force, and you would fall back into your doubts. You are giving way to temptation. Do not harken to yourself; your real convictions, if you will follow them simply, will put to flight all these phantoms.

DANGERS OF A QUESTIONING MIND

From the 'Spiritual Letters'

HE who would fain satisfy himself perpetually that he is guided by reason, not by temper or passion, will only lose his time without ever coming to a satisfactory result; for he can never be certain that temper or passion in specious disguise are not moving him to do what he fancies himself doing from pure reason. It is God's will to keep us in this obscurity even as to the natural order of things. How much more must we be content to forego evidence and uncertainty, when it is a question of the most delicate workings of grace, in the deep darkness of faith and supernatural things! This restless, obstinate search after an unattainable certainty is very evidently the work of nature, not of grace; you cannot be too much on your guard against it. It is a subtle inquiry which will take a hundred shapes. This craving for geometrical certainty is rooted in you by all your natural inclinations, by lifelong and interesting studies, by habits become second nature, and by a plausible desire to watch and guard against illusion. But an evangelic

vigilance should never go so far as to disturb the heart's peace, or to demand evidence as to the secret operations of grace which it pleases God to keep hidden beneath a veil. To speak frankly and unreservedly, you perfectly know that you ought to dread your excessive tendency to reason, even about all the common matters of every-day life. You ought to dread it much more when it meddles with those workings which are above reason, and which God conceals. One thing is quite certain; namely, that the more faithful you are in mortifying your intellectual tastes, your inquisitive philosophic research, your undue wisdom, forced speculations, and efforts to convince other men, the more you will mortify your real natural frailties, and therein promote the life of grace in you.

Translated by H. Sidney Lear

THE WEAKNESS OF KINGS

From 'Telemachus'

MENTOR said to Idumæus: — "How comes it, since you know so thoroughly these wicked men, that you still keep them near your person? I do not marvel to see them follow you; that is in their own best interest; nor yet that you give them asylum in your new State. But why put trust in them after so much cruel experience?" "You are ignorant," replied Idumæus, "how useless is all experience to princes who live in idleness and luxury a life of irreflection; they are dissatisfied with all about them, yet they lack the courage to correct what they disapprove. The habits of so many years held me as with chains of iron to these men, who in turn haunted me without ceasing. Since my arrival they have betrayed me into all the excessive expenditure that you behold; they have exhausted the growing State, and have drawn upon me the war that without your aid would have overwhelmed me. At Salentum I would have soon fallen a prey to the same misfortunes that worked my ruin in Crete. But you have now opened my eyes, and have filled me with the courage needed to throw off these shackles. I know not how it is, but since we are here I feel myself another man."

Translated for this series by Rev. Thomas J. Shahan

THE DECLINE OF CLASSICISM

THE CHECK OF FRENCH AMBITIONS

AFTER the Treaty of Nimeguen in 1678, we can see that the peak of French prosperity at home and success abroad has been passed. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 was a fatal error on the part of Louis XIV; over a quarter of a million Huguenots carried their enterprise and experience in industry out of France, to profit her rivals, especially England and Germany. Then, too, the vast sums of money spent on royal palaces and parks, the expenses of a standing army, soon made it difficult for the administrators of the nation to balance the budget. The enemies of France, taking heart, began to strengthen themselves: Austria crushed the Turks, who had been hampering her, in 1699; England, her government settled under a Protestant king (William III), again opposed her hereditary foe; and a new and aggressive European power was just beginning to appear — Prussia.

In 1702 the succession of a grandson of Louis XIV, Philip, Duke of Anjou, to the Spanish throne furnished the occasion of a league against France formed by England, the Empire, and Holland. The French generals were defeated again and again by Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Imperialist leader, and while France regained some of the ground lost, the Treaty of Utrecht (1713) was a blow to her prestige; she gave up part of her American colonies to England, while Austria was enlarged by acquiring the Spanish Netherlands, a barrier between Holland and France.

When Louis XIV died in 1715, the French people as a whole felt relief, and looked forward to better days. But the Regency of the Duke of Orleans and the reign of Louis XV were disastrous. The internal state of France grew steadily worse; the extravagance of the court was as great as ever, and the financial deficit was increasing. The indecisive War of the Austrian Succession (1744–1748) left the country exhausted. What was needed was a period of peace and good management in order to give the natural forces of recuperation a chance to work. This was just what France was denied.

The colonial rivalry already shown between her and England became acute in 1756, at a time when the peace of Europe was again disturbed by the ambitions of Frederick, king of Prussia. A bitterly-contested war (1756–1763) ended in further losses for France. England took Canada and loosened the French foothold in India, while on the Continent France gained nothing.

By the third quarter of the century, France was politically and socially in a bad way. The increase in area of the previous period had left her a patch-

work country; many different codes of law were followed in the various provinces, which had once been independent duchies or foreign territories. The taxes were extremely heavy in the main, but varied all over the land. The nobility and clergy, privileged classes, were exempt from taxation and enjoyed many other advantages over the bulk of the people. The Crown, which had absolute control of public funds, rendered no account of its administration. It is, then, small wonder that Frenchmen began to feel discontent with the whole system, and listened readily to those thinkers and writers who could tell them what was wrong about it.

CURRENTS OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY THOUGHT

Meanwhile, in the world of the intellect a curious development was gradually taking place. The old joyous confidence in reason as the unfailing upholder of the established order in politics and religion began to evaporate; in its place there appeared a strong tendency to criticize, analyze, and rearrange. Under the lax rule of the Regent Orleans (1715–1723), freedom of thought secured a foothold in France which it never lost, although until the middle of the century it was cautious about asserting itself. The great divines who had opposed the "libertines" had passed away, and there was no one to take their place. A group of writers and thinkers, headed by Denis Diderot (1713–1784) made their appearance, who strenuously opposed the efforts of the Roman Catholic Church to limit discussion and inquiry, and did their utmost to interest the public in science, politics, and morals. Their monumental work, the 'Encyclopedia,' was more than once interrupted by order of the government, and totally suspended in 1759; yet in the end Diderot was able to bring it to completion. To many readers it seemed that the danger arising from the Encyclopedists' advanced views concerning religion was more than counterbalanced by the contribution they made to social and economic problems.

Thus, although for a time repressive measures checked the growth of free thinking, it gained ground steadily. By 1771, Diderot, who had in his younger days been imprisoned for his bold utterances, could write to a friend: "Every century has its characteristic spirit. That of our century seems to be liberty." Even while the laws governing the press were severely enforced, they were frequently evaded by the printing at Amsterdam or Geneva of French books which soon found their way over the borders.

Another characteristic growth of this period was that of the Paris "salons." During the reign of Louis XIV, of course, there had been, besides the main focus of social life, the court, various places where cultivated men and women could meet and talk. This or that prominent lady, for example, would gather about her men of letters, brilliant talkers, and entertainers of one kind or another. But as a rule the subjects discussed were court gossip, the latest fashions, or light literature; anything profound was rather frowned upon. Free

talk concerning religion, especially in the king's later years, as he became more and more bigoted, was banned. In the salons of the eighteenth century, on the other hand, philosophy, religion, and science were treated with the utmost freedom and as a matter of course. The groups who met in the early years of the century at the Marquise de Lambert's or at Mme. de Tencin's, and later on in the houses of Mme. Geoffrin and Julie de Lespinasse, met in order to talk of questions involving serious thought. The only condition imposed on all was that they must make their discourse interesting and intelligible to their hearers. In this way, the Parisian salons developed into centers of intellectual life for the whole of Europe. Clever foreigners frequented them, such as the Italian Galiani and the Englishmen Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole. These visitors usually came away convinced that no people understood the social needs of man so well as the French, and longed for the day when they might return to enjoy the free, yet perfectly dignified, give-and-take of salon conversation.

At the same time, however, Frenchmen began to take a new interest in the life and the literature of other nations. During the days of their own classical achievement, they had been practically independent of the world outside. By the end of the seventeenth century, French readers had become so accustomed to the production of masterpieces by their fellow-countrymen that it seemed as though all that remained for authors to do was to continue writing like Racine, Molière, Pascal, and La Fontaine — if they could. Now they were brought into contact with the literary achievements of other countries, in particular with that of England. After the first shock of surprise was over, the French took eagerly to translations and adaptations of English works, and before long the effect on their own literature became plain. Naturally enough, the first Englishmen to be assimilated were those who showed some characteristics making them akin to the French — Addison, for example, with his measured prose, and Pope with his highly-polished verse. Later on, the readers of France made the discovery that the English philosophers and scientists, Locke, Shaftesbury, Newton, and others, were strikingly original and full of stimulating ideas. As the century progressed, the nature poetry of James Thomson, the wild notes of Macpherson's "Ossian," and the sentiment of Richardson's heroines found admirers. Shakespeare, although he was early translated and adapted, and the great Voltaire gave him qualified praise, was not understood; he was too utterly unlike the French dramatists both in spirit and in form.

Nor was it English literature alone that attracted the attention of the French at this time. English methods of government, English social observances, English ways of life in general were examined and discussed with ever-increasing interest. Horse-racing and tea-parties were imported into France, and became fashionable. There was a tendency, too, to look longingly upon England as the ideal land of freedom, where the individual was given a full

opportunity of developing his peculiarities. Strange to relate, while cultured Englishmen admired the salons of Paris, many of the polished inmates of those salons were taken with the charm of English ingenuousness and sincerity. The over-cultivation of the social nature had left in France a craving for something less artificial; this dissatisfaction, which steadily grew stronger, finds its best expression in the letters of Mme. du Deffand to Horace Walpole.

MONTESQUIEU

The critical attitude towards life which we have already noted is strongly marked in the books of Montesquieu (1689–1755), one of the keenest and most original thinkers of his century. Montesquieu began his literary career with a thinly-veiled satire of the reign of Louis XIV and even of the monarch's sacred figure — the 'Persian Letters' (1721). In a much more erudite work, 'Considerations Concerning the Greatness and Decadence of the Romans' (1734), he analyzed the causes of a nation's growth and decay. Here Montesquieu showed that history could be treated in a scientific spirit; the reasons for events lay in preceding events, not in an arbitrary Providence. His greatest achievement, 'The Spirit of Laws' (1748), took up political theory and sought to show the foundations of the three great systems of government — republic, monarchy, and despotism. The admiration which Montesquieu showed for the English constitution, as a working-out in practice of many of his theories, is highly significant, and helps to explain the influence of his book at home and abroad. Frenchmen, reading it, began to feel that not only was their government badly administered, but some of its fundamental theories might be false.

LIGHTER LITERATURE

The drama and fiction of France in the eighteenth century reflect in various ways the general tendencies of life and thought. At first Le Sage (1668–1757) in his comedy 'Turcaret' (1709) made an attack on the dishonest financiers who were reaping a profit out of the misfortunes of their compatriots. Then Marivaux (1688–1763) produced a series of brilliant plays, full of fancy and sparkling with clever dialogue; some of them were satirical of French life, like Le Sage's, others analyzed the passion of love with great subtlety. Meanwhile, tragedy went into a decline. Voltaire was the greatest tragic author of the era; but his plays, one must admit, were frigid beside Racine's, and full of hollow declamation. Voltaire strove to please the public by introducing new features into the classical tragedy, some of them, like the ghost in 'Sémiramis,' drawn from Shakespeare, but without much success.

Between the witty but unreal comedies of Marivaux and the tiresome imitative tragedies, a new form sprang up — the serious play dealing with everyday life. Nivelle de la Chaussée (1691?–1754) wrote plays that ended hap-

pily but entailed the treatment of domestic sorrows — "tearful comedies" as Lanson calls them. Diderot, a little later, produced a kind of drama of common life, the 'Father of a Family' (1758), in which he tried to make the speeches as natural as possible and laid stress on exactness of setting. Neither was a born dramatist; their plays would be forgotten, were it not that they show us how French audiences just then were eager for some less rhetorical and more familiar form of play than the tragedy of Corneille and Racine.

In the novel, we again find Le Sage and Marivaux active. Le Sage's masterpiece, 'Gil Blas' (1715–1735), is strongly realistic and satirical. The chief character lives by his wits; he exploits everyone he meets with, until at the close of the book, after many disappointments, he learns his lesson and falls back upon honesty. Marivaux wrote two long novels, 'The Life of Marianne' (1731–1741), which may have given Richardson some hints for his 'Pamela,' and 'The Newly-Rich Peasant' (1735–1736). In these he showed the trend of his time towards realism, by spending much effort on the details of setting; like Le Sage he made his characters try to get on by being unscrupulous, only to introduce at the end the moral thesis — "it is best to be honest and God-fearing." There is no loftiness about any of these personages. They are strictly materialistic.

VOLTAIRE AND ROUSSEAU

Two great figures stand out among the writers of the century — Voltaire and Rousseau. The first of these, Jean François Arouet (1694–1778), always known by his assumed name, Voltaire, was a man of astonishing intellectual activity. After a stormy youth, during which he made himself obnoxious to the rulers of France, Voltaire in 1726 was exiled to England, where he remained until 1729. This stay abroad formed his genius. He studied the people and their ways, read English books, talked with broad-minded Englishmen, and was fired with admiration for the great scientist Newton. Returning to France, he brought out his 'Letters on the English' (1734) which reflected so freely on religion and government that they were ordered to be burnt, while Voltaire had to leave Paris for a time. The book, however, was widely read and discussed.

Voltaire had begun his career long before this as a poet and dramatist, but as the years went on he became by turns satirist, historian, and philosopher, and grew into the dominating author of the age. His floods of books, pamphlets, and letters contained some of the keenest, most unsparing criticisms of men and institutions ever penned; nothing was sacred to him but liberty. Voltaire's work has been called wholly destructive. Certainly such books as his masterly tale 'Candide' (1758) are made up chiefly of attacks on the abuses of despotism and orthodox Christianity. But we must not neglect the positive value of his historical works, like the 'Century of Louis XIV'

(1751). Voltaire showed himself a modern historian in his way of looking at his subject. "Only the history of kings has been written so far," he said in a letter to D'Argenson; "the history of the *nation* has yet to be done." Voltaire's influence on his contemporaries was in the main good, for he showed them how a man of plebeian birth could take his stand in the face of an established faith and of royalty, and single-handed reach further with his printed books than they could with all their organization.

Beyond this, Voltaire did not go. He never entirely broke away from the devotion to reason as a guide to truth shown by his forerunners and his friends, the eighteenth-century philosophers. He did yeoman service by showing the limits within which reason could apply, and by fighting against manifest abuses of it; but he left to another and a younger man the introduction of a new note into life and literature. This man was Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778), who brought into being a ferment powerful enough to produce the French Revolution and throw into a political and intellectual uproar the whole of western Europe.

The ideas of Rousseau, while entailing a few contradictions or obscurities, were on the whole coherent and well-defined. He assured his readers that man was essentially a good creature, and that all his ills were the result of civilization, which had corrupted him. Rousseau admitted that it was unreasonable to expect that civilization could be wiped out and forgotten, that man could be restored to primeval innocence; but he did insist that his tendency towards softness and over-refinement should be checked. Society was to be rebuilt, and the most natural base on which to found it was absolute sovereignty of the people as a whole. Rulers should recognize that they held power only by the will of the community, and that power might be taken away from them if they misused it. The people were the real rulers; the divine right of kings no longer existed.

Rousseau raised his voice, too, against the tyranny of reason. The sentiments, he urged, were just as safe a guide to conduct as the intellect, and sometimes rose superior to it. In this respect Rousseau was an innovator. He had passed out of the age of Voltaire and was foretelling the movement known as Romanticism.

It can easily be realized how ruinous these views were to the old ways of looking at politics, social justice, and morality. Rousseau couched them in words of a fiery eloquence; by capturing men's imagination he made them believe that once the great mass of the people assumed control of their destinies all would be well.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Within a few years of the death of Rousseau and of Voltaire in 1778, it had become apparent that the old order of things in France could no longer

continue. The abuses which had been so marked during the whole century had become acute. The nation was approaching bankruptcy, and the expert advisers called in by the king, Louis XVI, found their hands so tied that they had to resign in despair. The people, their heads full of the new ideas, and with the example of the American Revolution before them, did not show a dumb acceptance of affairs; they grumbled at the excessive taxes and at the privileges extended to the clergy and nobles, although as yet remaining loyal to the monarchy.

In 1789 Louis XVI summoned the États-Généraux, an assembly of representatives of the three great classes — nobles, clergy, and commons — which had not met since 1614. It was hoped that some way out of the financial difficulties in which France was laboring might be found. But after valiant efforts to get the king and the other two classes to co-operate with them in schemes for reform, the commons (or Third Estate, as they were called) realized that they must work alone. They termed themselves a National Assembly, and drew up a constitution that made France a limited monarchy instead of a despotism. Meanwhile the first signs of violence appeared when on July 14, 1789, the Paris mob stormed and destroyed the Bastille, or state prison.

The National Assembly, having done its work, was succeeded, as the constitution provided, by a Legislative Assembly, which tried to go on with the reforms required. But the king and his advisers had become alarmed; a frustrated attempt by Louis to escape from France made matters worse; and finally trouble arose with foreign powers. The European monarchies had looked on in dismay at the passing of the power in France from the hands of the king into those of the people, and Prussia and Austria supported a number of French nobles in an effort to subdue the dangerous movement before it spread.

Immediately the Revolution, hitherto fairly peaceful, began to assume a violent tone. The Jacobins, a party of extremists, were put in control by the people of Paris, and became all-powerful for the time being. France was proclaimed a republic in 1792, when a Convention met to draw up another constitution. The ragged but enthusiastic armies of the Revolution thrust back their invaders at Valmy (1792). When the veteran soldiers of Prussia and Austria retired before them, a turning-point in European history was passed. The king was imprisoned and executed (January 1793); then the queen, Marie Antoinette (October 1793). The new rulers of France abolished all titles of nobility, and set to work to break the power of the Roman Catholic clergy. The Assembly had already passed a law ordering the deportation of all the priests who refused to take an oath to support the constitution. The Convention enforced this rigorously, thus alienating many French Catholics, and even causing civil war in the districts where Roman Catholicism was strongest. The revolutionaries felt so sure of their strength that they undertook to create

uprisings in the other countries of Europe. As a result new enemies were created. England and Spain joined the coalition against France.

Exasperated by defeats in the Netherlands, and by the defection of their best general, Dumouriez, the French then put their government into the hands of a Committee of Public Safety, pending the creation of a permanent form by the Convention. It was under this committee that the so-called Reign of Terror took place. Many aristocrats and their families were executed after the mockery of a trial, while the clergy were fiercely persecuted. Fortunately, this period was a short one. The execution of Robespierre and other extreme Jacobins (1794) brought it to a close, and saner methods of reform proceeded. The Convention provided for a settled government by two houses of representatives, and a directorate of five to carry on the executive functions. Then, in 1795, it dissolved itself.

THE RISE OF NAPOLEON

Meanwhile, French armies, with varying success, had been warring with half of Europe. In 1795 Prussia and Spain made peace. In 1796 the Directory appointed a young artillery officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of their army in Italy, and it was not long before he had completely defeated the Austrians there. Napoleon at this time was a man of only twenty-seven, dowered with matchless military genius and full of ambition. He involved France in an attack on Egypt, hoping to ruin the Mediterranean commerce of England. Although Napoleon at first carried all before him on land, his fleet was destroyed by Nelson at the battle of the Nile (1798), and he was repulsed at Acre in Palestine. On receiving news that the Austrians had won back Italy, he hurried home, abandoning his army in Egypt. He was hardly back in Paris before he saw that the Directory by its corruption and incompetence had lost public confidence, and might easily be swept away. A bold stroke, entailing the use of military force, overthrew this obstacle to his ambitions; the Directory was abolished in favor of rule by three consuls, Napoleon himself being First Consul. The appointment was later made a permanent one, so that by this time Napoleon had become, by his own efforts, the most powerful man in France.

In 1800, Napoleon decided to bring the Austrians to terms by a sudden attack; he crossed the Alps, turned the flank of the Austrian army, and won a great victory at Marengo, regaining Italy at one stroke. The peace signed in 1801 with France's enemies was a most advantageous one. France received the Austrian Netherlands, and the left bank of the Rhine from Switzerland to Holland, beside having Holland and part of Italy as republics under her protection.

Having brought the war to a successful close, Napoleon set to work to complete the internal reforms begun in France by the Revolution. He im-

proved the finances, established a Bank of France, and codified the hitherto heterogeneous laws. His famous 'Code Napoléon' is still used not only in France but in several foreign lands as well. Then, too, he brought about a reconciliation of his country with the Roman Catholic Church, by formally withdrawing the prohibitions against the non-juring clergy, and making a treaty with the Pope which recognized him as the head of the Church, while reserving to Napoleon himself the right to appoint bishops. Napoleon showed himself much more lenient to the emigrant nobles than the preceding rulers of France had been; he issued an amnesty in 1802 which allowed forty thousand families to return from exile and did his best to win their confidence.

As will be seen from this outline of his legislative activities, Napoleon, in all but name, was monarch of the French people by 1802. After a year or two, he judged that the time was ripe for the full achievement of his ambitions. In May 1804 he had himself crowned Emperor of the French in the cathedral of Notre-Dame, amid the cheers of the populace.

LITERATURE UNDER THE REVOLUTION AND NAPOLEON

Although the revolutionary spirit in France was undoubtedly prepared in part by such literary works as those of Voltaire and Rousseau, it produced hardly anything of permanent value to literature. And a little reflection will show why this was so. The years after 1789 were years of action, and the men whose figures bulked large during them were men of action. The public as a whole was not yet accustomed to reading much except newspapers and political pamphlets; the old literary public of the salons had, of course, been swept away by the Revolution. Authorship in France ceased to be the social function it had once been, and in the opinion of some critics it has never again fulfilled this function. After the tumult had died down, writers produced works to suit the man in the street, or to please a group sharing their opinions, or to satisfy their individual artistic taste, but not to win the approval of society.

Among the men who helped to bring about the upheaval of 1789, almost the only one of any literary genius was the political orator, Mirabeau (1749–1791). His fiery speeches, their effect heightened by his extraordinary appearance and tremendous earnestness, went far to sustain the Third Estate in its struggles with the nobles and the clergy during the early days of the Revolution. Danton, too, the leader of the Girondist or southern party in the Convention, who was guillotined with his associates by Robespierre, was no mean speaker; but he left no distinguished work apart from his orations.

One poet, unquestionably the greatest French poet of the eighteenth century, lived and wrote — and died, too — in those stormy days, André Chénier (1762–1794), the young author of exquisitely-chiseled 'Eclogues' and 'Iambics' who was executed as a royalist during the Terror. His works, how-

ever, were untouched in any essential way by the crisis France was passing through; they were published after his death, and did not receive the attention they deserved until a generation later.

When the strong grip of Napoleon fell upon the country, one might imagine that the restoration of order would have brought a new literature in its train. But the free expression of ideas did not enter into Napoleon's scheme of things. He wished Frenchmen to listen to one voice only — his own. Consequently he exercised a rigorous censorship over the press, and the years of the Consulate and early Empire were almost sterile from a literary point of view.

Only two writers of importance appeared during this period, Mme. de Staël (1766–1817) and Chateaubriand (1768–1848), and each fell foul of the imperious ruler. Mme. de Staël, daughter of the famous pre-revolutionary financier Necker, produced two remarkable books, 'On Literature, Considered in its Relationship with Social Institutions' (1800), and 'On Germany' (1810), beside the novels 'Delphine' (1802) and 'Corinne' (1807). In the first, she discussed the reciprocal influences of religion, social customs, and laws on the one hand, and literature on the other. The book on Germany made her unpopular because of the praise she showered on the Germans, the enemies of the French. Her boldness in discussing Napoleon and his régime led to her exile in 1803 from Paris, and later from France. Mme. de Staël's chief significance lies in the qualities by which she showed herself a precursor of romanticism — the personal note she sounded constantly in all her books, and the admiration she felt for the literature of the north of Europe. It must not be forgotten, however, that in many ways she remained a product of the eighteenth century — reasonable, tolerant, and rather materialistic.

Chateaubriand, in a different way, showed romantic tendencies, too. As a fervent Roman Catholic, he did much to re-establish the popularity of religion in France; he at first supported Napoleon, although he had been one of the emigrant aristocrats, because Napoleon wished for reconciliation with the Pope. But when he saw that the new ruler was urged on chiefly by personal ambition, he resigned the diplomatic office he had accepted and refused to countenance the Empire. Chateaubriand's 'Genius of Christianity' (1802) had an importance for his day in excess of the book's permanent merits, inasmuch as it struck the new note of religious interest and medievalism. In his tales of Indian life on this continent, for which he drew on his own experiences of travel in America, Chateaubriand gives us a foretaste of romantic writing by his fine passages descriptive of nature and his frequent sentimentality. 'Atala' (1801) and 'René' (1805), the most famous, are full of noble savages and languishing native maidens who bear little likeness to reality, but were very popular in France.

HISTORICAL EVENTS	LITERARY DATES
1704 Marlborough and Prince Eugene crush the French at Blenheim	
1715 Louis XIV dies. The Duke of Orleans is regent	1715–35 Le Sage, *Gil Blas*
1723 Louis XV assumes the crown	
	1732 Voltaire's play, *Zaïre*
	1734 Voltaire, *Lettres sur les Anglais*
	1735 Abbé Prévost, *Manon Lescaut*
1737 Corvée (forced labor) made universal in France	
1745 Saxe defeats the English at Fontenoy	1748 Montesquieu, *Esprit des Lois*
	1751–80 The Encyclopedia
1756 The Seven Years' War begins	
1757 Clive wins Plassey, ending French influence in India	1758 Voltaire, *Candide*
1759 Wolfe takes Quebec	
	1761 Rousseau, *La Nouvelle Héloïse*
	1762 Rousseau, *Émile* and *Le Contrat Social*
1763 Peace of Paris; France loses Canada to England, and Louisiana to Spain	
1769 Napoleon born at Ajaccio, Corsica	1775 Beaumarchais, *Le Barbier de Séville*
1782 Rodney destroys the French West India fleet	1785–91 Chénier, *Eclogues* and *Élégies*
1789 The French Revolution breaks out. The Bastille falls	
1792 The Revolutionary troops beat the Austrians and Prussians at Valmy	
1793 Louis XVI executed; the Reign of Terror begins	
1795 The Directory of Five is formed	
1798 Napoleon wins victories in	

HISTORICAL EVENTS	LITERARY DATES
Egypt, but Nelson destroys his fleet at the Nile	
1799 Directory dissolved; Napoleon made First Consul	
1800 Napoleon reconquers Italy from Austria	1800 Mme. de Staël, *De la Littérature*
	1801 Chateaubriand, *Atala*
1802 Peace of Amiens (war resumed in 1803); Napoleon's appointment as Consul made permanent	
1804 Napoleon becomes Emperor of the French	

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE

ALAIN LE SAGE (1668–1747) was a sturdy, self-willed Breton, with keen interest in human affairs, and more than usual skill in drawing conclusions from them. He was an optimist, taught by experience to distrust men's motives. Left an orphan at fourteen, under guardianship of an uncle who squandered his small patrimony, he accepted poverty with characteristic cheerfulness. At twenty-six he married a pretty girl of the *bourgeoisie*, took to writing, and is reputed the first Frenchman to earn a living by authorship. The Abbé de Lyonne — eccentric drinker of twenty-two daily pints of Seine water, and probable original of the Sangrado of 'Gil Blas,' took Le Sage under his protection, gave him a pension of six hundred livres, and is said to have interested him in Spanish literature, to which he may also have been attracted by the fact that his wife's mother was a Spaniard. For years he groped on, translating Spanish plays and stories — an unoriginal plodder.

Le Sage had no kinship with the exalted sentiment of French classic drama and romance. Sainte-Beuve calls him a man without any ideality; but it is truer to define his ideal as the rule of good sense. He scorned to affect emotion which he did not feel, and was quick to detect and expose social hypocrisies. Kindly in spite of many disillusions, he is the genius of the commonplace; picturing with humorous satire and dramatic force the actuating sentiments of ordinary men and women.

When nearly forty he won his first brilliant success with two dramas — 'Crispin Rival de son Maître,' and 'Don César Ursin' — which were played upon one occasion at the Théâtre Français. The first was a lively improbable one-act curtain-raiser in which a valet in masquerade courts his master's daughter. The audience applauded it enthusiastically, but were indifferent to the longer play. Oddly enough, the situation was reversed at Versailles, where 'Don César' succeeded and the curtain-raiser failed. The Parisians had shown the keener judgment, for 'Crispin' has become a classic.

'Turcaret,' his one great drama, was refused by the Théâtre Français under its first title, 'Les Étrennes'; but when remodeled introduced a daring innovation in stage tradition. Turcaret, shrewd and unscrupulous, has made money as a government contractor and come to Paris to enjoy it, ordering his countrified wife to remain at home. He falls in love with a baroness, who flatters and fleeces him and promptly bestows his gifts upon a younger lover. The valets and grisettes flatter their master's foibles, and pilfer when they can. The keen exposure of human pettiness ends in the discomfiture of the vulgar hero. His low-bred wife claims him at an evening reception; his coarse-grained sister

comes to sell finery to the baroness; he is swindled out of his ill-gotten wealth and bundled off to prison. In the period of the Spanish war, this typical portrayal of a class whose unscrupulous dealings stirred up wrath and fear was even more daring than the realism of Le Sage's great predecessor, Molière. For a time the play was in danger of suppression, which it only escaped through the intervention of royal authority. Even then the ridiculed class reviled it hotly, hired men to hiss it down, and offered the author large bribes for its withdrawal: an opposition which only determined Le Sage to continue it.

In spite of this success, he did not go on producing regular drama, but devoted himself to the more profitable work of writing little plays and operettas to be acted out of doors at the fairs of Paris. These *pièces de la foire*, given in booths set up along the streets, attracted a humbler audience, which received his satire more cordially and offered him more certain recompense than the regular theaters. In one of these plays he introduced a woman doctor; and the idea of such an anomaly was greatly enjoyed as an impossible burlesque.

His first noteworthy story, 'Le Diable Boiteux,' (The Limping Devil; it was well-known in England under the title 'The Devil on Two Sticks') — founded on the Spanish 'Diablo Cojuelo' of Guevara, to whom it was dedicated — appeared in 1707, and was the most immediately popular of Le Sage's works. The spirit, liberated from a bottle in a magician's laboratory, entertains his rescuer with the secret sights of a great city at night; and unroofing the buildings, explains the sufferings, transports, and agitations revealed. On this thread of story is strung a succession of vivid satiric little dramas. Often compared with 'Les Caractères' of La Bruyère in general idea, 'Le Diable' has greater continuity; for while the former is a series of detached sketches, the latter continually recalls the interest to a central plot.

English readers know Le Sage best from his great novel, 'Gil Blas,' over which he worked for more than twenty years. After a long and bitter controversy as to his indebtedness to Spanish literature, the idea of a romance of which 'Gil Blas' is a translation was disproved. The central idea is Spanish, as often in his work; the development his own.

Le Sage had no exalted opinion of reason as a controlling power; but regarded a human being as an impressionable mass, capable of recording and of being transformed by sensation. Gil Blas, the young Spaniard who starts out to seek his fortune, is not remarkable for vice or virtue. He is a shrewd, good-hearted youth, easily influenced by his surroundings. But the power of good is impressed upon him without conscious moralizing; and in middle life, after many follies and mistakes, he becomes a staid, trustworthy citizen. He tells the story of his adventures with witty candor and good-humor. He is a shifty politic fellow, "with a racquet for every ball." When he hears of a relative whom he had never met — "Yet nature will prevail: as soon as I had heard that he was in a fair way, I was tempted to call upon him." While a valet, Gil Blas finds it necessary to leave his place at short notice. "I made a bundle of

my own goods, incidentally slipping in some odd articles belonging to my master." He is a knave certainly, but never a serious villain. Society, he finds, is composed of people who live by their wits, and who think a great deal about good things to eat and drink. So he scrambles with the others. In the four volumes of Gil Blas's adventures, with the long digressions about his acquaintances, there is no more plot than in a man's life. There is no preaching. Yet the effect is one of unity, and the tale as "moral as experience itself."

The work of Le Sage marks the transition from the spirit of the seventeenth to that of the eighteenth century. In his large and general view of life, of society *en masse,* and in his taste for foreign literature, he belongs to the seventeenth century. But his realism is more modern; and in his lack of conscious moral motive, and in his fatalistic acceptance of the conditions of human life, a grain of Voltairean unbelief is already germinating.

Curiously enough, Le Sage exercised more influence abroad than at home. Before his fellow-countrymen had learned to appreciate him, Smollett had translated 'Gil Blas' into English; and it had become the model after which Fielding and his contemporaries sought to shape the English novel.

The great charm of Le Sage lies in the strong and rapid style of his witty narration. Occasionally he shows an appreciation of nature, but his interest in life is almost wholly social. Whatever he has to say is expressed with characteristic grace and strength. The words are so ready and so apt, the phrase so exact yet easy, the whole effect so animated, that in his instinctive pleasure the reader hardly realizes the great literary skill which created this masterpiece of precise and vigorous French.

JANE GROSVENOR COOKE

GIL BLAS ENTERS THE SERVICE OF DOCTOR SANGRADO

From 'Gil Blas'

I DETERMINED to throw myself in the way of Signor Arias de Londona, and to look out for a new berth in his register; but as I was on my way to No Thoroughfare, who should come across me but Doctor Sangrado, whom I had not seen since the day of my master's death. I took the liberty of touching my hat. He kenned me in a twinkling, though I had changed my dress; and with as much warmth as his temperament would allow him, "Heyday!" said he, "the very lad I wanted to see; you have never been out of my thought. I have occasion for a clever fellow about me, and pitched upon you as the very thing, if you can read and write." "Sir," replied I, "if that is all you require, I am your man." "In that case," rejoined he, "we need look no further. Come home with me: it will be all comfort; I shall

behave to you like a brother. You will have no wages, but everything will be found you. You shall eat and drink according to the true faith, and be taught to cure all diseases. In a word, you shall rather be my young Sangrado than my footman."

I closed in with the doctor's proposal, in the hope of becoming an Esculapius under so inspired a master. He carried me home on the spur of the occasion, to install me in my honorable employment; which honorable employment consisted in writing down the name and residence of the patients who sent for him in his absence. There had indeed been a register for this purpose, kept by an old domestic; but she had not the gift of spelling accurately, and wrote a most perplexing hand. This account I was to keep. It might truly be called a bill of mortality; for my members all went from bad to worse during the short time they continued in this system. I was a sort of bookkeeper for the other world, to take places in the stage, and to see that the first come were the first served. My pen was always in my hand, for Doctor Sangrado had more practice than any physician of his time in Valladolid. He had got into reputation with the public by a certain professional slang, humored by a medical face, and some extraordinary cases more honored by implicit faith than scrupulous investigation.

He was in no want of patients, nor consequently of property. He did not keep the best house in the world: we lived with some little attention to economy. The usual bill of fare consisted of peas, beans, boiled apples or cheese. He considered this food as best suited to the human stomach; that is to say, as most amenable to the grinders, whence it was to encounter the process of digestion. Nevertheless, easy as was their passage, he was not for stopping the way with too much of them; and to be sure, he was in the right. But though he cautioned the maid and me against repletion in respect of solids, it was made up by free permission to drink as much water as we liked. Far from prescribing us any limits in that direction, he would tell us sometimes: "Drink, my children: health consists in the pliability and moisture of the parts. Drink water by pailfuls: it is a universal dissolvent; water liquefies all the salts. Is the course of the blood a little sluggish? this grand principle sets it forward: too rapid? its career is checked." Our doctor was so orthodox on this head that though advanced in years, he drank nothing himself but water. He defined old age to be a natural consumption which dries us up and wastes us away: on this principle he deplored the ignorance of those who call wine "old men's milk." He maintained that wine wears them out and corrodes them; and pleaded with all the force of his eloquence against that liquor, fatal in common both to the young and old — that friend with a serpent in its bosom — that pleasure with a dagger under its girdle.

In spite of these fine arguments, at the end of a week a looseness ensued, with some twinges, which I was blasphemous enough to saddle on the universal dissolvent and the new-fangled diet. I stated my symptoms to my mas-

ter, in the hope that he would relax the rigor of his regimen and qualify my meals with a little wine; but his hostility to that liquor was inflexible. "If you have not philosophy enough," said he, "for pure water, there are innocent infusions to strengthen the stomach against the nausea of aqueous quaffings. Sage, for example, has a very pretty flavor; and if you wish to heighten it into a debauch, it is only mixing rosemary, wild poppy, and other simples with it — but no compounds."

In vain did he crack off his water, and teach me the secret of composing delicious messes. I was so abstemious that, remarking my moderation, he said: — "In good sooth, Gil Blas, I marvel not that you are no better than you are: you do not drink enough, my friend. Water taken in a small quantity serves only to separate the particles of bile and set them in action; but our practice is to drown them in a copious drench. Fear not, my good lad, lest a superabundance of liquid should either weaken or chill your stomach; far from thy better judgment be that silly fear of unadulterated drink. I will insure you against all consequences; and if my authority will not serve your turn, read Celsus. That oracle of the ancients makes an admirable panegyric on water; in short, he says in plain terms that those who plead an inconstant stomach in favor of wine, publish a libel on their own viscera, and make their constitution a pretense for their sensuality."

As it would have been ungenteel in me to run riot on my entrance into the career of practice, I affected thorough conviction; indeed I thought there was something in it. I therefore went on drinking water on the authority of Celsus, or to speak in scientific terms, I began to drown the bile in copious drenches of that unadulterated liquor; and though I felt myself more out of order from day to day, prejudice won the cause against experience. It is evident therefore that I was in the right road to the practice of physic. Yet I could not always be insensible to the qualms which increased in my frame, to that degree as to determine me on quitting Doctor Sangrado. But he invested me with a new office which changed my tone. "Hark you, my child," said he to me one day: "I am not one of those hard and ungrateful masters, who leave their household to grow gray in service without a suitable reward. I am well pleased with you, I have a regard for you; and without waiting till you have served your time, I will make your fortune. Without more ado, I will initiate you in the healing art, of which I have for so many years been at the head. Other physicians make the science to consist of various unintelligible branches; but I will shorten the road for you, and dispense with the drudgery of studying natural philosophy, pharmacy, botany, and anatomy. Remember, my friend, that bleeding and drinking warm water are the two grand principles — the true secret of curing all the distempers incident to humanity. Yes, this marvelous secret which I reveal to you, and which Nature, beyond the reach of my colleagues, has failed in rescuing from my pen, is comprehended in these two articles; namely, bleeding and drenching. Here you have the sum total of

my philosophy; you are thoroughly bottomed in medicine, and may raise yourself to the summit of fame on the shoulders of my long experience. You may enter into partnership at once, by keeping the books in the morning and going out to visit patients in the afternoon. While I dose the nobility and clergy, you shall labor in your vocation among the lower orders; and when you have felt your ground a little, I will get you admitted into our body. You are a philosopher, Gil Blas, though you have never graduated; the common herd of them, though they have graduated in due form and order, are likely to run out the length of their tether without knowing their right hand from their left."

I thanked the doctor for having so speedily enabled me to serve as his deputy; and by way of acknowledging his goodness, promised to follow his system to the end of my career, with a magnanimous indifference about the aphorisms of Hippocrates. But that engagement was not to be taken to the letter. This tender attachment to water went against the grain, and I had a scheme for drinking wine every day snugly among the patients. I left off wearing my own suit a second time, to take up one of my master's and look like an experienced practitioner. After which I brought my medical theories into play, leaving those it might concern to look to the event. I began on an alguazil in a pleurisy; he was condemned to be bled with the utmost rigor of the law, at the same time that the system was to be replenished copiously with water. Next I made a lodgment in the veins of a gouty pastry-cook, who roared like a lion by reason of gouty spasms. I stood on no more ceremony with his blood than with that of the alguazil, and laid no restriction on his taste for simple liquids. My prescriptions brought me in twelve rials: an incident so auspicious in my professional career, that I only wished for the plagues of Egypt on all the hale subjects of Valladolid. . . .

I was no sooner at home than Doctor Sangrado came in. I talked to him about the patients I had seen, and paid into his hands eight remaining rials of the twelve I had received for my prescriptions.

"Eight rials!" said he, as he counted them: "mighty little for two visits! But we must take things as we find them." In the spirit of taking things as he found them, he laid violent hands on six, giving me the other two. "Here, Gil Blas," continued he, "see what a foundation to build upon. I make over to you the fourth of all you may bring me. You will soon feather your nest, my friend; for by the blessing of Providence, there will be a great deal of ill health this year."

I had reason to be content with my dividend; since, having determined to keep back the third part of what I received in my rounds, and afterwards touching another fourth of the remainder — then half of the whole, if arithmetic is anything more than a deception, would become my perquisite. This inspired me with new zeal for my profession. The next day, as soon as I had dined, I resumed my medical paraphernalia and took the field once more.

I visited several patients on the list, and treated their several complaints in one invariable routine. Hitherto things went on under the rose; and no individual, thank Heaven, had risen up in rebellion against my prescriptions. But let a physician's cures be as extraordinary as they will, some quack or other is always ready to rip up his reputation. I was called in to a grocer's son in a dropsy. Whom should I find there before me but a little black-looking physician, by name Doctor Cuchillo, introduced by a relation of the family. I bowed round most profoundly, but dipped lowest to the personage whom I took to have been invited to a consultation with me. He returned my compliment with a distant air; then, having stared me in the face for a few seconds — "Signor Doctor," said he, "I beg pardon for being inquisitive: I thought I was acquainted with all my brethren in Valladolid, but I confess your physiognomy is altogether new. You must have been settled but a short time in town." I avowed myself a young practitioner, acting as yet under the direction of Doctor Sangrado. "I wish you joy," replied he politely: "you are studying under a great man. You must doubtless have seen a vast deal of sound practice, young as you appear to be." He spoke this with so easy an assurance that I was at a loss whether he meant it seriously, or was laughing at me. While I was conning over my reply, the grocer, seizing on the opportunity, said, "Gentlemen, I am persuaded of your both being perfectly competent in your art: have the goodness without ado to take the case in hand, and devise some effectual means for the restoration of my son's health."

Thereupon the little pulse-counter set himself about reviewing the patient's situation; and after having dilated to me on all the symptoms, asked me what I thought the fittest method of treatment. "I am of opinion," replied I, "that he should be bled once a day, and drink as much warm water as he can swallow." At these words, our diminutive doctor said to me, with a malicious simper, "And so you think such a course will save the patient?" "Not a doubt of it," exclaimed I in a confident tone: "it must produce that effect, because it is a certain method of cure for all distempers. Ask Signor Sangrado." "At that rate," retorted he, "Celsus is altogether in the wrong; for he contends that the readiest way to cure a dropsical subject is to let him almost die of hunger and thirst." "Oh, as for Celsus," interrupted I, "he is no oracle of mine; as fallible as the meanest of us: I often have occasion to bless myself for going contrary to his dogmas." "I discover by your language," said Cuchillo, "the safe and sure method of practice Doctor Sangrado instils into his pupils. Bleeding and drenching are the extent of his resources. No wonder so many worthy people are cut off under his direction." — "No defamation!" interrupted I with some acrimony: "a member of the faculty had better not begin throwing stones. Come, come, my learned doctor, patients can get to the other world without bleeding and warm water; and I question whether the most deadly of us has ever signed more passports than yourself. If you have any crow to pluck with Signor Sangrado, write against him; he will answer

you, and we shall soon see who will have the best of the battle." "By all the saints in the calendar!" swore he in a transport of passion, "you little know whom you are talking to. I have a tongue and a fist, my friend; and am not afraid of Sangrado, who with all his arrogance and affectation is but a ninny." The size of the little death-dealer made me hold his anger cheap. I gave him a sharp retort; he sent back as good as I brought, till at last we came to cuffs. We had pulled a few handfuls of hair from each other's head before the grocer and his kinsman could part us. When they had brought this about, they fee'd me for my attendance, and retained my antagonist, whom they thought the more skilful of the two.

Another adventure succeeded close on the heels of this. I went to see a huge chanter in a fever. As soon as he heard me talk of warm water, he showed himself so averse to this specific as to fall into a fit of swearing. He abused me in all possible shapes, and threatened to throw me out at window. I was in a greater hurry to get out of his house than to get in. I did not choose to see any more patients that day, and repaired to the inn where I had agreed to meet Fabricio. He was there first. As we found ourselves in a tippling humor, we drank hard, and returned to our employers in a pretty pickle; that is to say, so-so in the upper story. Signor Sangrado was not aware of my being drunk, because he took the lively gestures which accompanied the relation of my quarrel with the little doctor for an effect of the agitation not yet subsided after the battle. Besides, he came in for his share in my report; and feeling himself nettled by Cuchillo — "You have done well, Gil Blas," said he, "to defend the character of our practice against this little abortion of the faculty. So he takes upon him to set his face against watery drenches in dropsical cases? An ignorant fellow! I maintain, I do, in my own person, that the use of them may be reconciled to the best theories. Yes, water is a cure for all sorts of dropsies, just as it is good for rheumatisms and the green-sickness. It is excellent, too, in those fevers where the effect is at once to parch and to chill; and even miraculous in those disorders ascribed to cold, thin, phlegmatic, and pituitous humors. This opinion may appear strange to young practitioners like Cuchillo, but it is right orthodox in the best and soundest systems; so that if persons of that description were capable of taking a philosophical view, instead of crying me down they would become my most zealous advocates."

In his rage, he never suspected me of drinking: for to exasperate him still more against the little doctor, I had thrown into my recital some circumstances of my own addition. Yet engrossed as he was by what I had told him, he could not help taking notice that I drank more water than usual that evening.

In fact, the wine had made me very thirsty. Anyone but Sangrado would have distrusted my being so very dry as to swallow down glass after glass; but as for him, he took it for granted in the simplicity of his heart that I began to acquire a relish for aqueous potations. "Apparently, Gil Blas," said he, with a gracious smile, "you have no longer such a dislike to water. As Heaven is

my judge, you quaff it off like nectar! It is no wonder, my friend; I was certain you would take a liking to that liquor." "Sir," replied I, "there is a tide in the affairs of men: with my present lights I would give all the wine in Valladolid for a pint of water." This answer delighted the doctor, who would not lose so fine an opportunity of expatiating on the excellence of water. He undertook to ring the changes once more in its praise; not like a hireling pleader, but as an enthusiast in the cause. "A thousand times," exclaimed he, "a thousand and a thousand times of greater value, as being more innocent than our modern taverns, were those baths of ages past, whither the people went, not shamefully to squander their fortunes and expose their lives by swilling themselves with wine, but assembled there for the decent and economical amusement of drinking warm water. It is difficult to admire enough the patriotic forecast of those ancient politicians who established places of public resort where water was dealt out gratis to all comers, and who confined wine to the shops of the apothecaries, that its use might be prohibited save under the direction of physicians. What a stroke of wisdom! It is doubtless to preserve the seeds of that antique frugality, emblematic of the golden age, that persons are found to this day, like you and me, who drink nothing but water, and are persuaded they possess a prevention or a cure for every ailment, provided our warm water has never boiled; for I have observed that water when it is boiled is heavier, and sits less easily on the stomach."

While he was holding forth thus eloquently, I was in danger more than once of splitting my sides with laughing. But I contrived to keep my countenance; nay, more, to chime in with the doctor's theory. I found fault with the use of wine, and pitied mankind for having contracted an untoward relish for so pernicious a beverage. Then, finding my thirst not sufficiently allayed, I filled a large goblet with water, and after having swilled it like a horse — "Come, sir," said I to my master, "let us drink plentifully of this beneficial liquor. Let us make those early establishments of dilution you so much regret, live again in your house." He clapped his hands in ecstasy at these words, and preached to me for a whole hour about suffering no liquid but water to pass my lips. To confirm the habit, I promised to drink a large quantity every evening; and to keep my word with less violence to my private inclinations, I went to bed with a determined purpose of going to the tavern every day.

GIL BLAS BECOMES THE ARCHBISHOP'S FAVORITE, AND THE CHANNEL OF ALL HIS FAVORS

From 'Gil Blas'

I HAD been after dinner to get together my baggage, and take my horse from the inn where I had put up; and afterwards returned to supper at the archbishop's palace, where a neatly furnished room was got ready for me, and such a bed as was more likely to pamper than to mortify the flesh. The day following, his Grace sent for me quite as soon as I was ready to go to him. It was to give me a homily to transcribe. He made a point of having it copied with all possible accuracy. It was done to please him; for I omitted neither accent, nor comma, nor the minutest tittle of all he had marked down. His satisfaction at observing this was heightened by its being unexpected. "Eternal Father!" exclaimed he in a holy rapture, when he had glanced his eye over all the folios of my copy, "was ever anything seen so correct? You are too good a transcriber not to have some little smattering of the grammarian. Now tell me with the freedom of a friend: in writing it over, have you been struck with nothing that grated upon your feelings? Some little careless idiom, or some word used in an improper sense?" "Oh, may it please your Grace," answered I with a modest air, "it is not for me, with my confined education and coarse taste, to aim at making critical remarks. And though ever so well qualified, I am satisfied that your Grace's works would come out pure from the essay." The successor of the Apostles smiled at my answer. He made no observation on it; but it was easy to see through all his piety that he was an arrant author at the bottom: there is something in that dye that not heaven itself can wash out.

I seemed to have purchased the fee simple of his good graces by my flattery. Day after day did I get a step farther in his esteem; and Don Ferdinand, who came to see him very often, told me my footing was so firm that there could not be a doubt but my fortune was made. Of this my master himself gave me a proof some little time afterwards; and the occasion was as follows: — One evening in his closet he rehearsed before me, with appropriate emphasis and action, a homily which he was to deliver the next day in the cathedral. He did not content himself with asking me what I thought of it in the gross, but insisted on my telling him what passages struck me most. I had the good fortune to pick out those which were nearest to his own taste — his favorite commonplaces. Thus, as luck would have it, I passed in his estimation for a man who had a quick and natural relish of the real and less obvious beauties in a work. "This indeed," exclaimed he, "is what you may call having discernment and feeling in perfection! Well, well, my friend! it cannot be said of you — '*Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.*'" ["You would have sworn he was born in the wit-dulling air of Bœotia."]

In a word, he was so highly pleased with me as to add in a tone of extraordinary emotion, "Never mind, Gil Blas! henceforward take no care about hereafter: I shall make it my business to please you among the favored children of my bounty. You have my best wishes; and to prove to you that you have them, I shall take you into my inmost confidence."

These words were no sooner out of his mouth, than I fell at his Grace's feet, quite overwhelmed with gratitude. I embraced his elliptical legs with almost pagan idolatry, and considered myself as a man on the high-road to a very handsome fortune. "Yes, my child," resumed the archbishop, whose speech had been cut short by the rapidity of my prostration, "I mean to make you the receiver-general of all my inmost ruminations. Harken attentively to what I am going to say. I have a great pleasure in preaching. The Lord sheds a blessing on my homilies; they sink deep into the hearts of sinners; set up a glass in which vice sees its own image, and bring back many from the paths of error into the high-road of repentance. What a heavenly sight, when a miser, scared at the hideous picture of his avarice drawn by my eloquence, opens his coffers to the poor and needy, and dispenses the accumulated store with a liberal hand! The voluptuary too is snatched from the pleasures of the table; ambition flies at my command to the wholesome discipline of the monastic cell; while female frailty, tottering on the brink of ruin, with one ear open to the siren voice of the seducer and the other to my saintly correctives, is restored to domestic happiness and the approving smile of heaven, by the timely warnings of the pulpit. These miraculous conversions, which happen almost every Sunday, ought of themselves to goad me on in the career of saving souls. Nevertheless, to conceal no part of my weakness from my monitor, there is another reward on which my heart is intent — a reward which the seraphic scrupulousness of my virtue to little purpose condemns as too carnal — a literary reputation for a sublime and elegant style. The honor of being handed down to posterity as a perfect pulpit orator has its irresistible attractions. My compositions are generally thought to be equally powerful and persuasive; but I could wish of all things to steer clear of the rock on which good authors split who are too long before the public, and to retire from professional life with my reputation in undiminished luster. To this end, my dear Gil Blas," continued the prelate, "there is one thing requisite from your zeal and friendship. Whenever it shall strike you that my pen begins to contract, as it were, the ossification of old age, whenever you see my genius in its climacteric, do not fail to give me a hint. There is no trusting to one's self in such a case: pride and conceit were the original sin of man. The probe of criticism must be intrusted to an impartial stander-by, of fine talents and unshaken probity. Both those requisites center in you: you are my choice, and I give myself up to your direction." — "Heaven be praised, my lord," said I, "there is no need to trouble yourself with any such thoughts yet. Besides, an understanding of your Grace's mold and caliber will last out double the time of a common

genius; or to speak with more certainty and truth, it will never be the worse for wear, if you live to the age of Methusalem. I consider you as a second Cardinal Ximenes, whose powers, superior to decay, instead of flagging with years seemed to derive new vigor from their approximation with the heavenly regions." "No flattery, my friend!" interrupted he. "I know myself to be in danger of failing all at once. At my age one begins to be sensible of infirmities, and those of the body communicate with the mind. I repeat it to you, Gil Blas, as soon as you shall be of opinion that my head is not so clear as usual, give me warning of it instantly. Do not be afraid of offending by frankness and sincerity: to put me in mind of my own frailty will be the strongest proof of your affection for me. Besides, your very interest is concerned in it; for if it should, by any spite of chance towards you, come to my ears that the people say in town, 'His Grace's sermons produce no longer their accustomed impression; it is time for him to abandon his pulpit to younger candidates'—I do assure you, most seriously and solemnly, you will lose not only my friendship, but the provision for life that I have promised you. Such will be the result of your silly tampering with truth."

Here my patron left off to wait for my answer, which was an echo of his speech, and a promise of obeying him in all things. From that moment there were no secrets from me; I became the prime favorite. All the household, except Melchior de la Ronda, looked at me with an eye of envy. It was curious to observe the manner in which the whole establishment, from the highest to the lowest, thought it necessary to demean themselves towards his Grace's confidential secretary; there was no meanness to which they would not stoop to curry favor with me: I could scarcely believe they were Spaniards. I left no stone unturned to be of service to them, without being taken in by their interested assiduities. . . .

Two months after this worthy gentleman had left us, in the luxuriant harvest of my highest favor, a lowering storm came suddenly over the episcopal palace: the archbishop had a stroke of apoplexy. By dint of immediate applications and good nursing, in a few days there was no bodily appearance of disease remaining. But his reverend intellects did not so easily recover from their lethargy. I could not help observing it to myself in the very first discourse that he composed. Yet there was not such a wide gap between the merits of the present and the former ones as to warrant the inference that the sun of oratory was many degrees advanced in its post-meridian course. A second homily was worth waiting for, because that would clearly determine the line of my conduct. Alas, and well-a-day! when that second homily came, it was a knock-down argument. Sometimes the good prelate moved forward, and sometimes he moved backward; sometimes he mounted up into the garret, and sometimes dipped down into the cellar. It was a composition of more sound than meaning; something like a superannuated schoolmaster's theme when he attempts to give his boys more sense than he possesses of his own, or like a capuchin's

sermon which only scatters a few artificial flowers of paltry rhetoric over a barren desert of doctrine.

I was not the only person whom the alteration struck. The audience at large, when he delivered it, as if they too had been pledged to watch the advances of dotage, said to one another in a whisper all around the church, "Here is a sermon with symptoms of apoplexy in every paragraph." "Come, my good Coryphæus of the public taste in homilies," said I then to myself, "prepare to do your office. You see that my lord archbishop is going very fast — you ought to warn him of it, not only as his bosom friend on whose sincerity he relies, but lest some blunt fellow should anticipate you and bolt out the truth in an offensive manner; in that case you know the consequence: you would be struck out of his will, where, no doubt, you have a more convertible bequest than the licentiate Sedillo's library."

But as reason, like Janus, looks at things with two faces, I began to consider the other side of the question: the hint seemed difficult to wrap up so as to make it palatable. Authors in general are stark mad on the subject of their own works, and such an author might be more testy than the common herd of the irritable race; but that suspicion seemed illiberal on my part, for it was impossible that my freedom should be taken amiss when it had been forced upon me by so positive an injunction. Add to this, that I reckoned upon handling the subject skilfully, and cramming discretion down his throat like a high-seasoned epicurean dish. After all my pro and con, finding that I risked more by keeping silence than by breaking it, I determined to venture on the delicate duty of speaking my mind.

Now there was but one difficulty — a difficulty indeed! — how to open the business. Luckily the orator himself extricated me from that embarrassment, by asking what they said of him in the world at large, and whether people were tolerably well pleased with his last discourse. I answered that there could be but one opinion about his homilies; but that it should seem as if the last had not quite struck home to the hearts of the audience, like those which had gone before. "Do you really mean what you say, my friend?" replied he, with a sort of wriggling surprise. "Then my congregation are more in the temper of Aristarchus than of Longinus!" "No, may it please your Grace," rejoined I: "quite the contrary. Performances of that order are above the reach of vulgar criticism: there is not a soul but expects to be saved by their influence. Nevertheless, since you have made it my duty to be sincere and unreserved, I shall take the liberty of just stating that your last discourse is not written with quite the overpowering eloquence and conclusive argument of your former ones. Does not your Grace feel just as I do on the subject?"

This ignorant and stupid frankness of mine completely blanched my master's cheek; but he forced a fretful smile, and said, "Then, good Master Gil Blas, that piece does not exactly hit your fancy?" "I did not mean to say that, your Grace," interrupted I, looking very foolish. "It is very far su-

perior to what anyone else could produce, though a little below par with respect to your own works in general." "I know what you mean," replied he. "You think I am going downhill, do you not? Out with it at once. It is your opinion that it is time for me to think of retiring?" "I should never have had the presumption," said I, "to deliver myself with so little reserve, if it had not been your Grace's express command. I act in entire obedience to your Grace's orders; and I most obsequiously implore your Grace not to take offense at my boldness." "I were unfit to live in a Christian land," interrupted he, with stammering impatience — "I were unfit to live in a Christian land if I liked you the less for such a Christian virtue as sincerity. A man who does not love sincerity sets his face against the distinguishing mark between a friend and a flatterer. I should have given you infinite credit for speaking what you thought, if you had thought anything that deserved to be spoken. I have been finely taken in by your outside show of cleverness, without any solid foundation of sober judgment!"

Though completely unhorsed, and at the enemy's mercy, I wanted to make terms of decent capitulation, and to go unmolested into winter quarters; but let those who think to appease an exasperated author, and especially an author whose ear has been long attuned to the music of his own praises, take warning by my fate. "Let us talk no more on the subject, my very young friend," said he. "You are as yet scarcely in the rudiments of good taste, and utterly incompetent to distinguish between gold and tinsel. You are yet to learn that I never in all my life composed a finer homily than that unfortunate one which had not the honor of your approbation. The immortal part of me, by the blessing of heaven on me and my congregation, is less weighed down by human infirmity than when the flesh was stronger. We all grow wiser as we grow older, and I shall in future select the people about me with more caution; nor submit the castigation of my works but to a much abler critic than yourself. Get about your business!" pursued he, giving me an angry shove by the shoulders out of his closet; "go and tell my treasurer to pay you a hundred ducats, and take my priestly blessing in addition to that sum. God speed you, good Master Gil Blas! I heartily pray that you may do well in the world! There is nothing to stand in your way but the want of a little better taste."

THE DUKE OF SAINT-SIMON

(LOUIS DE ROUVROY)

AS Louis XVIII was leaving chapel one Sunday, he was stopped by his favorite and efficient general, the Duke of Saint-Simon, a descendant of the annalist.

"Sire," he said, "I have a favor to ask of your Majesty."

"M. de Saint-Simon, I know your recent and valuable services: you may ask what you please."

"Sire, it is a matter of grace to a prisoner in the Bastille."

"You jest, I think, M. de Saint-Simon."

"About the Bastille, yes, Sire; but not about the original manuscripts of the Duc de Saint-Simon seized in 1760, and your Majesty's prisoners of State at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs."

"I know of them, M. de Saint-Simon, and you shall have these manuscripts. I give you my word for it."

This conversation occurred in 1819, when Louis de Rouvroy, the famous Duke of Saint-Simon, had been dead for over sixty years. His vast collection of memoirs — which Sainte-Beuve says "forms the greatest and most valuable body of memoirs existing up to the present," which he had bequeathed by will explicitly to his cousin, the Bishop of Metz, had been all that time in the hands of government officials. A vigorous wrangle over their possession had followed the duke's death in 1755, and for six years they were in the possession of a notary. The Bishop of Metz died in 1760 without having obtained them; and by most people they were forgotten and left unmolested at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which was first in an obscure upper room "almost under the roofs" of the old Louvre, and later moved to different parts of the city.

The existence of this astonishing mass of historical material had not been entirely ignored. Marmontel and Duclos obtained access to it, and gleaned many extracts for their own histories. Voltaire had read it, in part at least. Much of it had been read aloud to Madame du Deffand, as she sat old and blind in her arm-chair. Brilliant gossip herself, she wrote enthusiastically to her friend Horace Walpole of this unrivaled gossip of an earlier generation.

Even after receiving the king's authorization, General Saint-Simon had great difficulty in obtaining his ancestor's valuable papers; and at first only four of the eleven portfolios comprising the memoirs were grudgingly yielded to him. We know just how they looked, those leather portfolios fourteen inches long by nine and a half wide, with the Saint-Simon coat of arms in gilt on the

outside. They are still in existence, with their closely-written folio pages headed by the inscription in capitals, 'Mémoires de Saint-Simon.' There was no division into chapters or books, but the several thousand pages form one continuous narrative.

A garbled three-volume edition of extracts had appeared in 1789; but it was not until 1829 that a reliable edition, revised and arranged in chapters, appeared in forty volumes. It created a stir. The critics fell upon its erratic French, its solecisms, its unconscionable digressions; but all readers admitted the charm of the vivid narrative and keen description. "He wrote like the Devil for posterity," said Chateaubriand. In various abridged and unabridged forms it has been popular ever since, and widely read and quoted by the French nation. No other work affords such a revelation of life at the court of Louis XIV, and during the succeeding regency. Macaulay found material in it for more than one of his historical sketches.

Louis de Rouvroy, Vidame de la Ferté, and later Duke of Saint-Simon and peer of France, was born in Paris, January 16, 1675, of an ancient family which claimed descent from Charlemagne. His father, as a young page of Louis XIII, had gained royal favor, chiefly by adroitness in helping the king to change horses without dismounting. The king enriched him, made him duke and peer, and in return received his lifelong devotion. Louis, born when his father was sixty-nine, the only child of a young second wife, had Louis XIII and Marie Thérèse as sponsors, and was early introduced to the court where most of his life was passed. He tells us that he was not a studious boy, but fond of history; and that if he had been allowed to read all he wished of it, he might have made "some figure in the world."

At nineteen he entered a company of the musketeers, and served honorably in several campaigns; witnessing the siege of Namur, and active in the battle of Neerwinden. But with his lifelong propensity to consider himself slighted, he resented his lack of advancement, and retired from the army after five years. The jealous courtier had a strongly domestic side, as is shown in his devotion to his mother and in grateful tributes to his wife. His marriage in 1695 to a beautiful blonde, eldest daughter of the Marshal de Lorges, was purely a marriage of *convenance,* but proved a delightful exception to the usual family intrigues of the period. He soon grew to love his wife: "She exceeded all that was promised of her, and all that I myself had hoped."

He received Jesuit training in youth, and was always a strict Catholic; retiring once a year to the monastery of La Trappe for a period of prayer and meditation, and to confess and receive absolution from his dear friend, the Abbé de La Trappe. Then feeling himself morally purged for the time being, he returned to his usual life with apparently never a thought of changing his conduct or avoiding the faults he had just confessed. Like his fellow-courtiers, who could quarrel over questions of precedence at the communion table, he

made no clear distinction as to the relative value of religious feeling and religious observances.

He was primarily a courtier, and frankly self-seeking; but too tactless to win royal favor. Louis XIV never cordially liked him, but he maintained a place at court chiefly through the friendship of the princes. The early death of the Dauphin — previously Duke of Burgundy — he felt as most disastrous to his fortunes. But he allied himself to the Duke of Orleans, and was of the council of the Regency. He did his best to reform the profligate prince, and in return he was offered the position of tutor to young Louis XV, or that of Guard of the Seals, both of which he refused. He had entered upon public life very young, and most of his early associates who were older died before him. So did his wife and eldest son. Left to himself, he fell into debt. Finally it was intimated to him that his presence was no longer desired at court; and he went away to spend his remaining years either at his country seat, La Ferté, or at his house in Paris, and to busy himself in revising his memoirs until his death in 1755.

In writing these, Saint-Simon had found the greatest interest of his life. He was only nineteen when, while serving upon one of his German campaigns, he began the work that was to extend over nearly thirty years — from 1694 to 1723. Memoirs had a peculiar fascination for him; and after reading those of Marshal de Bassompierre, he decided to keep a close account of people and events. He was too shrewd not to realize that no sincere expression would be possible if his enterprise were known; so throughout his long life he accomplished his daily record in secret. He wrote for a posterity whom he wished to know the truth. Even Voltaire thought it unpatriotic to dim the glory of Versailles by showing what was base in its royal inmates. But Saint-Simon was no idealist. He considered himself a philosopher, a statesman, a historian; but he hardly merits these titles. Like La Bruyère, this "little duke with his cruel, piercing, unsatisfied eyes," was pre-eminently a portrait painter. But La Bruyère was not a nobleman, nor of the company he describes, but there on sufferance as a retainer of the haughty Condés. Saint-Simon, on the contrary, felt his noble birth as a fact of vital importance, of which he must force recognition. The ruling thought of all his work is this insistence upon precedence. All his life he labored to extend the privileges of the peerage; and bitterly resented any social advance on the part of a bourgeois, as though with instinctive presentiment of the change even then impending. Even talent, when of humble origin, was contemptible in his eyes. Of Voltaire — whom he calls Arouet — he says slightingly: "The son of a notary who was my father's lawyer, and has been mine." He was supremely happy when he had brought about the Bed of Justice and effected the abasement of the illegitimate princes. He had long hated them because they took precedence of peers. To him the lower classes, the mass of the nation, only existed as a pedestal for nobility, and he never considers them as a factor in society.

What would they all have done — selfish adulated Louis, dignified Madame de Maintenon, hiding her resolute will under determined tact, the hoydenish princesses, the toadying lords and ladies — if they had known of the presence of this "spy" upon their every gesture? He cared little for nature. Even Lenôtre's beautifully conventionalized gardens pleased him less than a salon. "I examined everybody with my eyes and ears." He notes the courtly manners, the gorgeous robes, the royal magnificence; and he also notes the underlying treachery and corruption. "He is like those dogs, which, without seeing him, scent and discover a robber hidden under a piece of furniture," said Sainte-Beuve.

He excels in sketching individuals, and in communicating to us their manner, appearance, personality. He can paint a great canvas too, and show us the entire court gathered for a ball in the Hall of Mirrors, or about the bed of a dying prince. Instead of the flawless, magnificent pageant others have shown as the court life of Louis XIV, he stamped verisimilitude upon his glittering yet gruesome representations.

THE MARRIAGE

From the 'Memoirs'

ALL this winter my mother was solely occupied in finding a good match for me. Some attempt was made to marry me to Mademoiselle de Royan. It would have been a noble and rich marriage; but I was alone, Mademoiselle de Royan was an orphan, and I wished a father-in-law and a family upon whom I could lean. During the preceding year there had been some talk of the eldest daughter of Maréchal de Lorges for me. The affair had fallen through, almost as soon as suggested; and now, on both sides, there was a desire to recommence negotiations. The probity, the integrity, the freedom of Maréchal de Lorges pleased me infinitely, and everything tended to give me an extreme desire for this marriage. Madame de Lorges by her virtue and good sense was all I could wish for as the mother of my future wife. Mademoiselle de Lorges was a blonde, with complexion and figure perfect, a very amiable face, an extremely noble and modest deportment, and with I know not what of majesty derived from her air of virtue and of natural gentleness. The Maréchal had five other daughters; but I liked this one best beyond comparison, and hoped to find with her that happiness which she since has given me. As she has become my wife, I will abstain here from saying more about her, unless it be that she has exceeded all that was promised of her, and all that I myself had hoped.

My marriage being agreed upon and arranged, the Maréchal de Lorges spoke of it to the King, who had the goodness to reply to him that he could not

do better, and to speak of me very obligingly. The marriage accordingly took place at the Hôtel de Lorges, on April 8, 1695; which I have always regarded, and with good reason, as the happiest day of my life. My mother treated me like the best mother in the world. On the Thursday before Quasimodo the contract was signed; a grand repast followed; at midnight the curé of St. Roch said mass, and married us in the chapel of the house. On the eve, my mother had sent forty thousand livres' worth of precious stones to Mademoiselle de Lorges, and I six hundred louis in a basket filled with all the knick-knacks that are given on these occasions.

We slept in the grand apartment of the Hôtel de Lorges. On the morrow, after dinner, my wife went to bed, and received a crowd of visitors, who came to pay their respects and to gratify their curiosity. The next evening we went to Versailles, and were received by Madame de Maintenon and the King. On arriving at the supper-table, the King said to the new duchess, "Madame, will you be pleased to seat yourself?"

His napkin being unfolded, he saw all the duchesses and princesses still standing: and rising in his chair, he said to Madame de Saint-Simon, "Madame, I have already begged you to be seated;" and all immediately seated themselves. On the morrow, Madame de Saint-Simon received all the court in her bed — in the apartment of the Duchesse d'Arpajon, as being more handy, being on the ground floor. Our festivities were finished by a supper that I gave to the former friends of my father, whose acquaintance I had always cultivated with great care.

A PARAGON OF POLITENESS

From the 'Memoirs'

THE Duc de Coislin died about this time. I have related in its proper place an adventure that happened to him and his brother, the Chevalier de Coislin: now I will say something more of the duke. He was a very little man, of much humor and virtue, but of a politeness that was unendurable, and that passed all bounds, though not incompatible with dignity. He had been lieutenant-general in the army. Upon one occasion, after a battle in which he had taken part, one of the Rhingraves who had been made prisoner fell to his lot. The Duc de Coislin wished to give up to the other his bed, which consisted indeed of but a mattress. They complimented each other so much, the one pressing, the other refusing, that in the end they both slept on the ground, leaving the mattress between them. The Rhingrave in due time came to Paris and called on the Duc de Coislin. When he was going, there was such a profusion of compliments, and the duke insisted so much on seeing him out, that the Rhingrave, as a last resource, ran out of the room and double-

locked the door outside. M. de Coislin was not thus to be outdone. His apartments were only a few feet above the ground. He opened the window accordingly, leaped out into the court, and arrived thus at the entrance door before the Rhingrave, who thought the Devil must have carried him there. The Duc de Coislin, however, had managed to put his thumb out of joint by this leap. He called in Félix, chief surgeon of the King, who soon put the thumb to rights. Soon afterwards Félix made a call upon M. de Coislin to see how he was, and found that the cure was perfect. As he was about to leave, M. de Coislin must needs open the door for him. Félix, with a shower of bows, tried hard to prevent this; and while they were thus vying in politeness, each with a hand upon the door, the duke suddenly drew back; — he had put his thumb out of joint again, and Félix was obliged to attend to it on the spot! It may be imagined what laughter this story caused the King, and everybody else, when it became known.

There was no end to the outrageous civilities of M. de Coislin. On returning from Fontainebleau one day, we — that is, Madame de Saint-Simon and myself — encountered M. de Coislin and his son, M. de Metz, on foot upon the pavement of Ponterry, where their coach had broken down. We sent word, accordingly, that we should be glad to accommodate them in ours. But message followed message on both sides; and at last I was compelled to alight and to walk through the mud, begging them to mount into my coach. M. de Coislin, yielding to my prayers, consented to this: M. de Metz was furious with him for his compliments, and at last prevailed on him. When M. de Coislin had accepted my offer, and we had nothing more to do than to gain the coach, he began to capitulate, and to protest that he would not displace the two young ladies he saw seated in the vehicle. I told him that the two young ladies were chambermaids, who could well afford to wait until the other carriage was mended, and then continue their journey in that. But he would not hear of this; and at last, all that M. de Metz and I could do was to compromise the matter by agreeing to take one of the chambermaids with us. When we arrived at the coach, they both descended, in order to allow us to mount. During the compliments that passed — and they were not short — I told the servant who held the coach-door open, to close it as soon as I was inside, and to order the coachman to drive on at once. This was done; but M. de Coislin immediately began to cry aloud that he would jump out if we did not stop for the young ladies: and he set himself to do so in such an odd manner that I had only time to catch hold of the belt of his breeches and hold him back; but he still, with his head hanging out of the window, exclaimed that he *would* leap out, and pulled against me. At this absurdity I called to the coachman to stop; the duke with difficulty recovered himself, and persisted that he would have thrown himself out. The chambermaid was ordered to mount, and mount she did, all covered with mud, which daubed us; and she nearly crushed M. de Metz and me in this carriage fit only for four.

M. de Coislin could not bear that at parting anybody should give him the "last touch": a piece of sport, rarely cared for except in early youth, and out of which arises a chase by the person touched, in order to catch him by whom he has been touched. One evening when the court was at Nancy, and just as everybody was going to bed, M. de Longueville spoke a few words in private to two of his torch-bearers; and then touching the Duc de Coislin, said he had given him the last touch, and scampered away, the duke hotly pursuing him. Once a little in advance, M. de Longueville hid himself in a doorway, allowed M. de Coislin to pass on, and then went quietly home to bed. Meanwhile the duke, lighted by the torch-bearers, searched for M. de Longueville all over the town; but meeting with no success, was obliged to give up the chase, and went home all in a sweat. He was obliged of course to laugh a good deal at this joke, but he evidently did not like it overmuch.

With all his politeness, which was in no way put on, M. de Coislin could when he pleased show a great deal of firmness, and a resolution to maintain his proper dignity worthy of much praise. At Nancy, on this same occasion, the Duc de Créqui, not finding apartments provided for him to his taste on arriving in town, went in his brutal manner and seized upon those allotted to the Duc de Coislin. The latter, arriving a moment after, found his servants turned into the street, and soon learned who had sent them there. M. de Créqui had precedence of him in rank; he said not a word, therefore, but went to the apartments provided for the Maréchal de Créqui (brother of the duke), and serving him exactly as he himself had just been served, took up his quarters there. The Maréchal de Créqui arrived in his turn, learned what had occurred, and immediately seized upon the apartments of Cavoye, in order to teach him how to provide quarters in future so as to avoid all disputes.

On another occasion, M. de Coislin went to the Sorbonne to listen to a thesis sustained by the second son of M. de Bouillon. When persons of distinction gave these discourses, it was customary for the princes of the blood, and for many of the court, to go and hear them. M. de Coislin was at that time almost last in order of precedence among the dukes. When he took his seat, therefore, knowing that a number of them would probably arrive, he left several rows of vacant places in front of him, and sat himself down. Immediately afterward, Novion, Chief President of the Parlement, arrived and seated himself in front of M. de Coislin. Astonished at this act of madness, M. de Coislin said not a word, but took an arm-chair; and while Novion turned his head to speak to Cardinal de Bouillon, placed that arm-chair right in front of the Chief President, in such a manner that he was as it were imprisoned, and unable to stir. M. de Coislin then sat down. This was done so rapidly that nobody saw it until it was finished. When once it was observed, a great stir arose. Cardinal de Bouillon tried to intervene. M. de Coislin replied that since the Chief President had forgotten his position he must be taught it; and would not budge. The other presidents were in a fright; and Novion, enraged by the

offense put on him, knew not what to do. It was in vain that Cardinal de Bouillon on one side, and his brother on the other, tried to persuade M. de Coislin to give way. He would not listen to them. They sent a message to him to say that somebody wanted to see him at the door on most important business. But this had no effect. "There is no business so important," replied M. de Coislin, "as that of teaching M. le Premier Président what he owes me; and nothing will make me go from this place unless M. le Président, whom you see behind me, goes away first."

At last M. le Prince was sent for; and he with much persuasion endeavored to induce M. de Coislin to release the Chief President from his prison. But for some time M. de Coislin would listen as little to M. le Prince as he had listened to the others, and threatened to keep Novion thus shut up during all the thesis. At length he consented to set the Chief President free, but only on condition that he left the building immediately; that M. le Prince should guarantee this; and that no "juggling tricks" (that was the term he made use of) should be played off to defeat the agreement. M. le Prince at once gave his word that everything should be as he required; and M. de Coislin then rose, moved away his arm-chair, and said to the Chief President, "Go away, sir! go away, sir!" Novion did on the instant go away, in the utmost confusion, and jumped into his coach. M. de Coislin thereupon took back his chair to its former position, and composed himself to listen again.

On every side M. de Coislin was praised for the firmness he had shown. The princes of the blood called upon him the same evening, and complimented him for the course he had adopted; and so many other visitors came during the evening that his house was quite full until a late hour. On the morrow the King also praised him for his conduct, and severely blamed the Chief President. Nay more: he commanded the latter to go to M. de Coislin, at his house, and beg pardon of him. It is easy to comprehend the shame and despair of Novion at being ordered to take so humiliating a step, especially after what had already happened to him. He prevailed upon M. de Coislin, through the mediation of friends, to spare him this pain; and M. de Coislin had the generosity to do so. He agreed therefore that when Novion called upon him he would pretend to be out, and this was done. The King, when he heard of it, praised very highly the forbearance of the duke.

He was not an old man when he died; but was eaten up with the gout, which he sometimes had in his eyes, in his nose, and in his tongue. When in this state, his room was filled with the best company. He was very generally liked, was truth itself in his dealings and his words, and was one of my friends, as he had been the friend of my father before me.

A MODERN HARPY

From the 'Memoirs'

THE Princesse d'Harcourt was a sort of personage whom it is good to make known, in order better to lay bare a court which did not scruple to receive such as she. She had once been beautiful and gay; but though not old, all her grace and beauty had vanished. The rose had become an ugly thorn. At the time I speak of she was a tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk-porridge; great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging down in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings-out. Dirty, slatternly, always intriguing, pretending, enterprising, quarreling — always low as the grass or high as the rainbow, according to the person with whom she had to deal — she was a blonde Fury, nay more, a Harpy: she had all the effrontery of one, and the deceit and violence; all the avarice and the audacity: moreover, all the gluttony, and all the promptitude to relieve herself from the effects thereof; so that she drove out of their wits those at whose house she dined. She was often a victim of her confidence; and was many a time sent to the Devil by the servants of M. du Maine and M. le Grand. She was never in the least embarrassed, however, tucked up her petticoats and went her way; then returned, saying she had been unwell. People were accustomed to it.

Whenever money was to be made by scheming and bribery, she was there to make it. At play she always cheated, and if found out stormed and raged; but pocketed what she had won. People looked upon her as they would have looked upon a fish-hag, and did not like to commit themselves by quarreling with her. At the end of every game she used to say that she gave whatever might have been unfairly gained to those who had gained it, and hoped that others would do likewise. For she was very devout by profession, and thought by so doing to put her conscience in safety; because, she used to add, in play there is always some mistake. She went to church always, and constantly took the sacrament, very often after having played until four o'clock in the morning.

One day when there was a grand fête at Fontainebleau, Madame la Maréchale de Villeroy persuaded her out of malice to sit down and play, instead of going to evening prayers. She resisted some time, saying that Madame de Maintenon was going: but the Maréchale laughed at her for believing that her patron could see who was and who was not at the chapel; so down they sat to play. When the prayers were over, Madame de Maintenon, by the merest accident — for she scarcely ever visited anyone — went to the apartments of the Maréchale de Villeroy. The door was flung back, and she was announced. This was a thunderbolt for the princesse d'Harcourt. "I am

ruined," cried she, unable to restrain herself: "she will see me playing, and I ought to have been at chapel!" Down fell the cards from her hands, and down fell she all abroad in her chair. The Maréchale laughed most heartily at so complete an adventure. Madame de Maintenon entered slowly, and found the princess in this state, with five or six persons. The Maréchale de Villeroy, who was full of wit, began to say that whilst doing her a great honor, Madame was the cause of great disorder; and showed her the Princesse d'Harcourt in her state of discomfiture. Madame de Maintenon smiled with majestic kindness, and addressing the Princesse d'Harcourt, "Is this the way," said she, "that you go to prayers?" Thereupon the princess flew out of her half-faint into a sort of fury: said that this was the kind of trick that was played off upon her; that no doubt the Maréchale knew that Madame de Maintenon was coming, and for that reason had persecuted her to play. "Persecuted!" exclaimed the Maréchale: "I thought I could not receive you better than by proposing a game; it is true you were for a moment troubled at missing the chapel, but your tastes carried the day. — This, madame, is my whole crime," continued she, addressing Madame de Maintenon. Upon this, everybody laughed louder than before. Madame de Maintenon, in order to stop the quarrel, commanded them both to continue their game; and they continued accordingly, the Princesse d'Harcourt, still grumbling, quite beside herself, blinded with fury, so as to commit fresh mistakes every minute. So ridiculous an adventure diverted the court for several days; for this beautiful princess was equally feared, hated, and despised.

Monseigneur le Duc and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne continually played off pranks upon her. They put, one day, crackers all along the avenue of the château at Marly, that led to the Perspective where she lodged. She was horribly afraid of everything. The duke and duchess bribed two porters to be ready to take her into the mischief. When she was right in the middle of the avenue the crackers began to go off, and she to cry aloud for mercy; the chairman set her down and ran for it. There she was, then, struggling in her chair furiously enough to upset it, and yelling like a demon. At this the company, which had gathered at the door of the château to see the fun, ran to her assistance, in order to have the pleasure of enjoying the scene more fully. Thereupon she set to abusing everybody right and left, commencing with Monseigneur and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne. At another time M. de Bourgogne put a cracker under her chair in the salon, where she was playing at piquet. As he was about to set fire to this cracker, some charitable soul warned him that it would maim her, and he desisted.

Sometimes they used to send about twenty Swiss guards, with drums, into her chamber, who roused her from her first sleep by their horrid din. Another time — and these scenes were always at Marly — they waited until very late for her to go to bed and sleep. She lodged not far from the post of the Captain of the Guards, who was at that time the Maréchal de Lorges. It had

snowed very hard, and had frozen. Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne and her suite gathered snow from the terrace which is on a level with their lodgings; and in order to be better supplied, waked up to assist them the Maréchal's people, who did not let them want for ammunition. Then with a false key and lights, they gently slipped into the chamber of the Princesse d'Harcourt; and suddenly drawing the curtains of her bed, pelted her amain with snowballs. The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled in snow, with which even her ears were filled, with disheveled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, and wriggling like an eel, without knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour; so that at last the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed everywhere, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter. On the morrow she sulked, and was more than ever laughed at for her pains.

Her fits of sulkiness came over her either when the tricks played were too violent, or when M. le Grand abused her. He thought, very properly, that a person who bore the name of Lorraine should not put herself so much on the footing of a buffoon: and as he was a rough speaker, he sometimes said the most abominable things to her at table; upon which the princess would burst out crying, and then, being enraged, would sulk. The Duchesse de Bourgogne used then to pretend to sulk too; but the other did not hold out long, and came crawling back to her, crying, begging pardon for having sulked, and praying that she might not cease to be a source of amusement! After some time the duchess would allow herself to be melted, and the princess was more villainously treated than ever; for the Duchesse de Bourgogne had her own way in everything: neither the King nor Madame de Maintenon found fault with what she did, so that the Princesse d'Harcourt had no resource; she did not even dare to complain of those who aided in tormenting her: yet it would not have been prudent in anyone to make her an enemy.

The Princesse d'Harcourt paid her servants so badly that they concocted a return. One fine day they drew up on the Pont Neuf; the coachmen and footmen got down, and came and spoke to her at the door in language she was not used to hear. Her ladies and chambermaid got down and went away, leaving her to shift as she might. Upon this she set herself to harangue the blackguards who collected, and was only too happy to find a man who mounted upon the seat and drove her home. Another time, Madame de Saint-Simon, returning from Versailles, overtook her walking in full dress in the street, and with her train under her arms. Madame de Saint-Simon stopped, offered her assistance, and found she had been again left by her servants on the Pont Neuf. It was volume second of that story; and even when she came back she found her house deserted, everyone having gone away at once by agreement. She was very violent with her servants, beat them, and changed them every day.

Upon one occasion, she took into her service a strong and robust chamber-

maid, to whom, from the first day of her arrival, she gave many slaps and boxes on the ear. The chambermaid said nothing, but after submitting to this treatment for five or six days, conferred with the other servants; and one morning, while in her mistress's room, locked the door without being perceived, said something to bring down punishment upon her, and at the first box on the ear she received, flew upon the Princesse d'Harcourt, gave her no end of thumps and slaps, knocked her down, kicked her, mauled her from her head to her feet, and when she was tired of this exercise, left her on the ground, all torn and disheveled, howling like a devil. The chambermaid then quitted the room, double-locked the door on the outside, gained the staircase, and fled the house.

Every day the princess was fighting, or mixed up in some adventures. Her neighbors at Marly said they could not sleep for the riot she made at night; and I remember that after one of these scenes, everybody went to see the room of the Duchesse de Villeroy and that of Madame d'Espinoy, who had put their beds in the middle of their room, and who related their night vigils to everyone.

Such was this favorite of Madame de Maintenon; so insolent and so insupportable to everyone, but who had favors and preferences for those who brought her over, and who had raised so many young men, amassed wealth for them, and made herself feared even by the prince and minister.

MONTESQUIEU

CHARLES LOUIS DE SECONDAT, Baron de la Brède et de Montesquieu, was born at the château of La Brède, near Bordeaux, in 1689. He came of aristocratic stock on both sides, and inherited title, place, and the life presidency of the Parlement of Bordeaux. With leisure, money, scholarly tastes, and a great fondness for society, the young man found life a delightful and instructive experience. At twenty-five he was admitted counselor of the Parlement. At twenty-six he married an heiress. At twenty-seven he found himself, by his uncle's will, one of the richest and most influential men in the department. And now, with the famous 'Persian Letters,' he began his serious work in literature. This book was made up of correspondence between two imaginary Persians of high rank, supposed to be traveling in Europe, and their friends at home. The letters satirize the social, political, ecclesiastical, and literary follies of the time with brilliant audacity. Though anonymous, the book was at once attributed to Montesquieu, and at the height of its vogue was suppressed by a ministerial decree. The irresistible wit of the letters, their crushing satire, and their elegant style, made the decree of the censor the trumpet of their fame; and from the day of their publication they set a fashion in literature.

Another anonymous work appeared thirteen years later: the 'Considerations on the Causes of the Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans.' Its authorship, too, was soon suspected. Who save Montesquieu had such comprehension, such reflections, such a style? Yet this study of Roman civilization, that would make the reputation of any author, proved to be only the herald of Montesquieu's greater work to come. The 'Considerations' was published while he was in the midst of his political studies, and stands in interesting, and perhaps organic relation to the closing chapters of that work.

After its occupying him for twenty years, Montesquieu published his masterpiece, the 'Spirit of Laws,' at Geneva, in 1748. In less than two years it had passed into twenty-two editions. Time works out all equations, and resolves individuals and nations into their true elements. It has resolved Montesquieu into a political institution. His function is akin to that of great masses of men, organized as society, working out principles on which the State is laid. Because he expounds rather than codifies, he differs from Moses and Solon. Because he is a realist, and a modern, he differs from Plato and Aristotle. The whole world, down to his time, is his political parish, and he is singularly free from the prejudices that usually come from race, religion, country, occupation, and age. Because of this mental wholeness, his work

provoked the hostility of sectaries, of political schools, of established orders of men. It illustrated antiquity, and marked the inauguration of a new order of the ages. As with great and useful political institutions, it is more fitting to attempt to measure its effects than to criticize its scope, plan, or character.

It appeared at a crucial time. Democracy, in France, in England, in America, was stirring like sap in early spring; and leaf, flower, and bud, fruiting in revolution, were on the way. Yet it was not of democracy, especially, that he wrote; nor of aristocracy; nor of despotism. He never discloses his political preferences. His theme was more profound than a discussion of the mere form of the State. The State he found in various forms, and his purpose was to discover the law that regulates all forms. Analysis and illustration with him were wayside inns along the road to principles. Amidst the flux of human institutions he sought that which abides. His work therefore is economic, and its whole spirit modern. He knew men: he could disclose the spirit of their laws.

Nearly two centuries have passed since he wrote, and the world has greatly changed: in some degree because of his instruction. Though he presents the State primarily as a compact, he shows that it is so only in form: it is essentially an organism. Political institutions fall wholly within the domain of law. Words of high rank in the dictionary of politics — such as equality, education, morality, order, liberty — are functions which co-ordinate the State in administration. Taxation is a method of common protection, whatever the form of the State. It is nature that sets the pace in government; therefore let those who organize and administer the State duly consider race, soil, and climate, for these affect the morals, the religion, the character of a people. Governments become an illustration of his famed definition of the laws: "the necessary relations arising from the nature of things." These relations extend throughout the sphere of human activities, and are disclosed by the operation of forces more or less clear, whatever the form of the State. Of these forces, which he called the spirit of laws, he wrote. Passing over the field affected by this spirit, he found all human interests inclosed within it.

A book of relations like this would make much of commerce and its tributaries. In whatever way a people foster commerce, they will thereby give a clue to the spirit of their political institutions. This, it may be observed, is distinctively a modern view of the State. Montesquieu anticipates our own time by recognizing that persons outrank things in the State. Democracy in America has as yet not fully caught up with this idea. He sees in money a sign or symbol of values; and in wealth, the capacity of a people to realize the opportunities of civilization. Fundamental to the State is the family; whence the importance of the laws affecting marriage, the domestic relations, the rights of women and children, and the relation the State holds to them. Perpetuity is a paramount function of the State; whence laws of religion and of war, those affecting ecclesiastical orders, church tenures, crimes and punishments.

Though saying much of laws, he is not a mere legalist: otherwise his work would be no more than a masterly treatise on codes and decrees, or an abstruse speculation on human government. His 'Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains' has been pronounced by some to be his most learned work; yet its learning has not given it the utility of the 'Spirit of Laws.' It is rich in illustration; subtle in analysis; comprehensive in conclusions. But the Roman era closed, and the modern began, about the time of the appearance of this book in 1734. Antiquity until then was the world's chief instructor; but after the opening of the second half of the eighteenth century, the ancient régime was found to demand translation, and much of its political wisdom to be useless to the modern world. No one recognized this more clearly than did Montesquieu; and his was the genius to transform the whole estate of politics into a fee simple, vested in the individual citizen of the new régime. His influence in England and America illustrates this. Any nation is fond of the philosopher who discovers its admirable qualities, and especially when they are obscure to those who enjoy them. England stands in such an attitude to Montesquieu. He is popularly credited with the discovery of the tripartite form of the English Constitution, and was the first eminent Continental scholar to locate liberty in its purest form in the British Isles. If all this discovery was of a tendency rather than of a fact, it still counted in administration; and though a mere tendency, its consequences were bound to be great.

In America political changes were pending. A revolution was at hand, and chiefly because the colonists believed that they were denied the ancient and undoubted rights of Englishmen. Colonialism fast gave way to continentalism. A Congress assembled to take stock of grievances and to appeal to the whole world. This included the inhabitants of Quebec, to whom an address, written by John Dickinson, was sent. He was its author because of his familiarity with the French language. The address consisted chiefly of pertinent quotations from the 'Spirit of Laws.' England was accused of attempting to subvert civil authority in America. Was not this contrary to "your countryman, the immortal Montesquieu?" Did he not say — "In a free State every man, as is supposed of a free agent, ought to be concerned in his own government: therefore the legislative should reside in the whole body of the people, or their representatives"; "The political liberty of the subject is the tranquillity of mind arising from the opinion which a person has of his safety"; "In order to have this liberty, it is requisite that government be so constituted that one man need not be afraid of another"; "When the power of making laws and the power of executing them are united in the same person, or the same body of magistrates, there can be no liberty, because apprehensions may arise lest the same monarch or magistrates should enact tyrannical laws and execute them in a tyrannical manner"; "The power of judging should be exercised by persons taken from the body of the people at certain times of the year,

pursuant to a form and manner prescribed by law" ; "There is no liberty if the power of judging be not separated from the legislative and executive powers" ; "Military men belong to a profession which may be useful, but is often dangerous" ; "The enjoyment of liberty, and even its support and preservation, consists in every man's being allowed to speak his thoughts and lay open his sentiments"?

What was the significance of all this, more than that Montesquieu knew the British Constitution, that he had pointed out the true spirit of laws, and that he was the court of last resort when a civil war was impending between the parts of an empire? Had not Great Britain accepted his interpretation of liberty, in the writings of the greatest commentator on her laws, Justice Blackstone? This was turning the tables, and the Americans pressed their point. The Quebec address was read with enthusiasm everywhere in America except Quebec. Montesquieu was henceforth the political guidebook of the new nation. Here was to be found the wisdom of the ages all arranged for practical use, awaiting independent America. As the colonies became commonwealths they modified the form of their constitutions; and the men who made the changes knew Montesquieu as familiarly as they knew the traditions of Englishmen. This is evident from the speeches they made; the pamphlets they wrote; the constitutions they adopted.

Montesquieu thus became grafted into American institutions during that critical period from 1765 to 1776. Nor was this the end. A more critical period followed. Jefferson shows the influence of Montesquieu in the great Declaration. Madison, Gouverneur Morris, Hamilton, and the men of their generation in America who received legal or collegiate training, read Montesquieu (and the other political encyclopedists) with intent to use his wisdom in practical politics. They knew him even better than they knew Blackstone.

As soon as Washington decided to attend the Federal Convention at Philadelphia, "he made himself familiar with the reasonings of Montesquieu." His copy of the 'Spirit of Laws,' like Madison's, attests by its marginal notes with what care it was read. In the Convention, as the Constitution evolved, no writer was quoted as of higher authority. On several occasions Dickinson showed that he had not forgotten the Quebec address or its principal authority. Nor was this the conclusion of the matter. Two of the framers of the Constitution, Hamilton and Madison — and Jay, soon to be called to expound it — projected and wrote a series of newspaper articles, known as the Federalist, in exposition and defense of the proposed plan; directed to the people of the State of New York, who at the time were considering the question of ratification. Of the twenty foot-notes to the Federalist, three refer to Blackstone and three to the 'Spirit of Laws'; but the references to Montesquieu are accompanied by quotations, one of which is the longest quotation in the Federalist. The ninth and the seventy-eighth numbers, in which the quotations from Montesquieu occur, are by Hamilton. The paramount influence

of Montesquieu in the American constitutions is seen in the practically successful separation of the three functions of the State, "to the end," as the Constitution of Massachusetts puts it, that "it may be a government of laws and not of men"; and, as this and others provide, that one department shall never exercise the powers of either of the others. The phrase "checks and balances in government," which occurs so often in American political literature down to 1850, though not originating with Montesquieu, is an American abbreviation of a large use of him in practical politics. When it is remembered that the American constitutions are the oldest written constitutions in existence, that they have become precedents for all later republics, and that they have powerfully affected the written and the unwritten constitutions of European nations — the influence of Montesquieu must be acknowledged to be as wide-spread, in our day, as are the sources on which he based his profound conclusions.

Fortune favored Montesquieu at birth and through life. Ten years in the hereditary office of chief justice at Bordeaux, near which city he was born, completed his public services. He was thirty-seven when he resigned and entered upon the life of the scholar. Montesquieu was an academician and an encyclopedist, and with Voltaire, helped to turn the world upside down. But between the two men acquaintance never ripened into love.

"Vous savez, Monsieur le Président," began the curate of Saint-Sulpice, in exhortation, as Montesquieu lay dying in 1755, "vous savez combien Dieu est grand" [You know how great God is]. "Oui," quickly replied the philosopher, "et combien les hommes sont petits" [Yes, and how small men are].

FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE

ON THE POWER OF PUNISHMENTS

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

EXPERIENCE shows that in countries remarkable for the lenity of their laws the spirit of the inhabitants is as much affected by slight penalties as in other countries by severer punishments.

If an inconveniency or abuse arises in the State, a violent government endeavors suddenly to redress it; and instead of putting the old laws in execution, it establishes some cruel punishment, which instantly puts a stop to the evil. But the spring of government hereby loses its elasticity: the imagination grows accustomed to the severe as well as to the milder punishment; and as the fear of the latter diminishes, they are soon obliged in every case to have recourse to the former. Robberies on the highway were grown common in some countries. In order to remedy this evil, they invented the punishment of

breaking upon the wheel: the terror of which put a stop for a while to this mischievous practice; but soon after, robberies on the highways became as common as ever.

Desertion, in our days, was grown to a very great height; in consequence of which it was judged proper to punish those delinquents with death; and yet their number did not diminish. The reason is very natural: a soldier, accustomed to venture his life, despises, or affects to despise, the danger of losing it; he is habituated to the fear of shame: it would have been, therefore, much better to have continued a punishment which branded him with infamy for life; ostensibly increased, the penalty really was diminished.

Mankind must not be governed with too much severity: we ought to make a prudent use of the means which nature has given us to conduct them. If we inquire into the cause of all human corruptions, we shall find that they proceed from the impunity of criminals, and not from the moderation of punishments.

Let us follow nature, who has given shame to man for his scourge, and let the heaviest part of the punishment be the infamy attending it.

But if there be some countries where shame is not a consequence of punishment, this must be owing to tyranny, which has inflicted the same penalties on villains and honest men.

And if there are others where men are deterred only by cruel punishments, we may be sure that this must, in a great measure, arise from the violence of the government, which has used such penalties for slight transgressions.

It often happens that a legislator, desirous of remedying an abuse, thinks of nothing else: his eyes are open only to this object, and shut to its inconveniences. When the abuse is redressed, you see only the severity of the legislator; — yet there remains an evil in the State, that has sprung from this severity: the minds of the people are corrupted and become habituated to despotism.

Lysander having obtained a victory over the Athenians, the prisoners were ordered to be tried, in consequence of an accusation brought against that nation of having thrown all the captives of two galleys down a precipice, and of having resolved, in full assembly, to cut off the hands of those whom they should chance to make prisoners. The Athenians were therefore all massacred, except Adymantes, who had opposed this decree. Lysander reproached Philocles, before he was put to death, with having depraved the people's minds, and given lessons of cruelty to all Greece.

"The Argives" (says Plutarch), "having put fifteen hundred of their citizens to death, the Athenians ordered sacrifices of expiation, that it might please the gods to turn the hearts of the Athenians from so cruel a thought."

There are two sorts of corruption: one when the people do not observe the laws; the other when they are corrupted by the laws — an incurable evil, because it is in the very remedy itself.

IN WHAT MANNER REPUBLICS PROVIDE FOR THEIR SAFETY

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

IF a republic be small, it is destroyed by a foreign force; if it be large, it is ruined by an internal imperfection.

To this twofold inconveniency democracies and aristocracies are equally liable, whether they be good or bad. The evil is in the very thing itself, and no form can redress it.

It is therefore very probable that mankind would have been, at length, obliged to live constantly under the government of a single person, had they not contrived a kind of constitution that has all the internal advantages of a republican, together with the external force of a monarchial government. I mean a confederate republic.

This form of government is a convention, by which several petty States agree to become members of a larger one which they intend to establish. It is a kind of assemblage of societies that constitute a new one, capable of increasing by means of further associations, till they arrive at such a degree of power as to be able to provide for the security of the whole body.

It was these associations that so long ago contributed to the prosperity of Greece. By these the Romans attacked the whole globe; and by these alone the whole globe withstood them. For when Rome had attained her highest pitch of grandeur, it was the associations beyond the Danube and the Rhine — associations formed by the terror of her arms — that enabled the barbarians to resist her. From hence it proceeds that Holland, Germany, and the Swiss Cantons are considered in Europe as perpetual republics.

The associations of cities were formerly more necessary than in our times. A weak defenseless town was exposed to greater danger. By conquest, it was deprived not only of the executive and legislative power, as at present, but moreover of all human rights.

A republic of this kind, able to withstand an external force, may support itself without any internal corruption; the form of this society prevents all manner of inconveniences.

If a single member should attempt to usurp the supreme power, he could not be supposed to have an equal authority and credit in all the confederate States. Were he to have too great an influence over one, this would alarm the rest; were he to subdue a part, that which would still remain free might oppose him with forces independent of those which he had usurped, and overpower him before he could be settled in his usurpation.

Should a popular insurrection happen in one of the confederate States, the others are able to quell it. Should abuses creep into one part, they are reformed by those that remain sound. The State may be destroyed on one side and not on the other; the confederacy may be dissolved, and the confederates preserve their sovereignty.

As this government is composed of petty republics, it enjoys the internal happiness of each; and with regard to its external situation, by means of the association it possesses all the advantages of large monarchies.

ORIGIN OF THE RIGHT OF SLAVERY AMONG THE ROMAN CIVILIANS

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

ONE would never have imagined that slavery should owe its birth to pity, and that this should have been excited three different ways. The law of nations, to prevent prisoners from being put to death, has allowed them to be made slaves. The civil law of the Romans empowered debtors, who were subject to be ill-used by their creditors, to sell themselves. And the law of nature requires that children whom a father in the state of servitude is no longer able to maintain should be reduced to the same state as the father.

These reasons of the civilians are all false. It is false that killing in war is lawful, unless in a case of absolute necessity; but when a man has made another his slave, he cannot be said to have been under a necessity of taking away his life, since he actually did not take it away. War gives no other right over prisoners than to disable them from doing any farther harm, by securing their persons. All nations concur in detesting the murdering of prisoners in cold blood.

Neither is it true that a freeman can sell himself. Sale implies a price: now, when a person sells himself, his whole substance immediately devolves to his master; the master therefore in that case gives nothing, and the slave receives nothing. You will say he has a *peculium*. But this *peculium* goes along with his person. If it is not lawful for a man to kill himself, because he robs his country of his person, for the same reason he is not allowed to barter his freedom. The freedom of every citizen constitutes a part of the public liberty; and in a democratical State is even a part of the sovereignty. To sell one's freedom is so repugnant to all reason as can scarcely be supposed in any man. If liberty may be rated with respect to the buyer, it is beyond all price to the seller. The civil law which authorizes a division of goods among men cannot be thought to rank among such goods a part of the men who were to

make this division. The same law annuls all iniquitous contracts; surely, then, it affords redress in a contract where the grievance is most enormous.

The third way is birth: which falls with the two former; for if a man could not sell himself, much less could he sell an unborn infant. If a prisoner of war is not to be reduced to slavery, much less are his children.

The lawfulness of putting a malefactor to death arises from this circumstance — the law by which he is punished was made for his security. A murderer, for instance, has enjoyed the benefit of the very law which condemns him; it has been a continued protection to him: he cannot therefore object against it. But it is not so with the slave. The law of slavery can never be beneficial to him; it is in all cases against him, without ever being for his advantage; and therefore this law is contrary to the fundamental principle of all societies.

If it be pretended that it has been beneficial to him, as his master has provided for his subsistence, slavery at this rate should be limited to those who are incapable of earning their livelihood. But who will take up with such slaves? As to infants — nature, which has supplied their mother with milk, has provided for their sustenance; and the remainder of their childhood approaches so near the age in which they are most capable of being of service, that he who supports them cannot be said to give them an equivalent which can entitle him to be their master.

Nor is slavery less opposite to the civil law than to that of nature. What civil law can restrain a slave from running away, since he is not a member of society, and consequently has no interest in any civil institutions? He can be retained only by a family law; that is, by the master's authority.

ON THE SPIRIT OF TRADE

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

COMMERCE is a cure for the most destructive prejudices: for it is almost a general rule, that wherever we find agreeable manners, there commerce flourishes; and that wherever there is commerce, there we meet with agreeable manners.

Let us not be astonished, then, if our manners are now less savage than formerly. Commerce has everywhere diffused a knowledge of the manners of all nations; these are compared one with another; and from this comparison arise the greatest advantages.

Commercial laws, it may be said, improve manners for the same reason as they destroy them. They corrupt the purest morals; this was the subject of Plato's complaints; and we every day see that they polish and refine the most barbarous.

Peace is the natural effect of trade. Two nations who traffic with each other become reciprocally dependent; for if one has an interest in buying, the other has an interest in selling; and thus their union is founded on their mutual necessities.

But if the spirit of commerce unites nations, it does not in the same manner unite individuals. We see that in countries where the people are moved only by the spirit of commerce, they make a traffic of all the humane, all the moral virtues: the most trifling things — those which humanity itself demands — are there done or there given only for money.

The spirit of trade produces in the mind of man a certain sense of exact justice; opposite on the one hand to robbery, and on the other to those moral virtues which forbid our always adhering rigidly to the rules of private interest, and suffer us to neglect this for the advantage of others.

The total privation of trade, on the contrary, produces robbery; which Aristotle ranks in the number of means of acquiring, yet it is not at all inconsistent with certain moral virtues. Hospitality, for instance, is most rare in trading countries, while it is found in the most admirable perfection among nations of vagabonds.

ON THE TRUE NATURE OF BENEVOLENCE

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

A MAN is not poor because he has nothing, but because he does not work. The man who without any degree of wealth has an employment is as much at his ease as he who without labor has an income of a hundred crowns a year. He who has no substance, and yet has a trade, is not poorer than he who, possessing ten acres of land, is obliged to cultivate it for his subsistence. The mechanic who gives his art as an inheritance to his children has left them a fortune which is multiplied in proportion to their number. It is not so with him who, having ten acres of land, divides it amongst his children.

In trading countries, where many men have no other subsistence but from the arts, the State is frequently obliged to supply the necessities of the aged, the sick, and the orphan. A well-regulated government draws this support from the arts themselves. It gives to some such employment as they are capable of performing; others are taught to work, and this teaching becomes of itself an employment.

The alms given to a naked man in the street do not fulfil the obligations of the State, which owes to every citizen a certain subsistence, a proper nourishment, convenient clothing, and a kind of life not incompatible with health.

Aurengzebe being asked why he did not build hospitals, said, "I will make

my empire so rich that there shall be no need of hospitals." He ought to have said, "I will begin by rendering my empire rich, and then I will build hospitals."

The riches of the State suppose great industry. Amidst the numerous branches of trade, it is impossible but some must suffer; and consequently the mechanics must be in a momentary necessity.

Whenever this happens, the State is obliged to lend them a ready assistance; whether it be to prevent the sufferings of the people, or to avoid a rebellion. In this case hospitals, or some equivalent regulations, are necessary to prevent this misery.

But when the nation is poor, private poverty springs from the general calamity; and is, if I may so express myself, the general calamity itself. All the hospitals in the world cannot cure this private poverty; on the contrary, the spirit of indolence which it constantly inspires increases the general and consequently the private misery.

Henry VIII, resolving to reform the Church of England, ruined the monks, of themselves a lazy set of people, that encouraged laziness in others; because, as they practised hospitality, an infinite number of idle persons, gentlemen and citizens, spent their lives in running from convent to convent. He demolished even the hospitals, in which the lower people found subsistence, as the gentlemen did theirs in the monasteries. Since these changes, the spirit of trade and industry has been established in England.

At Rome the hospitals place everyone at his ease except those who labor, except those who are industrious, except those who have land, except those who are engaged in trade.

I have observed that wealthy nations have need of hospitals, because fortune subjects them to a thousand accidents; but it is plain that transient assistances are much better than perpetual foundations. The evil is momentary; it is necessary therefore that the succor should be of the same nature, and that it be applied to particular accidents.

ON RELIGION

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

THE different religions of the world do not give to those who profess them equal motives of attachment: this depends greatly on the manner in which they agree with the turn of thought and perceptions of mankind. We are extremely addicted to idolatry, and yet have no great inclination for the religion of idolaters; we are not very fond of spiritual ideas, and yet are most attached to those religions which teach us to adore a spiritual

being. This proceeds from the satisfaction we find in ourselves at having been so intelligent as to choose a religion which raises the Deity from that baseness in which he had been placed by others. We look upon idolatry as the religion of an ignorant people; and the religion which has a spiritual being for its object as that of the most enlightened nations.

When with a doctrine that gives us the idea of a spiritual supreme being, we can still join those of a sensible nature, and admit them into our worship, we contract a greater attachment to religion; because those motives which we have just mentioned are added to our natural inclinations for the objects of sense. Thus the Catholics, who have more of this kind of worship than the Protestants, are more attached to their religion than the Protestants are to theirs, and more zealous for its propagation.

When the people of Ephesus were informed that the fathers of the council had declared they might call the Virgin Mary the Mother of God, they were transported with joy; they kissed the hands of the bishops, they embraced their knees, and the whole city resounded with acclamations.

When an intellectual religion superadds a choice made by the Deity, and a preference of those who profess it to those who do not, this greatly attaches us to religion. The Mahometans would not be such good Mussulmans, if on the one hand there were not idolatrous nations who make them imagine themselves the champions of the unity of God; and on the other, Christians to make them believe that they are the objects of his preference.

A religion burthened with many ceremonies attaches us to it more strongly than that which has a fewer number. We have an extreme propensity to things in which we are continually employed: witness the obstinate prejudices of the Mahometans and the Jews, and the readiness with which barbarous and savage nations change their religion — who, as they are employed entirely in hunting or war, have but few religious ceremonies.

Men are extremely inclined to the passions of hope and fear: a religion therefore that had neither a heaven nor a hell could hardly please them. This is proved by the ease with which foreign religions have been established in Japan, and the zeal and fondness with which they were received.

In order to raise an attachment to religion, it is necessary that it should inculcate pure morals. Men who are knaves by retail are extremely honest in the gross: they love morality. And were I not treating of so grave a subject, I should say that this appears remarkably evident in our theaters: we are sure of pleasing the people by sentiments avowed by morality; we are sure of shocking them by those it disapproves.

When external worship is attended with great magnificence, it flatters our minds, and strongly attaches us to religion. The riches of temples, and those of the clergy, greatly affect us. Thus, even the misery of the people is a motive that renders them fond of a religion which has served as a pretext to those who were the cause of their misery.

VOLTAIRE

VOLTAIRE, whose real name was François Marie Arouet, was certainly in his own time the most influential of the numerous writers that have been produced by France. He was born in Paris on November 21, 1694, and died in the same city on May 30, 1778. At the time of Voltaire's birth Louis XIV was still the absolute ruler of France; no one dared to question his divine right to the crown, or to resist his clearly expressed will. When Voltaire died, public opinion had become so irresistible a power that King Louis XVI had been compelled, much against his desire, to assist the revolted colonies of North America in their struggle against the English king; and that eleven years later the French also determined upon a revolution, the object of which was to establish free and equal government over the ruins of the old system. Of the transformation which had taken place between the dates of 1694 and 1778, Voltaire had been one of the chief artisans.

His family, like that of most of the great writers of France, belonged to the ranks of the middle class. His father had, as a notary and as the confidential legal adviser of numerous influential families, amassed a comfortable fortune; and occupied late in life an honorable official position, which connected him with the highest court of law in France — the Parlement of Paris. His mother, Catherine Daumars, was connected with several families of the nobility. He received the best education which a French bourgeois could then give to his son. His chief educators were the Jesuit Fathers — in whose best college, the Collège Louis-le-Grand, he received all his early schooling — and a certain Abbé de Châteauneuf, a worldly abbé of aristocratic birth, to whose care he had been intrusted by his mother, whom he lost when only seven years of age. The abbé made it his business to introduce his young charge into the most aristocratic and witty, but withal, dissolute circles of French society. The young man's wit and inborn charm of manner, his ease in composing pleasing and light verses, his close attention whenever older people spoke of whatever important events they had acted in or witnessed, made him at once a very great favorite.

Louis XIV died in 1715, when young Arouet was just coming of age. He had not published anything yet, but had already determined to make a name for himself as a man of letters, and not simply to increase the family's fortune as a law practitioner, according to his father's desire. He already possessed more worldly experience than a great many older men. A journey in Holland, which he had made as secretary to the French ambassador there, Marquis de Châteauneuf — and which had come abruptly to an end on account of a

somewhat pathetic love affair with a Protestant maiden, Mademoiselle Olympe Dunoyer — had enabled him to acquire a knowledge of what was perhaps most interesting in Europe at that time: the republican government of the Netherlands, and the society of Huguenot refugees who had left France twenty or thirty years before rather than abandon their faith.

He was then ready to present to the public whatever ideas of his he deemed sufficiently matured for publication. But he was soon to discover, at his own expense, what the meaning of absolute power is, and what a disturbing force it becomes in the hands of incompetent rulers. The duties of royalty were then performed by the Duke of Orleans, regent of France during the minority of his child cousin, King Louis XV. Able and witty, but without any principle of morality, the regent laid himself open to criticism of the sharpest kind; and young Arouet was not the most merciful of his judges. Twice the young man, on account of his freedom of utterance, received peremptory orders to leave Paris and reside at some spot designated by the government; a third time, for a Latin inscription which he had written, and some French verses, the authorship of which he was erroneously credited with, he was arrested and sent as a State prisoner to the Bastille, where he remained nearly a year (1717–1718). A few months after the end of his imprisonment he suddenly became famous. His tragedy of 'Œdipus' had been performed with the greatest success, and he was hailed as the legitimate successor of Corneille and Racine (1718).

Several years followed of intense literary activity, during which he wrote a number of plays and composed numerous poems, two of which for the first time presented some of the ideas with which his name has become identified — the 'Epistle to Urania,' which sets forth some of the principles of natural religion, and the epic poem which later, when more developed, became the 'Henriade.' The latter work, of which King Henry IV of France is the hero, is from beginning to end an eloquent plea for religious toleration, and a no less eloquent denunciation of religious fanaticism. Its most celebrated passage is the narrative of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Eve, related by Henry to Queen Elizabeth.

He was soon sent to the Bastille again (1726), on account of a quarrel with a disreputable young nobleman, the Chevalier de Rohan, who had had Voltaire beaten almost to death by his servants. He was released, however, a few days later, on a promise that he would at once set out for England, where he resided a little over two years (1726–28). These were for him years of study. He managed to acquaint himself with the language, literature, institutions, and social life of England, as few travelers have ever done in so short a time. Before he left the country he succeeded in writing English very creditably; as is shown by two essays that he published while there, one on the civil wars of France, the other on epic poetry. Their object was to prepare the

English public for the issuing of a new and enlarged edition of his poem on Henry IV, which was dedicated to the Queen of England.

He carried back to France a small volume, the effect of which on the reading public of continental Europe, but especially of France, cannot be overestimated. It is a collection of twenty-four letters, which were first published in an English translation with the title of 'Letters Concerning the English Nation,' and afterwards in France under a different title — 'Philosophical Letters.' His object in this work was to show to his countrymen that national peace, happiness, and power were not dependent upon the existence of such a government as they were living under. The main points to which he called their attention were individual liberty, as protected by the Habeas Corpus Act; political liberty, as secured by the Magna Charta; religious toleration, as demonstrated by the existence in the country of numerous Christian denominations, living at peace with each other; respect for men of letters, as shown by the high positions filled in the State by such men as Joseph Addison and Matthew Prior; the existence of an English literature, then little known in France, which heard from him for almost the first time the name of Shakespeare; the existence of English philosophy with Locke, and of English science with Sir Isaac Newton, whose theory of universal attraction he popularized through years of untiring efforts; and so on. No wonder such a book was not very acceptable to the autocratic government of France. Its publication was not authorized; an unauthorized edition, however, appeared in 1734, and Voltaire, as the writer had come to call himself since the performance of 'Œdipus,' came near being sent to the Bastille for the third time.

He was then a rich man. Influential friends had helped him to invest his share of his father's estate partly in speculative ventures, partly in military contracts. He lived in an ostentatious style in the château of Cirey, in Lorraine; which was the property of a great admirer of his, the Marquise du Châtelet, who translated Newton's 'Principia' into French. He composed there a number of plays. He had already had, however, his greatest dramatic triumph with 'Zaïre'; a play in which, even more than in his 'Brutus,' we can discern the influence of Shakespeare. Among the plays that followed, the most remarkable were 'Mahomet,' a plea against fanaticism, which he dedicated to Pope Benedict XIV; and 'Alzire,' a new plea for religious toleration, hardly less eloquent than the 'Henriade.' He had also published his first historical work, a history of Charles XII of Sweden; a marvelous piece of narrative, in which the philosophical historian already appears in many a reflection upon the folly of war and the sufferings it entails upon the people. The ideas he stood for were more clearly expressed, however, in such works as his philosophical poems; 'Discourses upon Man,' an imitation of Pope's 'Essay on Man'; and his 'Elements of the Philosophy of Newton.' His increasing popularity compelled even the court to grant him recognition. In 1745 he was appointed historiographer of France, in 1746 he was elected

a member of the French Academy, and in the same year made by the king a gentleman of his bedchamber. This constituted him a member of the nobility.

His favor at court lasted but a short time, however. He had soon to hide in the residence of his friend, the Duchesse du Maine, where he wrote his first philosophical tales, 'Zadig' and 'Micromégas'; new vehicles for the ideas that had already been expressed in the 'Henriade,' the 'Philosophical Letters,' and the 'Charles XII.'

Madame du Châtelet's death (1749) brought about a great change in his life. After a short stay in Paris he accepted an invitation from King Frederick II of Prussia, who had since 1736 been one of his regular correspondents, and who had for years begged him to take up his residence at the Prussian court. Voltaire lived at Berlin and Potsdam about three years, the most important event in which was his publication of the 'Age of Louis XIV'; a historical work which he had been perfecting for upwards of twenty years, and which was received by the public as no historical work had even been. Even today it retains its position as one of the most interesting and comprehensive books of history ever written. To his contemporaries, who knew only the dreariest compilations of literary hacks and pedants, it was a revelation of what history could be. Voltaire did not simply narrate, he passed judgment; though undoubtedly prejudiced in favor of Louis XIV, he severely censured his love of war and expenditure and his terrible religious fanaticism. His information, which he had collected with the utmost industry, and made use of with the greatest candor, was extensive and remarkably accurate for the time.

Had he done nothing else in Berlin, he and Frederick might have remained good friends. But he mercilessly ridiculed another Frenchman, the learned Maupertuis, whom Frederick had made president of the Berlin Academy; and this, joined to several transactions in which Voltaire showed himself remarkably indiscreet, and also more rapacious than was consistent with self-respect, led to an estrangement between the two men, who had originally met as the warmest of friends. In regard to Maupertuis, however, it must be said that Voltaire was entirely in the right; for his pamphlet against his compatriot, the 'Diatribe of Doctor Akakia,' was simply one of the writings in which he defended a young Swiss servant named Koenig against an unjust persecution, of which Maupertuis was the sole author.

He left Berlin in 1753, and returned to France. On his way there he had been arrested in Frankfort, at the request of Frederick, and made to undergo without cause the most humiliating treatment. In France he spent nearly two years, a homeless wanderer. King Louis XV would not allow him in Paris. He saw safety nowhere else than in Switzerland, and finally settled there, near the Lake of Geneva. A few years later (1758) he acquired the domains of Ferney and Tournay — situated in France, but very near Geneva — which

he made a kind of little kingdom of his own, and where he spent the last twenty years of his life (1758–1778).

There he was soon acknowledged the intellectual center of Europe. He was untiring in his activity; and feeling better protected against the blows of autocracy, he displayed more energy than ever in his fight for human freedom. The most important works belonging to the last period of his life are his 'Essays on Manners'—a work on Universal History, especially from the death of Charlemagne (814) to the accession of Louis XIV (1643); and the 'Philosophical Dictionary,' a collection of short articles written by him on all sorts of subjects of a philosophical nature. It is in the latter work that are found the passages in which Voltaire, in spite of the opinion held of him by many people who declare him to have been an atheist, most strongly expressed his faith in the existence of a God, Father of all men; and used every argument at his disposal against atheism.

Literary activity did not fill all Voltaire's time at Ferney. His fight against tyranny and fanaticism often took a different shape. The best known incident of his life at that time relates to the Calas family—a Protestant family, living at Toulouse in the southwest of France. One of the young men of the family, Marc Antoine Calas, was one day found hanging dead from a beam in the ceiling. He had committed suicide. But the fanatical mob at once accused his father of having murdered him to prevent his becoming a Catholic. The whole family was arrested; and the old man was quickly sentenced to death, and executed with the utmost cruelty, while the family property was confiscated to the State, and the daughters put in a convent. The rest took refuge in the Protestant city of Geneva. When Voltaire heard of the case, he first thought, like the whole of France, that old Calas was guilty. The idea that a full bench of judges (there was no jury then in France) had caused an innocent man to be put to death, found no lodgment in his mind. But after he had heard the true story from the lips of young Donald Calas, he determined to spare no effort to have the iniquitous judgment reversed. He set to work at once, placing his large fortune at the disposal of the unfortunate family, engaging lawyers, preparing briefs for them, writing to men of power or influence, stirring public opinion by the publication of pamphlets and broadsides of all forms and descriptions—such, for instance, as his 'Treatise on Toleration,' the most important of his writings on that subject. This campaign of his lasted no less than two years; during which, he said, he never smiled once without blaming himself for it. But success at last rewarded his efforts. Public indignation rose to such a height that the government of Louis XV had to compel the Toulouse judges to reopen the case; with the result that Calas's memory was fully exonerated, and his family indemnified for the tortures it had undergone.

In other cases—those of Sirven, of La Barre, of Count de Lally-Tollendal, of Count de Morangier, of the serf peasantry of the Abbey of Saint Claude

in the Jura mountains — Voltaire displayed the same energy on behalf of the victims of tyranny, not always but often with the same success. Moreover, he never allowed the public to rest. His short writings, most of them dealing with this great question of human liberty, are numbered during that period by the hundred. It must be added that in his struggle against fanaticism he was often carried too far; and that a great many of the pamphlets he at that time issued under assumed names, assail with unpardonable scurrility all the creeds in which he did not believe. His attacks against the Bible, and most of the dogmas of the Christian faith, nearly all belong to these years. Of Jesus himself he always spoke with sympathy and veneration.

But the people saw in him simply the great antagonist of tyrannical government and unequal privileges. They wanted to be allowed to pay him honor. They wanted him in Paris. The government of Louis XVI had to allow him to visit the capital. He left Ferney on February 6, 1778, reaching Paris on the tenth of the same month. His arrival in the city took on the proportions of a triumph. Wherever he went — in the streets, in the theaters, at the opera, at the Academy — he was the recipient of the most enthusiastic ovations. Everybody called on him. Benjamin Franklin brought to him his grandson, asking for the boy the old man's blessing: "God and Liberty," Voltaire said, placing his hand over the head of the great American's grandson.

All this was too much excitement for a man who was over eighty-three years old. It finally told on him. He had to take to his bed; and he died on May 30, not quite four months after leaving Ferney.

As a writer, it is somewhat difficult today to assign to Voltaire his exact rank. He was primarily a man of action. He wrote with a purpose. He wished to effect a transformation of the public mind; and the high value of what he wrote, its adaptation to the end he had in view, is shown by the results which were achieved by him. His greatest gifts were clearness of statement and vividness of illustration. His many-sidedness has never been surpassed. It must be recognized, however, that he succeeded in prose work better than in verse.

His complete works are perhaps more bulky than those of any other writer. This is what made him say, "A man does not ride to immortality with a load of one hundred volumes." Some of the editions of his works indeed number as many as ninety-two volumes. The most authoritative ones, though — those of Kehl, Benchot, and Moland — number from fifty-two to seventy-two volumes.

Poetry fills many of these. There are first his dramatic works: about twenty tragedies and a dozen comedies. Strange to say, witty as he was, he never wrote an entertaining comedy. But he was highly gifted in tragedy. In 'Brutus,' in 'Zaïre,' in 'Alzire,' in 'Mahomet,' in 'Mérope,' in 'Tancrède,' are to be found pathetic scenes which justify the great applause with which they were received. Voltaire, however, cannot be considered one of the great

dramatists of the world. He lacked power of concentration; he lacked the art of forgetting himself and living out, in his mind, the life of his characters: so that his dramas always present to us something artificial. And besides, he did not dare to free himself from the tyranny of the rules of classical tragedy as they had been stated in the preceding century.

His epic poem, the 'Henriade,' is a fine piece of narrative, but on the whole somewhat cold. Still, for fully a hundred years it was considered in France a great epic. Every educated Frenchman could recite from memory hundreds of its lines. The people were carried away by the generous sentiments of the work, which appealed a good deal less to posterity after the victory for which Voltaire had fought had been finally secured by the triumph of the French Revolution.

In light verse Voltaire excelled, and his philosophical poems also deserve high esteem. Among the latter must be especially mentioned the 'Discourses upon Man'; the 'Poem on the Disaster at Lisbon,' on the occasion of an earthquake which destroyed thousands of lives; and the 'Poem on Natural Law,' a eulogy of Natural Religion.

Once at least, unhappily, Voltaire put his powers of verse composition to a use wholly unworthy of his genius, and even disgraceful. This was in his poem on Joan of Arc — a scurrilous and decidely dull production, in which, in trying to ridicule the idea that the pseudo-mystics of his time entertained of the heroic Maid of Orleans, he allowed himself to befoul even the chaste heroine of patriotism herself.

His chief glory as a writer, though, rests upon his prose works, of which this first must be said: that every line in them may be quoted as a model of perfect, clear, lucid, quick French style. His clearness of thought, and, thanks to his knowledge of the exact value of words, his precision of statement, cannot be surpassed.

In historical writing, his three masterpieces — the 'History of Charles XII, King of Sweden,' the 'Age of Louis XIV,' and the 'Essay on Manners' — effected a revolution. They taught readers that other things were worth knowing of our ancestors' lives besides wars, battles, sieges, diplomatic negotiations, and feuds of royalty. He called their attention to the lives of the common people, and to the philosophical meaning of historical events. He thus made history a vehicle of his ideas about the improvement of man's condition.

He did the same thing in his tales, licentious as they sometimes are. 'Candide,' 'Zadig,' 'Micromégas,' 'The Man with Forty Coins,' and 'Jeannot and Colin' are unsurpassed in their kind.

For his views on philosophy and sociology the reader must turn to the 'Philosophical Letters' and the 'Philosophical Dictionary.' There, as well as in hundreds of shorter productions, which are collected in his works under the comprehensive title of 'Miscellanies,' the real Voltaire appears, more than anywhere else. There we discover the weapons which he so effectively used for

the performance of his life-work. A great deal of what is found in these collections would no doubt, in an age like ours, have appeared in daily, weekly, or monthly periodicals. But there was no free press, or any press at all deserving of the name, in France in the eighteenth century. There was — Voltaire knew it by his own experience — no freedom of utterance, under penalty of imprisonment in the Bastille. This is why most of these works, whatever their size, were published under assumed names and as separate publications. Combined with Voltaire's masterly strategy in the Calas and other similar affairs; and with what we know of his wonderful eloquence in conversation, they show that under another system of government Voltaire would have been prominent as a journalist, parliamentary orator, and political leader. But he might not have achieved such great results for mankind as he did, having to fight for freedom when freedom was not yet in existence.

No one who wishes to know Voltaire should fail to acquaint himself with his correspondence. As a letter-writer he is unsurpassed, and his correspondence covers over sixty years of the most interesting period in the history of mankind. We possess over ten thousand letters, written either by or to him; and this represents, very likely, only a small part of the epistolary activity of this extraordinary man.

ADOLPHE COHN

CANDIDE: OR ALL FOR THE BEST

CHAPTER I

THERE lived in the castle of the Baron Thunder-ten-Tronckh, situated in Westphalia, a young man with the sweetest disposition in the world. His face was the very picture of his mind. Along with a sound judgment, he possessed the most engaging simplicity of manners; and this, I fancy, was why he had got the name of "Candide" among all who knew him.

The old domestics of the household had a strong suspicion that he was the son of the Baron's sister, by a very worthy gentleman of the neighborhood, whom the lady would not, however, condescend to marry, because he could reckon no more than seventy-one armorial quarterings in his escutcheon, the rest of his genealogical tree having been lost through the ravages of time.

My Lord the Baron was one of the most powerful nobles in all Westphalia, for his castle had a gate to it, and even windows, and his main hall was hung with tapestry. Mastiffs and dogs of every degree formed a pack to hunt with upon occasion. His grooms and stable-boys served as huntsmen and whippers-

in; the parson of the parish was his grand almoner. Everyone called him "My Lord," and everyone laughed when he told his stories.

My Lady the Baroness, who weighed about three hundredweight and a half, was therefore considered a lady of no small consequence, and gained much respect, and did the honors of her house with a dignity that acquired for her still more reverence. Mistress Cunégonde, her daughter, was a fine plump desirable girl of seventeen; as for her brother, the Baron's son and heir, he was in every respect worthy of the stock he had sprung from. Pangloss was the preceptor and the oracle of the whole family, and little Candide listened to his instructions with all the simplicity natural to his age and disposition.

Master Pangloss taught metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology. He could prove admirably well that there is no effect without a cause; and, that in this best of all possible worlds, the baron's castle was the most magnificent of all castles, and my lady the best of all possible baronesses.

"It is demonstrable," said he, "that things cannot be otherwise than they are; for as all things have been created for some end, they must necessarily be created for the best end. Observe, for instance, the nose is formed to bear spectacles, therefore we wear spectacles. The legs are visibly designed for stockings, accordingly we wear stockings. Stones were made to be hewn, and to construct castles, therefore my Lord has a magnificent castle; for the greatest baron in the province ought to be the best lodged. Swine were created to be eaten, and hence we eat pork all the year round. It is quite insufficient, therefore, to say that everything is right; we should say everything is in the best state it possibly could be."

Candide listened attentively, and believed it all in his innocence; for he thought Mistress Cunégonde exceedingly handsome, though he never had the courage to tell her so. He concluded, that next to the happiness of being Baron of Thunder-ten-Tronckh, the second best was that of being Mistress Cunégonde, the third that of seeing her every day, and the fourth that of hearing the doctrine of Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the whole province, and consequently of the whole world.

CANDIDE AND HIS VALET IN EL DORADO

CHAPTERS XVII AND XVIII

"WELL," said Cacambo to Candide, when they got to the frontiers of the Oreillons, "you see, this half of the world is no better than the other: take my advice, and let us return to Europe the shortest way." "But how can we get back?" said Candide, "or to what new place shall we go? Certainly, not to my own country? The Bulgarians and the Avars are laying that waste with fire and sword. If we go to Portugal, there I

shall be burnt; and if we abide here, we are every moment in danger of being spitted. But how can I bring myself to quit that part of the world which my dear Mistress Cunégonde inhabits?"

"Let us turn towards Cayenne," said Cacambo. "There we shall meet with some Frenchmen, for you know those gentry ramble all over the world. Perhaps they will be of some service to us, and God will pity our distress."

It was not so easy to get to Cayenne. They knew pretty well which way to travel; but the mountains, rivers, precipices, robbers, savages, were dreadful obstacles in the road. Their horses died of fatigue, and their provisions were all consumed. They subsisted a whole month upon wild fruit, and at length they came to a little river bordered with cocoa-trees; the sight of which at once rallied their hopes and brought them back to life.

Cacambo, who was always giving as good advice as the old woman herself, said to Candide, "You see we are almost exhausted; we have had enough tramping. I spy an empty canoe near the river side; let us fill it with cocoanuts, get into it, and go down with the stream; a river always leads to some inhabited place. If we do not meet with agreeable things, we shall at least meet with something new." "Agreed," replied Candide; "let us recommend ourselves to Providence."

They floated a few leagues down the river, the banks of which were in some places covered with flowers; in others barren; in some parts smooth and level, and in others steep and rugged. The stream widened as they went farther on, till at length it passed under an archway of frightful rocks, whose summits seemed to reach the clouds. Here our two travelers had the courage to commit themselves to the stream, which, contracting in this part, hurried them along with a dreadful noise and rapidity. At the end of four-and-twenty hours, they saw daylight again; but their canoe was dashed to pieces against the rocks. They were obliged to creep along, from rock to rock, for the space of a league, till at last they discovered an immense horizon, bounded by a chain of inaccessible mountains. The country appeared cultivated equally for pleasure, and to produce the necessaries of life. The useful and agreeable were everywhere equally blended. The roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages, formed of elegant and glittering materials, in which were men and women of a surprising beauty, drawn with great rapidity by large red sheep, which far surpassed the finest coursers of Andalusia, Tetuan, or Mequinez.

"Here is a country," said Candide, "which beats even Westphalia." He and Cacambo landed near the first village they saw, at the entrance of which they perceived some children covered with tattered garments of gold brocade, playing at quoits. Our two inhabitants of the European world amused themselves with looking at them. The quoits were large, round pieces, yellow, red, and green, which cast a most glorious luster. Our travelers picked some of them up, and they proved to be gold, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds; the

least of which would have been the greatest ornament to the superb throne of the great Mogul. "Without doubt," said Cacambo, "those children are the king's sons, who are playing at quoits." As he was uttering these words, the schoolmaster of the village appeared, to call them to school. "There," said Candide, "is the preceptor of the royal family."

The little rogues immediately quitted their game, leaving the quoits on the ground, with all their other playthings. Candide gathered them up, ran to the schoolmaster, and, with a most respectful bow, presented them to him, giving him to understand by signs, that their royal highnesses had forgot their gold and precious stones. The schoolmaster, with a smile, flung them upon them ground, then looked into Candide's face with an air of wonder, and went on his way.

Our travelers took care, however, to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds. "Where are we?" cried Candide. "The king's children in this country must be very properly educated, since they are taught to show such a contempt for gold and precious stones." Cacambo was as much surprised as his master. They then drew near the first house in the village, which was built after the manner of the palaces in Europe. There was a crowd of people about the door, and a still greater number in the house. The sound of the most delightful music was heard, and a savory smell came from the kitchen. Cacambo went up to the door, and heard those within talking in the Peruvian language, which was his mother tongue; for everyone knows that Cacambo was born in a village of Tucuman, where no other language is spoken. "I will be your interpreter here," said he to Candide, "let us go in; this is an eating-house."

Immediately two waiters, and two servant girls, dressed in cloth of gold, and their hair braided with ribbands, accost the strangers, and invite them to sit down to the ordinary. Their dinner consisted of four dishes of different soups, each garnished with two young paroquets, a boiled condor that weighed two hundredweight, two roasted monkeys of a delicious flavor, three hundred humming birds in one dish, and six hundred fly-birds in another; some excellent ragouts, and delicious pastry; the whole served up in dishes of a kind of rock-crystal. Several sorts of liquors, extracted from the sugar cane, were handed about by the servants of the inn.

Most of the company were peddlers and wagoners, all extremely polite. They asked Cacambo a few questions, with the utmost discretion, and replied to his in a most obliging and satisfactory manner.

As soon as dinner was over, both Candide and Cacambo thought they should pay very handsomely for their entertainment, by laying down two of those large gold pieces, which they had picked off the ground; but the landlord and landlady burst into a fit of laughing, and held their sides for some time. At last recovering themselves, "Gentlemen," said the landlord, "I plainly perceive you are strangers, and such we are not accustomed to see; pardon us,

therefore, for laughing, when you offered us the common pebbles of our highways for payment of your reckoning. To be sure, you have none of the coin of this kindgom; but you need no money at all to dine in this house. All the inns, which are established for the convenience of those who carry on the trade of this nation, are maintained by the government. You have found but very indifferent entertainment here; because this is only a poor village; but almost everywhere else, you will meet with a reception worthy of persons of your merit."

Cacambo explained the whole of this speech of the landlord to Candide, who listened to it with the same astonishment with which his friend communicated it. "What sort of a country is this," said they to one another, "that is unknown to all the world, and in which Nature has everywhere so different an appearance to what she has in ours? Possibly this is that part of the globe where everything is right, for there must certainly be some such place; and, notwithstanding all that Dr. Pangloss could say, I often perceived that things went very ill in Westphalia."

Cacambo expressed his curiosity to his landlord, who answered him plainly: "I am very ignorant, sir, but I am content; however, we have in this neighborhood an old man retired from court, who is the best informed and most communicative person in the whole kingdom." He then brought Cacambo to the old man; Candide acted now only an under part and attended his valet. They entered a very plain house, for the door was nothing but silver, and the ceiling was only of beaten gold, but wrought in so elegant a taste as to vie with the richest. The antechamber, indeed, was only incrusted with rubies and emeralds; but the order in which everything was disposed made amends for this extreme simplicity.

The old man received the strangers on his sofa, which was stuffed with humming-birds' feathers; and ordered his servants to present them with liquors in diamond goblets, after which he satisfied their curiosity in the following terms: "I am now one hundred and seventy-two years old; and I learnt of my late father, who was equerry to the king, the amazing revolutions of Peru, to which he had been an eye witness. This kingdom is the ancient home of the Incas, who very imprudently quitted it to conquer another part of the world, and were finally conquered and destroyed by the Spaniards. Those princes of their family who remained in their native country acted more wisely. They made a law, with the consent of their whole nation, that none of the inhabitants of our little kingdom should ever quit it; and to this wise ordinance we owe the preservation of our innocence and happiness. The Spaniards had some confused notion of this country, to which they gave the name of El Dorado; and Sir Walter Raleigh, an Englishman, actually came very near it, about three hundred years ago: but the inaccessible rocks and precipices, with which our country is surrounded on all sides, have hitherto secured us from the rapacious fury of the nations of Europe, who have an

unaccountable fondness for the pebbles and dirt of our land, for the sake of which they would murder us all to the very last man."

The conversation lasted a considerable length of time, and turned chiefly on the form of government, their manners, their women, their public diversions, and the arts. At length, Candide, who had always had a turn for metaphysics, had Cacambo ask whether the people of that country had any religion?

The old man reddened a little at this question: "Can you doubt it?" said he; "do you take us for wretches lost to all sense of gratitude?" Cacambo asked in a respectful manner what was the established religion of El Dorado. The old man blushed again, and said, "Can there be two religions, then? Ours, I apprehend, is the religion of the whole world; we worship God from morning till night." "Do you worship but one God?" said Cacambo, who still acted as the interpreter of Candide's doubts. "Certainly," said the old man; "there are not two, nor three, nor four Gods. I must confess the people of your world ask extraordinary questions." However, Candide could not refrain from making many more inquiries of the old man; he wanted to know in what manner they prayed to God in El Dorado. "We do not pray to him at all," said the reverend sage; "we have nothing to ask of him, he has given us all we want, and we give him thanks incessantly." Candide had a curiosity to see some of their priests, and desired Cacambo to ask where they were? At which the good old man, smiling, said, "My friends, we are all of us priests; the King and all the heads of families sing solemn hymns of thanksgiving every morning, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians." "What!" says Cacambo, "have you no monks among you, to teach, to dispute, to govern, to intrigue, and to burn people who are not of the same opinion with themselves?" "Do you take us for fools?" said the old man; "here we are all of one opinion, and know not what you mean by your monks." During the whole of this discourse, Candide was in raptures, and said to himself, "This is prodigiously different from Westphalia, and the Baron's castle! If our friend Pangloss had ever seen El Dorado, never would he have maintained that the castle of Thunder-ten-Tronckh was the finest thing in the world: there is nothing like travel, that's certain."

This long conversation being ended, the old man ordered six sheep to be harnessed, and put to the coach, and sent twelve of his servants to escort the travelers to court. "Excuse me," said he, "for not waiting on you in person; my age deprives me of that honor. The king will receive you in such a manner that you will have no reason to complain; and doubtless you will make a proper allowance for the customs of the country, if some of them should not happen altogether to please you."

Candide and Cacambo got into the coach, the six sheep flew, and, in less than four hours, they arrived at the king's palace, which was situated at one end of the capital. At the entrance was a portal two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred wide; but it is impossible for words to describe the

materials of which it was built. The reader, however, will readily conceive they must have a prodigious superiority over the pebbles and sand which we call gold and precious stones.

Candide and Cacambo were received by twenty beautiful young virgins-in-waiting, when they got out of the coach, who conducted them to the bath, and clad them in robes woven of the down of humming birds; after which they were introduced by the chief officers of the crown of both sexes to the king's apartment, between two files of musicians, each file consisting of a thousand, agreeable to the custom of the country. When they drew near to the presence chamber, Cacambo asked one of the officers in what manner they were to pay their obeisance to his majesty: whether it was the custom to fall upon their knees, or to prostrate themselves upon the ground? whether they were to put their hands upon their heads, or behind their backs? whether they were to lick the dust of the floor? In short, what was the ceremony usual on such occasions? "The custom," said the great officer, "is to embrace the king, and kiss him on each cheek." Candide and Cacambo accordingly threw their arms round his majesty's neck, who received them in the most gracious manner imaginable, and very politely asked them to sup with him.

In the mean time, while supper was preparing, orders were given to show them the city, where they saw public buildings, whose roofs almost touched the clouds; the market places decorated with a thousand columns; fountains of spring water, besides others of rose water, and of liquors drawn from the sugar cane, incessantly flowing in the great squares; which were paved with a kind of precious stones, that emitted an odor like that of cloves and cinnamon. Candide asked to see the high court of justice, the parliament; but was answered, that they had none in that country, being utter strangers to law-suits. He then enquired, if they had any prisons; they replied, "None." But what gave him at once the greatest surprise and pleasure was the palace of sciences, where he saw a gallery two thousand yards long, filled with the various apparatus of mathematics and physics.

After having spent the whole afternoon in seeing only about the thousandth part of the city they were brought back to the king's palace. Candide sat down at the table with his majesty, his valet Cacambo, and several ladies of the court. Never was entertainment more excellent and complete in its kind, nor could anyone possibly show more wit than his majesty displayed while they were at supper. Cacambo explained all the king's witticisms to Candide, and what was wonderful, although they were translated, they still appeared to be excellent things. Nothing surprised Candide more than this last circumstance. They spent a whole month in this hospitable place, during which time Candide was continually saying to Cacambo, "I own, my friend, once more, that the castle where I was born is a mere nothing, in comparison of the place where we now are; but still Mistress Cunégonde is not here, and you yourself have doubtless some mistress in Europe. If we remain here, we shall only

be on a level with others; whereas, if we return to our own world with only a dozen of El Dorado sheep, loaded with the pebbles of this country, we shall be richer than all the kings put together; we shall no longer need to fear the inquisitors; and we may easily recover Mistress Cunégonde."

This speech was perfectly agreeable to Cacambo. The fondness for roving, for making a figure in one's own country, and for boasting of what one has seen in one's travels is so prevalent, that these two happy men resolved to be no longer happy; and demanded permission of the king to quit the country.

"You are going to do a rash and silly action," said the king. "I am sensible my kingdom is nothing very great; but when people are tolerably at ease in any place, they should remain there. Most assuredly I have no right to detain strangers against their wills; this is an act of tyranny to which our manners and our laws are equally repugnant: all men are free; go whenever you please, but you will have great difficulty in passing the frontiers. It is impossible to ascend that rapid river which runs under vaulted rocks, and by which you were conveyed hither by a miracle. The mountains by which my kingdom is hemmed in on all sides are ten thousand feet high, and perpendicular like walls; they are above ten leagues over each, and the descent from them is one continued precipice. However, since you are determined to leave us, I will immediately give orders to the Superintendent of Machines to cause one to be made that will convey you comfortably. When they have conducted you to the other side of the mountains, nobody can attend you farther; for my subjects have made a vow never to quit their limits, and they are too prudent to break it. Ask me whatever else you please." "All we ask of your Majesty," said Cacambo, "is a few sheep laden with provisions, pebbles, and the mud of your country." The king smiled at the request, and said, "I cannot imagine what pleasure you Europeans find in our yellow mud; but take away as much of it as you will, and much good may it do you."

He immediately gave orders to his engineers to make a machine to hoist these two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thousand good physicists went to work, and finished it in about fifteen days; and it did not cost more than twenty millions sterling of that country's money. Candide and Cacambo were placed on this machine, and they took with them two large red sheep, bridled and saddled, to ride upon when they got on the other side of the mountains: twenty others to serve as sumpters for carrying provisions; thirty laden with presents of whatever was most curious in the country; and fifty with gold, diamonds, and other precious stones. The king, at parting with our two adventurers, embraced them with the greatest cordiality.

It was really a fine sight to behold the manner of their setting off, and the ingenious method by which they and their sheep were hoisted to the top of the mountains. The engineers took leave of them as soon as they had conveyed them to a place of safety, and Candide was wholly occupied with the thoughts of presenting his sheep to Mistress Cunégonde.

THE VOYAGE TO FRANCE

CHAPTER XXI

AT length they came within sight of the coast of France, when Candide said to Martin, "Pray, Mr. Martin, were you ever in France?" "Yes, sir," said Martin, "I have passed through several provinces of that kingdom. In some, one-half of the people are fools; in some, they are too artful; in others again, they are, in general, very simple, and very stupid; while in others, they affect to be witty, and in all, their ruling passion is love, the next is slander, and the last is to talk nonsense." "But pray, Mr. Martin, have you ever seen Paris?" "Yes, sir, I have been in that city, and there you find all the several species just described; it is a chaos, a crowd, where everyone seeks for pleasure, without being able to find it; at least, as far as I have managed to make out. I stayed there but a short time. I scarcely had set my foot in the place before I was robbed of all I had in the world by pickpockets and sharpers, at the fair of St. Germain. I was taken up myself for a robber, and confined in prison a whole week; after which, I hired myself as corrector to a press, in order to get a little money towards defraying my expenses back to Holland on foot. I knew the whole mob of scribblers, malcontents, and fanatics. It is said, the people of that city are very polite; I am willing to believe it."

"I cannot say," said Candide, "that I have any great curiosity to see France; you may easily conceive, my friend, that, after spending a month in El Dorado, I can desire to behold nothing upon earth but Mistress Cunégonde; I am going to wait for her at Venice; I intend to pass through France, on my way to Italy; will you not go with me?" "With all my heart," said Martin; "they say, that none but noble Venetians pass their time agreeably at Venice; but that, nevertheless, strangers are well received there, when they have plenty of money; now I have none, but you have, therefore I will attend you whither you please." "Now we are upon this subject," said Candide, "do you think that the earth was originally sea, as we read in that great book which belongs to the captain of the ship?" "I don't believe a word of it," replied Martin, "any more than I do of the many other strange things which have been handed down to us for some time past." "But then, to what end," said Candide, "was the world formed?" "To turn our brains," said Martin. "Are you not surprised," continued Candide, "at the love which the two girls in the country of the Oreillons had for those two monkeys? — You know I have told you the story." "Surprised!" replied Martin, "not in the least; I see nothing strange in this passion. I have seen so many extraordinary things that there is nothing extraordinary to me now."

"Do you think," said Candide, "that mankind always massacred each

other as they do now? Were they always guilty of lies, fraud, treachery, ingratitude, inconstancy, envy, ambition, and cruelty? Were they always thieves, fools, cowards, gluttons, drunkards, misers, calumniators, debauchees, fanatics, and hypocrites?" "Do you believe," said Martin, "that hawks have always been accustomed to eat pigeons when they came in their way?" "Yes, of course," said Candide. "Well then," replied Martin, "if hawks have always had the same nature, why should you pretend that men change theirs?" "Oh!" said Candide, "there is a great deal of difference, for free will—" but in the midst of the argument they arrived at Bordeaux.

CANDIDE AND MARTIN IN ENGLAND

CHAPTER XXIII

As soon as they were safe on board the Dutch vessel, Candide could not help exclaiming, "Ah Pangloss! Pangloss! ah Martin! Martin! ah my dear Cunégonde! what sort of a world is this?" "Why, something very foolish, and very abominable," replied Martin. "You know something of England," said Candide; "are they as great fools in that country as in France?" "Yes, but their folly is of a different cast," answered Martin. "You know that these two nations are at war, about a few acres of snow in the neighborhood of Canada, and that they have spent more money already in the contest than the whole of Canada is worth. Whether there are more maniacs to be fastened up in the one country than the other, exceeds the limits of my imperfect capacity; I know, in general, that the people we are going to visit are of a very serious and gloomy disposition."

As they were chatting thus together, they arrived at Portsmouth. The shore, on each side the harbor, was lined with a multitude of people, whose eyes were steadfastly fixed on a corpulent man, who was kneeling down on the deck of one of the men-of-war, with his eyes blindfolded. Opposite to this personage stood four soldiers, each of whom discharged three bullets into his head, with all the composure imaginable; and when it was done, the whole company went away perfectly well satisfied. "What is all this for?" said Candide; "and what cursed devil is it which thus infests and spreads his influence over the world?" He then asked who that fat man was who had been sent out of the world with so much ceremony? He received for answer, that it was an Admiral. "And, pray, why do you put your Admiral to death?" "Because he did not kill men enough himself. You must know he had an engagement with a French Admiral, and it has been proved against him that he was not near enough to his antagonist." "But surely then," replied Candide, "the French Admiral must have been as far from him." "There is no

doubt of that," said the other; "but in this country it is found requisite, now and then, to put one Admiral to death, in order to encourage the others."

Candide was so shocked at what he saw and heard, that he would not set foot on shore, but agreed with the Dutch skipper to carry him directly to Venice.

"WE MUST CULTIVATE OUR GARDEN"

CHAPTER XXVII

THERE lived in their neighborhood a very famous dervish, who passed for the best philosopher in Turkey; they went to ask his opinions; Pangloss, who was their spokesman, addressed him thus, "Master, we come to entreat you to tell us why so strange an animal as man has been formed?"

"Why do you meddle with the subject?" said the dervish; "is it any business of yours?" "But, my Reverend Father," says Candide, "there is a horrible deal of evil on the earth." "What signifies it," says the dervish, "whether there is evil or good? When his Highness sends a ship to Egypt does he trouble his head, whether the rats in the vessel are at their ease or not?" "What must then be done?" says Pangloss. "Be silent," answers the dervish. "I flattered myself," replied Pangloss, "to have reasoned a little with you on the causes and effects, on the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and a pre-established harmony." At these words the dervish shut the door in their faces.

During this conversation, news was spread abroad that two Viziers of the Bench and the Mufti had been just strangled at Constantinople, and several of their friends empaled. This catastrophe caused great excitement for some hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, as they were returning to their little farm, met with a fine old man, who was taking the air at his door, under an arbor formed of the boughs of orange trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was disputative, asked him what was the name of the Mufti who was lately strangled. "I cannot tell," answered the good old man; "I never knew the name of any Mufti or Vizier in my life, nor do I know anything of the event you speak of; I presume that, in general, such as meddle with politics sometimes come to a miserable end; and that they deserve it: but I never enquire what is doing at Constantinople; I am contented with sending thither the fruits of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands." After saying these words, he invited the strangers to come into this house. His two daughters and two sons presented them with divers sorts of sherbet of their own making; besides caymac, heightened with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, pineapples, pistachio-nuts, and Mocha coffee, unadulterated with

the bad coffee of Batavia, or the American islands. After which the two daughters of this good Mussulman perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss, and Martin.

"You must certainly have a vast estate," said Candide to the Turk. "I have no more than twenty acres of ground," said he, "the whole of which I cultivate myself with the help of my children; and by our labor we avoid three great evils, idleness, vice, and want."

Candide, as he was returning home, reflected profoundly on the Turk's discourse. "This good old man," said Pangloss to Martin, "appears to me to have chosen for himself a lot much preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honor to sup. Elevated stations are very dangerous, according to the testimonies of all the philosophers; for we find Eglon, King of Moab, was assassinated by Aod; Absalom was hanged by the hair of his head, and run through with three darts; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was slain by Baaza; King Ela by Zimri; Okosias by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; the Kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah were led into captivity. I need not tell you what was the fate of Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II of England, Henry VI, Richard III, Mary Stuart, Charles I, the three Henries of France, and the Emperor Henry IV; you know also—" "I know," said Candide, "that we must cultivate our garden." "You are right," said Pangloss; "for when man was put into the garden of Eden, it was with an intent to dress it: and this proves that man was not born to be idle." "Let us work without caviling," said Martin; "it is the only way to render life supportable."

The little society, one and all, entered into this laudable design; and set themselves to exert their different talents. The little piece of ground yielded them a plentiful crop. Cunégonde, indeed, was very ugly, but she became an excellent pastry-cook; Pacquette embroidered; the old woman took care of the linen. There was not one, down to brother Giroflée, but was of some use; he was a very good carpenter, and became an honest man. Pangloss used now and then to say to Candide, "There is certainly a concatenation of all events in the best of possible worlds; for, in short, had you not been kicked out of that fine castle for the love of Mistress Cunégonde; had you not been put into the Inquisition; had you not traveled over America on foot; had you not run the Baron through the body; and had you not lost all your sheep, which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio-nuts."

"All this is excellently observed," answered Candide; "but we must cultivate our garden."

WAR

From the 'Philosophical Dictionary'

ALL animals wage perpetual war; every species is born to devour another. Not one, not even sheep or doves, that does not swallow a prodigious number of invisible creatures. Males make war for the females, like Menelaus and Paris. Air, earth, water, are fields of carnage. God having given reason to men, this reason might teach them not to emulate the brutes, particularly when nature has provided them neither with arms to kill their fellows nor with a desire for their blood.

Yet murderous war is so much the dreadful lot of man, that with two or three exceptions, all ancient histories represent them full-armed against one another. Among the Canadian Indians *man* and *warrior* are synonymous; and we have seen in our hemisphere that thief and soldier are the same thing. Manichæans! behold your excuse! From the little that he may have seen in army hospitals, or in the few villages memorable for some glorious victory, its warmest apologist will admit that war always brings pestilence and famine in its train.

Truly, that is a noble art which desolates countries, destroys habitations, and causes the death of from forty to a hundred thousand men a year! In historic times this invention was first cultivated by nations who convened assemblies for their common good. For instance, the Diet of the Greeks declared to the Diet of Phrygia and neighboring nations their intention to depart on a thousand fishers' barks, for the extermination of these rivals. The assembled Roman people thought it to their interest to destroy the people of Veii or the Volscians. And afterwards, all the Romans, becoming exasperated against all the Carthaginians, fought them interminably on land and sea.

It is a little different at present. A genealogist proves to a prince that he descends in a right line from a count whose parents three or four hundred years ago made a family compact with a house the recollection of which, even, is lost. This house had distant pretensions to a province whose last ruler died suddenly. Both the prince and his council at once perceive his legal right. In vain does this province, hundreds of leagues distant, protest that it knows him not, and has no desire to know him; that to govern it he must at least have its consent; — these objections reach only as far as the ears of this ruler by divine right. He assembles a host of needy adventurers, dresses them in coarse blue cloth, borders their hats with a broad white binding, instructs them how to wheel to the right and to the left, and marches them to glory. Other princes hearing of this adventure come to take part in it, each according to his power, and cover the country with more mercenary murderers than Zenghis Khan, Tamerlane, or Bajazet employed in their train. People at a distance hear that

fighting is going on, and that by joining the ranks they may earn five or six sous a day. They divide themselves into bands, like reapers, and offer their services to whoever will hire them. These hordes fall upon one another, not only without having the least interest in the affray, but without knowing the reason of it. There appear, therefore, five or six belligerent powers, sometimes three against three, sometimes two against four, and sometimes one against five — all equally detesting one another — supporting and attacking by turns; all agreed in a single point only, that of doing as much harm as possible.

The most amazing part of this infernal enterprise is that each murderous chief causes his colors to be blessed, and solemnly invokes God, before he goes to exterminate his neighbors! If it is his luck to kill only two or three thousand men, he does not return thanks for it; but when he has destroyed say ten thousand by fire and sword, and to make a good job leveled some town with the ground, then they sing a hosanna in four parts, composed in a language unknown to the fighters, and full of barbarity. The same pæan serves for marriages and births, as well as for murders; which is unpardonable, particularly in a nation famous for song-writing. Natural religion has a thousand times prevented men from committing crime. A well-trained mind is not inclined to brutality; a tender mind is appalled by it, remembering that God is just. But conventional religion encourages whatever cruelties are practised in droves — conspiracies, seditions, pillages, ambuscades, surprisals of towns, robberies, and murder. Men march gaily to crime, each under the banner of his saint.

A certain number of dishonest apologists are everywhere paid to celebrate these murderous deeds: some are dressed in a long black close coat, with a short cloak; others have a shirt above a gown; some wear two variegated streamers over their shirts. All of them talk a long time, and quote what was done of old in Palestine, as applicable to a combat in Veteravia. The rest of the year these people declaim against vice. They prove in three arguments and by antitheses that ladies who lay a little carmine on their cheeks will be the eternal objects of eternal vengeance; that 'Polyeucte' and 'Athalie' are works of the evil one; that a man who for two hundred crowns a day furnishes his table with fresh sea-fish during Lent works out his salvation; and that a poor man who eats two and a half sous' worth of mutton will go to perdition. Miserable physicians of souls! You exclaim for five quarters of an hour on some prick of a pin, and say nothing on the malady which tears us into a thousand pieces! Philosophers, moralists! burn all your books, while the caprices of a few men force that part of mankind consecrated to heroism to murder without question millions of our brethren! Can there be anything more horrible in all nature? What becomes of, what signifies to me, humanity, beneficence, modesty, temperance, mildness, wisdom, and piety, whilst half a pound of lead, sent from the distance of a hundred paces, pierces my body, and I die at twenty-years of age in inexpressible torments, in the midst of

five or six thousand dying men; whilst my eyes, opening for the last time, see the town in which I was born destroyed by fire and sword, and the last sounds which reach my ears are the cries of women and children dying beneath the ruins, all for the pretended interests of a man whom I never knew?

PASSAGES FROM THE PAMPHLETS

LOVE truth, but pardon error. The mortal who goes astray is still a man and thy brother. Be wise for thyself alone; compassionate for him. Achieve thine own welfare by blessing others.

Take revenge upon a rival by surpassing him.

To desire all is the mark of a fool. Excess is his portion. Moderation is the treasure of the wise: he knows how to control his tastes, his labors, his pleasures.

Work is often the father of pleasure. I pity the man overwhelmed with the weight of his own leisure. Happiness is a good that nature sells us.

One day some mice said to one another, "How charming this world is! What an empire ours is! This palace, so superb, was built for us; from all eternity God made for us these large holes. Do you see those fat hams under that dim ceiling? they were created there for us by Nature's hands; those mountains of lard, inexhaustible aliment, will be ours till the end of time. Yes, we are, great God, if our sages tell us the truth, the masterpiece, the end, the aim, of all thy works! Cats are dangerous and prompt to devour, but it is to instruct and correct us!"

Miracles are good; but to relieve a brother, to draw a friend from the depths of misery, to pardon the virtues of our enemies — these are greater miracles.

The secret of wearying your reader is to tell him everything.

The true virtue then is "beneficence"; a new word in the French language, but the whole universe ought to cherish the idea.

Souls communicate with souls, and can measure one another without need of an intermediate body. It is only the greatness or the worth of a soul that ought to frighten or intimidate us. To fear or to respect the body and its ac-

cessories — force, beauty, royalty, rank, office — is pure imbecility. Men are born equal and die equal. Let us respect the virtue, the merit of their souls, and pity the imperfections of these souls.

Doubtless we should by prudence avoid the evil which that physical force [of rulers] can do us, as we should guard ourselves against a crowned bull, an enthroned monkey, a savage dog, let loose upon us. Let us beware of such. Let us even endeavor, if possible, to moderate them, to soften them; but this sentiment is very different from the esteem and respect which we owe to souls.

Having it clearly in your heart that all men are equal, and in your head that the exterior distinguishes them, you can get on very well in the world.

Believe that in his eternal wisdom the Most High has, with his own hand, engraved at the bottom of thy heart natural religion. Believe that the native candor of thy soul will not be the object of God's eternal hate. Believe that before his throne, in all times and in all places, the heart of the just person is precious. Believe that a modest bonze, a charitable dervish, finds favor in his eyes sooner than a pitiless Jansenist or an ambitious pontiff. God judges us according to our virtues, not our sacrifices.

After all, it is right to give every possible form to our soul. It is a flame that God has intrusted to us: we are bound to feed it with all that we find most precious. We should introduce into our existence all imaginable modes, and open every door of the soul to all sorts of knowledge and all sorts of feelings: so long as it does not all go in pell-mell, there is plenty of room for everything.

One who has many witnesses of his death can die with courage.

I envy the beasts two things — their ignorance of evil to come, and their ignorance of what is said about them.

Does not experience prove that influence over men's minds is gained only by offering them the difficult, nay, the impossible, to perform or believe? Offer only things that are reasonable, and all the world will answer, "We knew as much as that." But enjoin things that are hard, impracticable; paint the Deity as ever armed with the thunder; make blood run before the altars: and you will win the multitude's ear, and everybody will say of you, "He must be right, or he would not so boldly proclaim things so marvelous."

A sure means of not yielding to the desire to kill yourself is to have always something to do.

Opinion rules the world, and wise men rule opinion.

All nature is nothing but mathematics.

To make a good book, one must have a prodigious length of time and the patience of a saint.

The human race would be too unhappy if it were as common to commit atrocious things as it is to believe them.

Most men die without having lived.

Who ought to be the king's favorite? The people.

I know no great men except those who have rendered great services to the human race.

Yes, without doubt, peace is of more value than truth; that is to say, we must not vex our neighbor by arguments: but it is necessary to seek the soul's peace in truth, and to tread under foot the monstrous errors which would perturb it, and render it the prey of knaves.

Controversy never convinced any man; men can be influenced by making them think for themselves, by seeming to doubt with them, by leading them as if by the hand, without their perceiving it. A good book lent to them, which they read at leisure, produces upon them surer effects, because they do not then blush at being subjugated by the superior reason of an antagonist.

We are in this world only to do good in it.

The more you know, the less sure you are.

Not long ago a distinguished company were discussing the trite and frivolous question of who was the greatest man, Cæsar, Alexander, Tamerlane, or Cromwell. Somebody answered that it was undoubtedly Isaac Newton. He was right; for if true greatness consists in having received from heaven a powerful understanding, and in using it to enlighten one's self and all others, then such a one as Newton, who is hardly to be met with once in ten centuries, is in truth the great man. . . . It is to him who masters our minds by the force of truth, not to those who enslave men by violence; it is to him who understands the universe, not to those who disfigure it — that we owe our reverence!

EXTRACTS FROM VOLTAIRE'S CORRESPONDENCE

ON THE 'DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF INEQUALITY'

Voltaire to Rousseau

August 30, 1755.

I HAVE received, sir, your new book against the human race; I thank you for it. You will please men to whom you tell truths that concern them, but you will not correct them. One could not paint in stronger colors the horrors of human society, from which our ignorance and our weakness expect so many consolations. No one has ever employed such intellectual power in the attempt to prove us beasts. Your book makes one feel like walking on all fours. Nevertheless, as I lost the habit more than sixty years ago, I feel, unfortunately, that it is impossible for me to resume it; and I leave that natural mode of walking to those who are more worthy of it than you and I. Nor can I embark on a trip among the savages of Canada: first, because the maladies with which I am afflicted detain me near the greatest physician in Europe, and I should not find the same resources among the Missouris; secondly, because war has broken out in that country, and the example of our nation has rendered the savages almost as wicked as we are. I content myself with being a peaceful savage in the solitude which I have chosen in your country, where you ought to be.

I agree with you that literature and the sciences have sometimes been the cause of much evil. The enemies of Tasso rendered his life a succession of misfortunes; those of Galileo made him groan in prison at the age of seventy years for having discovered the motion of the earth, and what was more shameful, they compelled him to retract. No sooner had your friends begun the 'Dictionnaire Encyclopédique' than those who ventured to be their rivals called them deists, atheists, and even Jansenists.

If I dared to reckon myself among those whose labors have been rewarded by persecution alone, I should show you persons bent on destroying me from the day when I produced the tragedy of 'Œdipus'; I should show you a library of ridiculous calumnies printed against me; an ex-Jesuit priest, whom I saved from capital punishment, repaying me by defamatory libels for the service which I had rendered him; I should show you a man still more culpable, printing my own work upon the 'Age of Louis XIV' with notes in which the most brutal ignorance poured forth the most infamous impostures; . . . I should show you society infested with this kind of men, unknown to all antiquity, who, not being able to embrace an honest calling, whether that of workman or that of lackey, and unfortunately knowing how to read and write, become courtiers of literature, live upon our works, steal manuscripts,

disfigure them, and sell them; . . . I should paint you ingratitude, imposture, and rapine pursuing me for forty years, even to the foot of the Alps, even to the brink of the tomb. But what shall I conclude from all these tribulations? That I ought not to complain; that Pope, Descartes, Bayle, Camoëns, and a hundred others, have experienced the same injustice and greater; that such is the fate of almost all those whom the love of letters has too powerfully influenced.

Confess, sir, that these are trifling private misfortunes, which the community hardly perceives. What does it matter to the human race that some hornets pillage the honey of a few bees? Men of letters make a great noise about all these little quarrels; the rest of the world does not know of them, or laughs at them.

Of all the bitternesses shed over human life, these are the least fatal. The thorns attached to literature and to a modest reputation are flowers compared with other evils which in all periods have overwhelmed the earth. Admit that neither Cicero, nor Varro, nor Lucretius, nor Virgil, nor Horace, had the least share in the proscriptions. Marius knew nothing; the barbarous Sulla, the debauched Antony, the imbecile Lepidus, read little of Plato and Socrates; and as to that craven tyrant, Octavius Cepias, surnamed so unworthily Augustus, he was merely a detestable assassin when deprived of the society of men of letters.

Confess that Petrarch and Boccaccio did not cause the intestine troubles of Italy; confess that the badinage of Marot did not produce the massacre of St. Bartholomew, nor the tragedy of 'The Cid' the troubles of the Fronde. Great crimes have seldom been committed except by celebrated ignoramuses. What makes, and always will make, of this world a vale of tears, is the insatiable greed and the indomitable pride of men, from Thamas-Kouli-Kan, who did not know how to read, to a clerk of the customs, who knows only how to cipher. Literature nourishes the soul, rectifies it, consoles it: it was of service to you, sir, at the very time when you were writing against it. You are like Achilles, who inveighed against glory, and like Father Malebranche, whose brilliant imagination wrote against imagination.

If anyone ought to complain of literature, it is I, since at all times and in all places it has served to persecute me: but we must love it, despite the abuse which is made of it, as we must love society, the pleasure of which is corrupted by so many wicked men; as we must love our country, whatever injustice we suffer in it; as we must love and serve the Supreme Being, notwithstanding the superstitions and fanaticism which so often dishonor his worship.

M. Chappuis informs me that your health is very bad; you should come and recuperate it in your native air, to enjoy liberty, to drink with me the milk of our cows, and browse upon our herbs. I am very philosophically, and with the most tender esteem, etc.

ON POPE AND VERGIL

Voltaire to Mme. du Deffand

COLMAR, May 19, 1754.

DO you know Latin, madam? No — that is why you ask me if I prefer Pope to Virgil. All modern languages are dry, poor, and toneless in comparison with those of our first masters, the Greeks and Romans. We are but the fiddles of a village orchestra. Besides, how can I compare Epistles to an Epic Poem, to the loves of Dido, the burning of Troy, Aeneas' descent into Hades?

I think Pope's 'Essay on Man' the finest of didactic and philosophical poems; but nothing can compare with Virgil. You know him through translations, but it is impossible to translate the poets. Can you translate music? I regret, madam, that you with your enlightened taste and feeling cannot read Virgil. I pity you even more if you are reading the 'Annals' [Voltaire's own 'Annals of the Empire'] short as they are. Germany, even reduced to a miniature, is not likely to please a French mentality such as yours.

As you like epic poems, I would much rather you had the 'Pucelle.' It is a little longer than the 'Henriade,' and the subject is livelier. Imagination has more play — in serious books in France it is generally much too circumscribed. My regard for historical truth and religious prejudice clipped my wings in the 'Henriade'; they have grown again in the 'Pucelle.' *Her* annals are much more amusing than those of the Empire.

If M. de Formont is still with you, pray remember me to him; if he has left, remember me to him when you write. I am going to Plombières, not in the hope of regaining my health — I have quite given that up — but because my friends are going there too. I have been six months at Colmar without moving out of my room; and I believe I shall do just the same at Paris unless you are there.

I perceive that in the long run, there is really nothing worth the trouble of leaving the house. Illness has this great advantage — it spares one society. It is different with you, madam: society is as necessary to you as a violin to Guignon — who is the *King* of the violin.

M. d'Alembert is worthy of you, and much too good for his generation. He has repeatedly honored me far above my deserts, and can be assured that if I regard him as the first of our philosophers blessed with wit, it is not out of gratitude.

I do not often write to you, madam, although the next best thing to having a letter from you is answering one; but I am overwhelmed with hard work, and divide my time between it and the colic. I have no leisure — I am always

either ill or working. That makes my life a full, though not always a perfectly happy one; but where is happiness to be found? *I* have not the faintest idea. It is a very nice problem to solve.

ON THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE

Voltaire to M. Tronchin of Lyons

LES DÉLICES, November 24, 1755.

THIS is indeed a cruel piece of natural philosophy! We shall find it hard to make out how the laws of motion operate in such fearful disasters *in the best of all possible worlds* — where a hundred thousand ants, our neighbors, are crushed in a second on our ant-hills, half of them undoubtedly dying in unspeakable agony beneath debris from which it was impossible to extricate them — families all over Europe reduced to beggary, and the fortunes of a hundred merchants, Swiss like yourself, swallowed up in the ruins of Lisbon.

What a game of chance human life is! What will the preachers say — especially if the Palace of the Inquisition is left standing? I flatter myself that those reverend fathers, the Inquisitors, will have been crushed just like other folk. This ought to teach men not to persecute their fellows, for while a few sanctimonious humbugs are burning a few fanatics, the earth opens and swallows up all alike. I believe it is our mountains that save us from earthquakes.

TO A LADY

YOU wonder how time ne'er subdues
(Though eighty years have left their chill)
My superannuated Muse,
That hums a quavering measure still.

In wintry wolds a tuft of bloom
Will sometimes through the snowdrifts smile,
Consoling nature in her gloom,
But withering in a little while.

A bird will trill a chirping note,
Though summer's leaves and light be o'er,
But melody forsakes his throat —
He sings the song of love no more.

'Tis thus I still my harp entune,
  Whose strings no more my touch obey;
'Tis thus I lift my voice, though soon
  That voice will silent be for aye.

Tibullus to his mistress said,
  "I would thus breathe my last adieu,
My eyes still with your glances fed,
  My dying hand caressing you."

But when this world grows all remote,
  When with the life the soul must go,
Can yet the eye on Delia dote?
  The hand a lover's touch bestow?

Death changes, as we pass his gate,
  What in our days of strength we knew:
Who would with joy anticipate
  At his last gasp love's rendezvous?

And Delia, in her turn, no less
  Must pass into eternal night,
Oblivious of her loveliness,
  Oblivious of her youth's delight.

We enter life, we play our part,
  We die — nor learn the reason here;
From out the unknown void we start,
  And whither bound? — God knows, my dear.

Translated by Edward Bruce Hamley

GEORGE LOUIS LE CLERC BUFFON

GEORGE LOUIS LE CLERC BUFFON was born on September 7, 1707, at Montbar, in Burgundy. His father, Benjamin le Clerc, who was possessed of a fortune, appears to have bestowed great care and liberality on the education of his son. While a youth Buffon made the acquaintance of a young English nobleman, the Duke of Kingston, whose tutor, a man well versed in the knowledge of physical science, exerted a profound influence on the future career of the young Frenchman. At twenty-one Buffon came into his mother's estate, a fortune yielding an annual income of £12,000. But this wealth did not change his purpose to gain knowledge. He traveled through Italy, and after living for a short period in England returned to France and devoted his time to literary work. His first efforts were translations of two English works of science — Hale's 'Vegetable Statics' and Newton's 'Fluxions'; and he followed these with various studies in the different branches of physical science.

The determining event in his life, which led him to devote the rest of his years to the study of natural history, was the death of his friend Du Fay, the Intendant of the Jardin du Roi (now the Jardin des Plantes), who on his death-bed recommended Buffon as his successor. A man of letters, Buffon saw before him the opportunity to write a natural history of the earth and its inhabitants; and he set to work with a zeal that lasted until his death in 1788, at the age of eighty-one. His great work, 'L'Histoire Naturelle,' was the outcome of these years of labor, the first edition being complete in thirty-six quarto volumes.

The first fifteen volumes of this great work, published between the years 1749 and 1767, treated of the theory of the earth, the nature of animals, and the history of man and viviparous quadrupeds; and was the joint work of Buffon and Daubenton, a physician of Buffon's native village. The scientific portion of the work was done by Daubenton, who possessed considerable anatomical knowledge, and who wrote accurate descriptions of the various animals mentioned. Buffon, however, affected to ignore the work of his co-laborer and reaped the entire glory, so that Daubenton withdrew his services. Later appeared the nine volumes on birds, in which Buffon was aided by the Abbé Sexon. Then followed the 'History of Minerals' in five volumes, and seven volumes of 'Supplements,' the last one of which was published the year after Buffon's death.

One can hardly admire the personal character of Buffon. He was vain and superficial, and given to extravagant speculations. He is reported to

have said, "I know but five great geniuses — Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and myself." His natural vanity was undoubtedly fostered by the adulation which he received from those in authority. He saw his own statue placed in the cabinet of Louis XVI, with the inscription "Majestati Naturæ par ingenium" [A genius equal to the majesty of nature]. Louis XV bestowed upon him a title of nobility, and crowned heads "addressed him in language of the most exaggerated compliment." Buffon's conduct and conversation were marked throughout by a certain coarseness and vulgarity that constantly appear in his writings. He was foppish and trifling, and affected religion though at heart a disbeliever.

The chief value of Buffon's work lies in the fact that it first brought the subject of natural history into popular literature. Probably no writer of the time, with the exception of Voltaire and Rousseau, was so widely read and quoted as Buffon. But the gross inaccuracy which pervaded his writings, and the visionary theories in which he constantly indulged, gave the work a less permanent value than it might otherwise have attained. Buffon detested the scientific method, preferring literary finish to accuracy of statement. Although the work was widely translated, and was the only popular natural history of the time, there is little of it that is worthy of a place in the world's best literature. It is chiefly as a relic of a past literary epoch, and as the pioneer work in a new literary field, that Buffon's writings appeal to us. They awakened for the first time a wide interest in natural history, though their author was distinctly *not* a naturalist.

SPENCER TROTTER

THE HUMMING-BIRD

From the 'Natural History

OF all animated beings this is the most elegant in form and the most brilliant in colors. The stones and metals polished by our arts are not comparable to this jewel of Nature. She has placed it least in size of the order of birds, *maxime miranda in minimis* [Most to be marveled at in the tiniest things]. Her masterpiece is the little humming-bird, and upon it she has heaped all the gifts which the other birds may only share. Lightness, rapidity, nimbleness, grace, and rich apparel all belong to this little favorite. The emerald, the ruby, and the topaz gleam upon its dress. It never soils them with the dust of earth, and in its aërial life scarcely touches the turf an instant. Always in the air, flying from flower to flower, it has their freshness as well as their brightness. It lives upon their nectar, and dwells only in the climates where they perennially bloom.

All kinds of humming-birds are found in the hottest countries of the New World. They are quite numerous and seem to be confined between the two tropics, for those which penetrate the temperate zones in summer only stay there a short time. They seem to follow the sun in its advance and retreat; and to fly on the wing of zephyrs after an eternal spring.

The smaller species of the humming-birds are less in size than the great fly wasp, and more slender than the drone. Their beak is a fine needle and their tongue a slender thread. Their little black eyes are like two shining points, and the feathers of their wings so delicate that they seem transparent. Their short feet, which they use very little, are so tiny one can scarcely see them. They alight only at night, resting in the air during the day. They have a swift continual humming flight. The movement of their wings is so rapid that when pausing in the air, the bird seems quite motionless. One sees him stop before a blossom, then dart like a flash to another, visiting all, plunging his tongue into their hearts, flattening them with his wings, never settling anywhere, but neglecting none. He hastens his inconstancies only to pursue his loves more eagerly and to multiply his innocent joys. For this light lover of flowers lives at their expense without ever blighting them. He only pumps their honey, and to this alone his tongue seems destined.

The vivacity of these small birds is only equaled by their courage, or rather their audacity. Sometimes they may be seen chasing furiously birds twenty times their size, fastening upon their bodies, letting themselves be carried along in their flight, while they peck them fiercely until their tiny rage is satisfied. Sometimes they fight each other vigorously. Impatience seems their very essence. If they approach a blossom and find it faded, they mark their spite by hasty rending of the petals. Their only voice is a weak cry, "*screp, screp,*" frequent and repeated, which they utter in the woods from dawn, until at the first rays of the sun they all take flight and scatter over the country.

NATURE

From the 'Natural History'

SO with what magnificence Nature shines upon the earth! A pure light extending from east to west gilds successively the hemispheres of the globe. An airy transparent element surrounds it; a warm and fruitful heat animates and develops all its germs of life; living and salutary waters tend to their support and increase; high points scattered over the lands, by arresting the airy vapors, render these sources inexhaustible and always fresh; gathered into immense hollows, they divide the continents.

The extent of the sea is as great as that of the land. It is not a cold and

sterile element, but another empire as rich and populated as the first. The finger of God has marked the boundaries. When the waters encroach upon the beaches of the west, they leave bare those of the east. This enormous mass of water, itself inert, follows the guidance of heavenly movements. Balanced by the regular oscillations of ebb and flow, it rises and falls with the planet of night; rising still higher when concurrent with the planet of day, the two uniting their forces during the equinoxes cause the great tides. Our connection with the heavens is nowhere more clearly indicated. From these constant and general movements result others variable and particular: removals of earth, deposits at the bottom of water forming elevations like those upon the earth's surface, currents which, following the direction of these mountain ranges, shape them to corresponding angles; and rolling in the midst of the waves, as waters upon the earth, are in truth the rivers of the sea.

The air, too, lighter and more fluid than water, obeys many forces: the distant action of sun and moon, the immediate action of the sea, that of rarefying heat and of condensing cold, produce in it continual agitations. The winds are its currents, driving before them and collecting the clouds. They produce meteors; transport the humid vapors of maritime beaches to the land surfaces of the continents; determine the storms; distribute the fruitful rains and kindly dews; stir the sea; agitate the mobile waters, arrest or hasten the currents; raise floods; excite tempests. The angry sea rises toward heaven and breaks roaring against immovable dikes, which it can neither destroy nor surmount.

The land elevated above sea-level is safe from these irruptions. Its surface, enameled with flowers, adorned with ever fresh verdure, peopled with thousands and thousands of differing species of animals, is a place of repose; an abode of delights, where man, placed to aid nature, dominates all other things, the only one who can know and admire. God has made him spectator of the universe and witness of his marvels. He is animated by a divine spark which renders him a participant in the divine mysteries; and by whose light he thinks and reflects, sees and reads in the book of the world as in a copy of divinity.

Nature is the exterior throne of God's glory. The man who studies and contemplates it rises gradually towards the interior throne of omniscience. Made to adore the Creator, he commands all the creatures. Vassal of heaven, king of earth, which he ennobles and enriches, he establishes order, harmony, and subordination among living beings. He embellishes Nature itself; cultivates, extends, and refines it; suppresses its thistles and brambles, and multiplies its grapes and roses.

Look upon the solitary beaches and sad lands where man has never dwelt: covered — or rather bristling — with thick black woods on all their rising ground, stunted barkless trees, bent, twisted, falling from age; near by, others even more numerous, rotting upon heaps already rotten — stifling, burying the germs ready to burst forth. Nature, young everywhere else, is here decrepit. The land surmounted by the ruins of these productions offers, instead of

flourishing verdure, only an incumbered space pierced by aged trees, loaded with parasitic plants, lichens, agarics — impure fruits of corruption. In the low parts is water, dead and stagnant because undirected; or swampy soil neither solid nor liquid, hence unapproachable and useless to the habitants both of land and of water. Here are swamps covered with rank aquatic plants nourishing only venomous insects and haunted by unclean animals. Between these low infectious marshes and these higher ancient forests extend plains having nothing in common with our meadows, upon which weeds smother useful plants. There is none of that fine turf which seems like down upon the earth, or that enameled lawn which announces a brilliant fertility; but instead an interlacement of hard and thorny herbs which seem to cling to each other rather than to the soil, and which, successively withering and impeding each other, form a coarse mat several feet thick. There are no roads, no communications, no vestiges of intelligence in these wild places. Man, obliged to follow the paths of savage beasts and to watch constantly lest he become their prey, terrified by their roars, thrilled by the very silence of these profound solitudes, turns back and says: —

Primitive nature is hideous and dying; I, I alone, can make it living and agreeable. Let us dry these swamps; making them into streams and canals, animate these dead waters by setting them in motion. Let us use the active and devouring element once hidden from us, and which we ourselves have discovered; and set fire to this superfluous mat, to these aged forests already half consumed, and finish with iron what fire cannot destroy! Soon, instead of rush and water-lily from which the toad compounds his venom, we shall see buttercups and clover, sweet and salutary herbs. Herds of bounding animals will tread this once impracticable soil and find abundant, constantly renewed pasture. They will multiply, to multiply again. Let us employ the new aid to complete our work; and let the ox, submissive to the yoke, exercise his strength in furrowing the land. Then it will grow young again with cultivation, and a new nature shall spring up under our hands.

How beautiful is cultivated Nature when by the cares of man she is brilliantly and pompously adorned! He himself is the chief ornament, the most noble production; in multiplying himself he multiplies her most precious gem. She seems to multiply herself with him, for his art brings to light all that her bosom conceals. What treasures hitherto ignored! What new riches! Flowers, fruits, perfected grains infinitely multiplied; useful species of animals transported, propagated, endlessly increased; harmful species destroyed, confined, banished; gold, and iron more necessary than gold, drawn from the bowels of the earth; torrents confined; rivers directed and restrained; the sea, submissive and comprehended, crossed from one hemisphere to the other; the earth everywhere accessible, everywhere living and fertile; in the valleys, laughing prairies; in the plains, rich pastures or richer harvests; the hills loaded with vines and fruits, their summits crowned by useful trees and young forests; deserts

changed to cities inhabited by a great people, who, ceaselessly circulating, scatter themselves from centers to extremities; frequent open roads and communications established everywhere like so many witnesses of the force and union of society; a thousand other monuments of power and glory: proving that man, master of the world, has transformed it, renewed its whole surface, and that he shares his empire with Nature.

However, he rules only by right of conquest, and enjoys rather than possesses. He can only retain by ever-renewed efforts. If these cease, everything languishes, changes, grows disordered, enters again into the hands of Nature. She retakes her rights; effaces man's work; covers his most sumptuous monuments with dust and moss; destroys them in time, leaving him only the regret that he has lost by his own fault the conquests of his ancestors. These periods during which man loses his domain, ages of barbarism when everything perishes, are always prepared by wars and arrive with famine and depopulation. Man, who can do nothing except in numbers, and is only strong in union, only happy in peace, has the madness to arm himself for his unhappiness and to fight for his own ruin. Incited by insatiable greed, blinded by still more insatiable ambition, he renounces the sentiments of humanity, turns all his forces against himself, and seeking to destroy his fellow, does indeed destroy himself. And after these days of blood and carnage, when the smoke of glory has passed away, he sees with sadness that the earth is devastated, the arts buried, the nations dispersed, the races enfeebled, his own happiness ruined, and his power annihilated.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

THROUGHOUT his life, Rousseau was tossed about as by an inner storm, in exciting the violence of which malicious circumstances seemed to delight. He was born at Geneva, June 28, 1712, in a troubled atmosphere, among the riots and agitations which were beginning to threaten the old Genevan oligarchy. He lost his mother at birth. His father, who was a watchmaker, scarcely concerned himself with his early education except to read Plutarch and Richardson with him. When forced to leave Geneva, he intrusted the boy to the care of a maternal uncle. Jean Jacques was a dreamy, romantic child, sentimental, and not without a touch of perversity. Early embarked on a wandering and adventurous life, he was successively engraver's apprentice, vagabond; lackey, secretary. He improvised himself into a musician; he even made himself a traveling tradesman. The counsels of a benefactress whose influence over him was very great — Madame de Warens — converted him to Catholicism, a faith which he afterward renounced. He traveled. He saw Italy. He read French, English, and German philosophers pell-mell, while studying music, history, and mathematics without method. Engaged as a preceptor at the elder Mably's — brother of the Abbé Mably — he was introduced to the literary society of the epoch. After some fruitless gropings he was to secure first place in a competition before the Academy of Dijon, by a memorial (which was crowned) upon this question: "Has the progress of sciences and arts contributed to corrupt or to purify morals?" (1749). The success of this initial work, which contains the germs of most of the ideas developed in his later works, was brilliant and its effect disturbing.

Suddenly famous, Rousseau became at the same time distrustful, solitary, misanthropic; and these characteristics were intensified by his alliance with her who was to be the companion of his life — a person of inferior heart and mind, from whom he suffered much, and with whom he could not break. The 'Discourse on the Arts and Sciences' was soon followed by a new competitive essay assigned by the same Academy of Dijon — 'A Discourse on the Inequality among Men' — which is a fuller and more authoritative exposition of the earlier theme. The fundamental idea of this work is the keystone of all Rousseau's philosophy. It is summed up in this simple remark: "Men are bad; my own sad experience furnishes the proof: yet man is naturally good, as I think I have shown. What then can so have degraded him, except the changes in his condition, the progress he has made, and the knowledge he has acquired?" The Academy of Dijon did not crown this second discourse,

which was thought too radical; and Rousseau continued a career filled with triumphs whose bitterness alone he felt. His theories were violently opposed by the literary and philosophic classes; but the public was with him.

In 1752, his opera 'Le Devin du Village' [The Village Soothsayer], played at court under his direction, brought him a pension from the king. He became the fashion; great lords and lovely ladies invited him, petted him, patronized him. In less than five years he was to launch on the world the works which made him the most formidable protagonist of the new era: 'La Nouvelle Héloïse,' which inaugurated "romantic" literature long before the word was found to characterize it; the 'Contrat Social,' which preludes the doctrines of the Revolution; and 'Émile,' which attempts to reform the principles of education. These three works brought Rousseau an unexampled popularity. But the violent controversies they aroused, the real hatreds they excited, the condemnations they drew upon him, — at Paris where the law-courts decreed his arrest, and at Geneva where 'Émile' was burned by the executioner — hurried him into a melancholy more and more bitter and afflicting. He took refuge with different friends, whom his suspicions presently transformed into persecutors, in different places, where he always believed himself persecuted.

Returning to Paris in 1770, he passed there several years of anxious poverty: copying music for a livelihood; composing, in answer to demands which honored him, such works as the 'Considerations on the Government of Poland'; or to defend himself before posterity, books like the 'Confessions,' and the 'Rêveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire' [Musings of a Solitary Stroller], which did not appear until after his death. In 1778 he accepted a refuge offered by one of his faithful friends, René de Girardin, on his estate of Ermenonville. There his mind seemed to be growing calmer in the serene contemplation of the green and smiling country, when he died suddenly, on July 2, 1778, in his sixty-seventh year. At first, suicide was suspected; but an autopsy disclosed the cause of death to be serous apoplexy. His body, buried at two o'clock at night under the poplars of Ermenonville — "by the most beautiful moonlight and in the calmest weather," says a witness — was transported to the Pantheon in 1794 by order of the Convention. But in 1814 it was exhumed, along with Voltaire's, without official order; and the bones of the two philosophers, placed in the same sack, were thrust underground in the waste land toward Bercy.

What especially strikes the writer who attempts to analyze the moral and intellectual personality of Rousseau, is the predominance of his imagination. He was a poet and a romancer — a romancer who made theories instead of making romances; but 'Émile' is certainly a pedagogical story, as the 'Contrat Social' is a story, as the 'Discours sur l'Inégalité' is a historical, or if you like, an anthropological story. This fertile imagination was constantly excited by a very lively sensibility, which exalted itself in ardent friendships, in ardent passions, which embraced all humanity, reaching out to animals and even to

inanimate things, and finding only in communion with nature some little joy and compensation. The disordered action of the romantic imagination upon this morbid sensibility would naturally produce and did produce errors of judgment, such as the doctrines of the 'Contrat,' of 'Émile,' and minor works; and also errors in life, of which the gravest was that systematic and deliberate abandonment of his children, with which Rousseau has been so strongly reproached. But these errors came from the mind, not from the heart. Many facts prove that despite his paradoxes of thought and conduct, this man possessed a sincere kindness, a generosity which could pardon the worst offenses, a simple and touching tenderness of soul, a disinterestedness so great as to deprive him of all profit from his talents. These qualities are sometimes spoiled or perverted by a pride to which perhaps must be attributed some of his acts of generosity or devotion, as well as some of his errors; and which later became exaggerated to mania in the mental malady of which it is impossible to say whether it was cause or effect. This pride, from which he suffered more than anyone else, was his only vice; in spite of his having allowed himself to be drawn into certain culpable acts, such as once to have stolen and often to have lied — offenses which would never have been known but for his own confession.

In spite of such errors, committed in hours of temptation, and expiated by long and sincere regrets, it would be unjust to deny Rousseau's true nobility of soul. If that soul seems to us sullied, the blame rests upon the hazards of his neglected childhood and adventurous youth; upon the storms of his genius, his sufferings during the long period when he was forced to seek his true self among the worst obstacles, upon the tempests he aroused; and finally, later, upon the maddening mirages with which his sick imagination surrounded him.

The elements of Rousseau's character were also those of his genius. Although he delighted to reason according to the method which Descartes had inaugurated, and from which he could not free himself — that old vessel in which bubbled up the new wine of his thought — yet it is unreasonable to expect much reason from him. His logic usually ends in paradox. Upon going back to the origin of his ideas and attempting to analyze them, one finds that taken separately they are neither very original nor very profound: all return to that fundamental conception of the superiority of "the state of nature" over "the social state" — a too inadequate conception, of which it is impossible to prove the truth. It is that which inspired his earliest 'Discourses.' At first the 'Contrat Social' seemed to contradict them: for how could a philosopher who hated society justify the basis of its organization; and especially how could he conclude, as he does, that to this fatal and illegitimate society the citizen owes the sacrifice of himself? But after this passing infidelity to his dominant faith, he returned to it again in 'Émile,' where he maintains that normal education should isolate a child from society in order that his natural qualities may develop; and he held this view to the end, as appears in those

'Confessions,' which, in the portrait they give of himself, explain without justifying the fundamental idea of all his doctrine. The defects of his early education Rousseau never supplied; his reading, insufficient and fantastic, left him defenseless to all external influences. His religion was a vague spiritualism; his morality, an unconvincing optimism; his politics, a Utopia, pastoral in the 'Discours sur l'Inégalité,' epic in the 'Contrat Social.' Finally, he seems never to have known any other man than himself; and the psychology of his 'Nouvelle Héloïse' remains essentially personal. Whence comes it then, that in spite of so much weakness he was the greatest French writer of his century — or at least the most influential, the most universal, and the most persistent?

To understand this curious fact, we must consider Rousseau in his century and environment. At that period, literature found itself in flagrant conflict with the morality whose aspirations it was supposed to express. The writers, most of them new-comers from another class, usually ended by adding themselves to the old society and adopting its conventions; or, penetrated with new sentiments, failed to adopt new tools, and clung to the rhetoric inherited from the preceding age. Dry, arid, "oldish" in Goethe's apt phrase, they tried in vain to cultivate sensibility; and when they endeavored to depart from routine, achieved only the artificial, as Diderot's plays show. The strength and greatness of Rousseau lay mainly in his sincerity: if he was the first to discard conventional rhetoric, and to express his own sensibility, it is because he possessed true sensibility; moreover, plebeian by birth, he remained plebeian from resolute pride. Different from his contemporaries in these two essentials, which consecrated his superiority, he became the supreme interpreter of those ideas, feelings, passions, which were fermenting in the decomposition of the Old World. He was sentimental and revolutionary, romantic and rebellious. Animated by the fierce breath of the spirit of negation, he set himself against all authority, against all tradition; and his attack was the more resistless, in that the charm of his romantic spirit dissembled its violence.

In the discharge of this little understood and almost fatal office, he was aided by his wonderful literary gifts. With his most illustrious rivals, French prose had become a conversational language — rapid, facile, and brilliant; but without the life which captivates or the power which impresses itself. Rousseau instinctively abandoned this use to return to the great oratorical style, to rediscover the lost secrets of eloquence. For the short sentence, dry, laconic, and incisive, which is that of the best writers of his time, he adopted the long balanced period, sometimes even too rhythmic, which seizes the attention and holds it to the end. For the abstract terms in which those about him delighted, he substituted words of color, living and ardent; words which paint, words which feel, words which vibrate and weep. The same instinct which thus revealed to him a new skill in the sentence, revealed to him also a new and corresponding skill in composition. His sentences — long, vivid, and musical — link themselves together to form a kind of organic charm; so that the com-

plete work may exercise the same fascination as each of its component parts. It was the language of passion succeeding that of reason, or rather of reasoning. The effect could not be doubtful. This effect was extremely violent, not only upon ideas but upon morals. Is it necessary to recall that after the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' everybody wanted to love like Saint-Preux and Julie? that 'Émile' transformed the current opinions upon education? that people wished to be emotional, to dream in the fields, to reascend the current of civilization, to make their spirits ingenuous, primitive, or at least "natural"? Who then first uttered the cry of the period, "O Nature! Nature!" the cry which soon became a new affectation?

Thus Rousseau appears to us as the most enticing guide of his century. "Beside him," says Faguet, "Voltaire appears at times merely a witty student, and Buffon only a very remarkable teacher of rhetoric. Montesquieu alone, inferior as a man of imagination, equals him in strength of view, and excels him in clearness of vision." But exactly because he lacked imagination, Montesquieu was not a harbinger. Rousseau was essentially a forerunner. One may say that he has shaped the whole century which followed him. His principal works not only called forth successive imitations, but the world is imbued with his ideas, whose consequences continue to renew or overturn the human soul and society. The 'Contrat Social' accounts in part for the excesses of the Revolution; and as to the chief revolutionists, the most dangerous indeed were "Spartans," as Rousseau had recommended. The vague yet ardent spiritualism proclaimed in the 'Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard' [The Savoyard Vicar's Creed], led to the Festival of the Supreme Being, and provoked the religious reaction of the beginning of the century. The notions concerning a return to the primitive life, which he developed in his first work, and which remained the basis of his doctrine, may be found again with the socialists of 1848, underlying the Utopias of the Saint-Simons, the Fouriers, the Enfantiers, and perhaps even in the origin of the "collectivism" which has replaced those innocent dreams. His optimism, his faith in the constant progress of humanity, inspired during the same period not only the "reformer" who transported the golden age of the past to the future, but also the most moderate, most clear-sighted, and most politic minds. The 'Nouvelle Héloïse' created romanticism, that perilous and seductive disposition of spirit to which we owe so many affecting works: Saint-Preux is an elder brother of Werther, and what a posterity follows them! Before Rousseau, a few English poets alone had perceived Nature. After him, no one dared longer ignore her. Everyone prided himself upon loving her. She found sincere adorers who perhaps would never have perceived her if they had not listened to her worshiper's enchanting voice.

In such details we get the impression of the whole man. Others have left works more perfect, and above all more beneficent; but I do not believe that in the whole history of literature there exists a man whose influence has been

so decisive, so far-reaching, and upon whom it is so difficult to pass a fair judgment. Measured from the point of view of today, this influence seems disproportioned to the genius which exercised it, and to the value of the works of that genius. But the most perfect works do not necessarily count the most; and the keenest criticism cannot always explain the mysterious affinities of genius, of thought, and of morals. It has been questioned whether this influence, the extent and duration of which are incontestable, has been a salutary one. We are not now to consider this. An alluring, an irresistible guide, Rousseau has not been an infallible one. Many have gone astray in following him. If he had a kind and feeling heart, he had not less a faulty intellect; and his paradoxes often paralyzed his good intention. The ability with which he followed them to their extreme conclusion, like the eloquence he employed in their service, only served to render them more dangerous. Therefore in penetrating so deeply the consciousness of the generations that followed him, Rousseau's thought has drawn upon them many ills. It has involved them in many gropings and errors, in many delusive visions and sufferings. It has spread abroad in the Old World a general agitation, which the violent convulsions following it did not succeed in dispelling. It has scattered abroad sadness which still encompasses us. Passion is sad; nature breathes melancholy: all that Rousseau loved and made us love puts the heart in mourning; it may be that it is the memory of his teaching which spread darkness over the end of the last century. For by an amazing contradiction, the optimist who believed so profoundly in the goodness of human nature is the true father of the pessimists of our time. But whatever the proportions of the good and ill he has done us, we are still responsive to his influence, while cherishing for him an affection not unmingled with reproach. Those even who condemn or oppose him do not always escape loving him.

EDOUARD ROD

DEISTIC RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

From 'The Savoyard Vicar's Creed'

ABOUT thirty years ago, a young man, who had forsaken his own country, and rambled into Italy, found himself reduced to circumstances of great poverty and distress. He had been bred a Calvinist; but, in consequence of his misconduct, and of being unhappily a fugitive in a foreign country, without money or friends, he was induced to change his religion for the sake of subsistence. To this end he procured admittance into a house established for the reception of proselytes. Here, the instructions he received concerning some controversial points excited doubts he had not before entertained, and brought him first to realize the evil of the step he had taken. He

was taught strange dogmas, and was eye-witness to stranger manners: and to these he saw himself a destined victim. He now attempted to make his escape, but was prevented and more closely confined; if he complained, he was punished for complaining; and, lying at the mercy of his tyrannical oppressors, found himself treated as a criminal, because he could not without reluctance submit to be so. He would doubtless have been entirely ruined, if it had not been for the good offices of an honest ecclesiastic, who came to the hospital on some business, and with whom he found an opportunity of a private conference. The good priest was himself poor, and stood in need of everyone's assistance; the oppressed proselyte, however, stood yet in greater need of him; the former did not hesitate, therefore, to favor his escape, at the risk of making himself a powerful enemy.

This good priest was naturally humane and compassionate; his own misfortunes had taught him to feel for those of others, nor had prosperity hardened his heart; in a word, the maxims of true wisdom and conscious virtue had confirmed the goodness of his natural disposition. He cordially embraced the young wanderer, provided him with a lodging, and shared with him the slender means of his own subsistence. Nor was this all; he went still farther, giving him both instruction and consolation, in order to teach him that difficult art of supporting adversity with patience. Could you believe, ye sons of prejudice! that a priest, and a priest in Italy too, could be capable of this?

This honest ecclesiastic was a poor Savoyard, who, having in his younger days incurred the displeasure of his bishop, was obliged to pass the mountains in order to seek that provision which was denied him in his own country. He was deficient in neither literature nor understanding; his talents, therefore, together with an engaging appearance, soon procured him protectors, who recommended him to be tutor to a young man of quality. He preferred poverty, however, to dependence; and, being a stranger to the manners and behavior of the great, he remained but a short time in that situation. In quitting this service, nevertheless he did not lose the esteem of his patron; and, as he behaved with great prudence, and was universally beloved, he flattered himself he should in time regain the good opinion of his bishop, and obtain some little benefice in the mountains, where he hoped to spend the rest of his days. This was the height of his ambition.

Interested by a natural propensity in favor of the young fugitive, he examined very carefully into his character and disposition. In this examination, he saw that his misfortunes had already debased his heart; that the shame and contempt to which he had been exposed had depressed his courage, and that his disappointed pride, converted into indignation, deduced, from the injustice and cruelty of mankind, the depravity of human nature and the emptiness of virtue. He had seen religion made use of as a mask to self-interest and its worship as a cloak to hypocrisy. He had seen the terms heaven and hell prostituted in the subtlety of vain disputes; the joys of the one and the pains of the

other being annexed to a mere repetition of words. He had seen the sublime and primitive idea of the divinity disfigured by the fantastical imaginations of men; and finding that, in order to believe in God, it was necessary to give up that understanding He has bestowed on us, he held the sacred object of our idle reveries in the same disdain as those reveries themselves. Without knowing anything of natural causes or giving himself any trouble to think about them, he had plunged himself into the most stupid ignorance, mixed with the most profound contempt for those who pretended to know more than himself.

But I will continue to speak no longer in the third person, which is indeed a superfluous caution; as you are very sensible, my dear countrymen, that the unhappy fugitive I have been speaking of is myself. I conceive myself far enough removed from the irregularities of my youth to dare to avow them; and think the hand which extricated me from them too well deserving my gratitude for me not to do it honor, at the expense of a little shame.

The most striking circumstance of all was to observe, in the retired life of my worthy master, virtue without hypocrisy, humanity without weakness, his conversation always honest and simple, and his conduct ever conformable to his discourse. I never found him troubling himself whether the persons he assisted went constantly to vespers; whether they went frequently to confession, or fasted on certain days of the week; nor did I ever know him impose on them any of those conditions, without which a man might perish for want and have no hopes of relief from the devout.

Encouraged by these observations, so far was I from affecting, in his presence, the forward zeal of a new proselyte, that I took no pains to conceal my thoughts, nor did I ever remark his being scandalized at this freedom. Hence have I sometimes said to myself, "He certainly overlooks my indifference for the new mode of worship I have embraced, in consideration of the disregard which he sees I have for that in which I was educated; as he finds my indifference is not partial to either." As I lived with him in the greatest intimacy, I learned every day to respect him more and more; and as he had entirely won my heart by so many acts of kindness, I waited with an impatient curiosity, to know the principles on which a life and conduct so singular and uniform could be founded.

It was some time, however, before this curiosity was satisfied. Before he would disclose himself to his disciple, he endeavored to cultivate those seeds of reason and goodness which he had sown in his mind.

In withdrawing the gaudy veil of external appearances, and presenting to my view the real evils it covered, he taught me to lament the failings of my fellow-creatures, to sympathize with their miseries, and to pity instead of envying them. Moved to compassion for human frailties from a deep sense of his own, he saw mankind everywhere the victims either of their own vices or of those of others; he saw the poor groan beneath the yoke of the rich, and the

rich beneath that of their own prepossessions and prejudices. "Believe me," said he, "our mistaken notions of things are so far from concealing our misfortunes from our view that they augment those evils, by rendering trifles of importance and making us sensible of a thousand wants, which we should never have known but from our prejudices. Peace of mind consists in a contempt for everything that may disturb it. The man who gives himself the greatest concern about life is he who enjoys it least; and he who aspires the most earnestly after happiness is always the most miserable."

"Alas!" cried I, with all the bitterness of discontent, "what a deplorable picture do you present of human life! If we may indulge ourselves in nothing, to what purpose are we born? If we must despise even happiness itself, who is there can know what it is to be happy?" "I know," replied the good priest, in a tone and manner that struck me. "You!" said I, "so little favored by fortune! so poor! exiled! persecuted! can you be happy? And if you are, what have you done to purchase happiness?" "My dear child," returned he, "I will very readily tell you. As you have freely confessed to me, I will do the same to you. I will disclose to you all the sentiments of my heart. You shall see me, if not such as I really am, at least as I think myself to be; and when you have heard my whole profession of faith, you will know why I think myself happy; and, if you think as I do, what you have to do to become so likewise. But this profession is not to be made in a moment; it will require some time to disclose to you my thoughts on the situation of man, and the real value of human life. We will take a proper opportunity for an hour's uninterrupted conversation on this subject."

As I expressed an earnest desire for this opportunity, it was put off only to the next morning. It was in summer-time, and we rose at break of day; when, taking me out of town, he led me to the top of a hill, at the foot of which ran the river Po, watering the fertile vales. That immense chain of mountains, the Alps, terminated the distant prospect. The rising sun had cast its orient rays over the gilded plains, and, by projecting the long shadows of the trees, the houses and the adjacent hills created the most beautiful scene ever mortal eye beheld. One might have been tempted to think that nature had at this time displayed all its magnificence as a subject for our conversation. Here it was that, after contemplating for a short time the surrounding objects in silence, my guide and benefactor thus began.

"Expect not either learned declamations or profound arguments; I am no great philosopher, and I give myself little trouble whether I ever shall be such or not. But I perceive sometimes the glimmering of good sense, and have always a regard to truth. I will not enter into any disputation or endeavor to refute you; but only lay down my own sentiments in simplicity of heart: consult your own, during this exposition; this is all I require of you. If I am mistaken, it is undesignedly, which is sufficient to clear me of all criminal error; and if you are in like manner unwittingly deceived, it is of little consequence: if I am

right, reason is common to both; we are equally interested in listening to it: and why should you not think as I do?

"I was born a poor peasant, destined by my situation to the business of husbandry; it was thought, however, much more advisable for me to learn to get my bread by the profession of a priest; and means were found to give me a proper education. In this, most certainly, neither my parents nor I consulted what was really good, true, or useful for me to know, but only that I should learn what was necessary to my ordination. I learned, therefore, what was required of me to learn, I said what was required of me to say, and accordingly was made a priest. I was not long, however, before I perceived too plainly, that in laying myself under an obligation to be no longer a man, I had engaged for more than I could possibly perform.

"I was in that state of doubt and uncertainty in which Descartes requires the mind to be involved in order to enable it to investigate truth. This disposition of mind, however, is too disquieting to last long, its duration being due only to vice or indolence. My heart was not so corrupt as to seek such indulgence; and nothing preserves so well the habit of reflection as to be more content with ourselves than with our fortune.

"I reflected, therefore, on the unhappy lot of mortals, always floating on the ocean of human opinions, without compass or rudder; left to the mercy of their tempestuous passions, with no other guide than an unexperienced pilot ignorant of his course, as well as whence he came and whither he is going. I said often to myself: I love the truth; I seek, yet cannot find it; let anyone show it me and I will readily embrace it. Why does it hide its charms from a heart formed to adore them?

"I have frequently experienced at times much greater evils; and yet no part of my life was ever so constantly disagreeable to me as that interval of scruples and anxiety. Running perpetually from one doubt and uncertainty to another, all that I could deduce from any long and painful meditation was incertitude, obscurity, and contradiction, with regard to my existence as well as my duty.

"What added further to my perplexity was, that being educated in a church whose authority, being universally decisive, admits not of the least doubt, in rejecting one point, I rejected in a manner all the rest; and the impossibility of admitting so many absurd decisions set me against those which were not so. By being told I must believe all, I was prevented from believing anything, and I knew not where to stop.

"We have no standard with which to measure this immense machine. We cannot calculate its various relations; we know neither the first cause nor the final effects; we are ignorant even of ourselves; we know neither our own nature nor principle of action; nay, we hardly know whether man be a simple or a compound being; impenetrable mysteries surround us on every side; they extend beyond the region of sense: we imagine ourselves possessed of understanding to penetrate them, and we have only imagination. Everyone strikes

out a way of his own across this imaginary world; but no one knows whether it will lead him to the point he aims at. We are yet desirous to penetrate, to know everything. The only thing we do not know is to remain ignorant of what it is impossible for us to know. We had much rather determine at random, and believe the thing which is not, than confess that none of us is capable of seeing the thing that is. Being ourselves but a small part of that great whole, whose limits surpass our most extensive views, and concerning which its Creator leaves us to make our idle conjectures, we are vain enough to decide what is that whole in itself, and what we are in relation to it.

"Taking a retrospect, then, of the several opinions, which had successively prevailed with me from my infancy, I found that, although none of them were so evident as to produce immediate conviction, they had nevertheless different degrees of probability, and that my innate sense of truth and falsehood leaned more or less to each. On this first observation, proceeding to compare, impartially and without prejudice, these different opinions with each other, I found that the first and most common was also the most simple and most rational; and that it wanted nothing more, to secure universal suffrage, than the circumstance of having been last proposed.

"The love of truth, therefore, being all my philosophy, and my method of philosophizing the simple and easy rule of common-sense, which dispensed with the vain subtlety of argumentation, I re-examined, by this rule, all the interesting knowledge I was possessed of; resolved to admit, as evident, everything to which I could not, in the sincerity of my heart, refuse my assent; to admit also, as truth, all that appeared to have a necessary connection with the former, and to leave everything else as uncertain, without rejecting or admitting it, determined not to trouble myself about clearing up any point which did not tend to utility in practice. . . .

"You will find my exposition treat of nothing more than natural religion; it is very strange that we should stand in need of any other! By what means can I find out such necessity? In what respect can I be culpable, for serving God agreeably to the dictates of the understanding He has given me, and the sentiments He has implanted in my heart? What purity of morals, what system of faith useful to man or honorable to the Creator can I deduce from any positive doctrine that I cannot deduce as well without it, from a good use of my natural faculties? Let anyone show me what can be added, either for the glory of God, the good of society, or my own advantage, to the obligations we are laid under by nature; let him show me what virtue can be produced from any new worship, which is not also the consequence of mine. The most sublime ideas of the Deity are inculcated by reason alone. Take a view of the works of nature, listen to the voice within, and then tell me what God has omitted to say to your sight, your conscience, your understanding? Where are the men who can tell us more of Him than He thus tells us of Himself? Their revelations only debase the Deity, in ascribing to Him human passions. So far from

giving us enlightened notions of the Supreme Being, their particular tenets, in my opinion, give us the most obscure and confused ideas. To the inconceivable mysteries by which the Deity is hid from our view, they add the most absurd contradictions. They serve to make man proud, persecuting, and cruel; instead of establishing peace on earth, they bring fire and sword. I ask myself to what good purpose tends all this, without being able to resolve the question. Artificial religion presents to my view only the wickedness and miseries of mankind.

"I am told, indeed, that revelation is necessary to teach mankind the manner in which God would be served; as a proof of this, they bring the diversity of whimsical modes of worship which prevail in the world; and that without remarking that this very diversity arises from the whim of adopting revelations. Ever since men have taken it into their heads to make the Deity speak, every people makes him speak in its own way and say what it likes best. Had they listened only to what the Deity has said to their hearts, there would have been but one religion on earth.

"It is necessary that the worship of God should be uniform; I would have it so. But is this a point so very important, that the whole apparatus of divine power was necessary to establish it? Let us not confound the ceremonials of religion with religion itself. The worship of God demands that of the heart; and this, when it is sincere, is ever uniform."

ON THE USES OF TRAVEL

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THE abuse of books kills science. Thinking they know what they have read, men think that they can dispense with learning it. Too much reading serves only to make presumptuous ignoramuses. Of all the centuries of literature, there is not one in which there has been so much reading as in this, and not one in which men have been less wise; of all the countries of Europe, there is not one where so many histories and travels have been printed as in France, and not one where less is known of the genius and customs of other countries. So many books make us neglect the book of the world; or if we still read in it, each one confines himself to his leaf.

A Parisian fancies he knows men, while he knows only Frenchmen. In his city, always full of strangers, he regards each foreigner as an extraordinary phenomenon, which has no fellow in the rest of the universe. We must have had a near view of the citizens of that great city, we must have lived with them, in order to believe that with so much spirit they can also be so stupid.

The queer thing about it is that each of them has read, perhaps ten times, the description of the country, one of whose inhabitants has filled him with so much wonder.

It is too much to have to wade through at the same time the prejudices of authors and our own in order to arrive at the truth. I have spent my life in reading books on travel, and I have never found two of them which gave me the same idea of the same people. On comparing the little which I was able to observe with what I had read, I have ended by abandoning travelers, and by regretting the time which I had spent in order to instruct myself in their reading; thoroughly convinced that in respect of observations of all sorts we must not read but see. This would be true if all travelers were sincere; if they related only what they have seen or what they believe, and if they disguised the truth only by the false colors which it takes in their eyes. What must it be when, in addition, we have to discern the truth through their falsehoods and their bad faith?

Let us, then, abandon to those made to be contented with them the expedient of books commended to us. Like the art of Raymond Lully, they are useful for teaching us to prate about what we do not know. They are useful for preparing Platos of fifteen for philosophizing in clubs, and for instructing a company on the customs of Egypt and India, on the faith of Paul Lucas or of Tavernier.

I hold it for an incontestable maxim, that whoever has seen but one people, instead of knowing men, knows only those with whom he has lived. Here then is still another way of stating the same question of travels. Is it sufficient for a well-educated man to know only his own countrymen, or is it important for him to know men in general? There no longer remains dispute or doubt on this point. Observe how the solution of a difficult question sometimes depends on the manner of stating it.

But in order to study men, must we make the tour of the whole earth? Must we go to Japan to observe Europeans? In order to know the species, must we know all the individuals? No: there are men who resemble one another so closely that it is not worth the trouble to study them separately. He who has seen ten Frenchmen has seen them all. Although we cannot say the same of the English and of some other peoples, it is nevertheless certain that each nation has its peculiar and specific character, which is inferred by induction, not from the observation of a single one of its members, but of several. He who has compared ten peoples knows mankind, just as he who has seen ten Frenchmen knows the French.

For purposes of instruction it is not sufficient to stroll through countries, but we must know how to travel. In order to observe, we must have eyes, and must turn them toward the object which we wish to examine. There are many people whom travel instructs still less than books, because they are ignorant of the art of thinking; whereas in reading, their mind is at least guided by the

author, while in their travels they do not know how to see anything for themselves. Others are not instructed because they do not wish to be instructed. Their object is so different that this hardly affects them. It is very doubtful whether we can see with exactness what we are not anxious to observe. Of all the people in the world, the Frenchman is he who travels the most; but, full of his own ways, he slights indiscriminately everything which does not resemble them. There are Frenchmen in every corner of the world. There is no country where we can find more people who have traveled than we find in France. But notwithstanding all this, of all the people of Europe, the one that sees the most of them knows the least. The English also travel, but in a different way; and it seems that these two nations must be different in everything. The English nobility travel, the French nobility do not travel; the French people travel, the English people do not travel. This difference seems to me honorable to the latter. The French have almost always some personal interest in their travels; but the English do not go to seek their fortune abroad, unless it is through commerce, and with full pockets. When they travel it is to spend their money abroad, and not to live there on the fruits of their industry; they are too proud to go prowling about away from home. This also causes them to learn more from foreigners than the French do, who have a totally different object in view. The English, however, have their national prejudices also, and even more of them than anyone else; but these prejudices are due less to ignorance than to passion. The Englishman has the prejudices of pride, and the Frenchman those of vanity.

There is a great difference between traveling to see the country and traveling to see the people. The first object is always that of the curious, while the other is only incidental for them. It ought to be the very opposite for one who wishes to philosophize. The child observes things, and waits until he can observe men. The man ought to begin by observing his fellows; and then he can observe things if he has the time.

It is bad reasoning to conclude that travels are useless because we travel in the wrong way. But admitting the utility of travels, does it follow that they are best for everybody? Far from it; on the contrary, they are good for only a very few people: they are good only for men who have sufficient self-control to listen to the lessons of error without allowing themselves to go astray, and to see the example of vice without permitting themselves to be drawn into it. Travel develops the natural bent of character, and finally makes a man good or bad. Whoever returns from a tour of the world is, on his return, what he will be for the rest of his life. Of those who return, more are bad than good, because more of those who start out are inclined to evil rather than good. Badly educated and badly trained young men contract during their travels all the vices of the peoples whom they visit, but not one of the virtues with which these vices are mingled; but those who are happily born, those whose good nature has been well cultivated, and who travel with the real purpose of be-

coming instructed, all return better and wiser than when they started out. It is thus that my Émile shall travel.

Whatever is done through reason ought to have its rules: travels, considered as a part of education, ought to have theirs. To travel for the sake of traveling is to be a wanderer, a vagabond; to travel for the sake of instruction is still too vague an object; for instruction which has no determined end amounts to nothing.

Translated by William H. Payne

THE PEOPLE

From 'The Social Contract,' Chapters VIII, IX, and X

AS an architect, before erecting a large building, examines and tests the soil in order to see whether it can support the weight, so a wise lawgiver does not begin by drawing up laws that are good in themselves, but considers first whether the people for whom he designs them are fit to endure them. It is for this reason that Plato refused to legislate for the Arcadians and Cyrenians, knowing that these two peoples were rich and could not tolerate equality; and it is for this reason that good laws and worthless men were to be found in Crete, for Minos had only disciplined a people steeped in vice.

A thousand nations that have flourished on the earth could never have supported good laws; and even those that might have done so could have succeeded for only a very short period of their whole duration. The majority of nations, as well as of men, are tractable only in youth; they become incorrigible as they grow old. When once customs are established and prejudices have taken root, it is a perilous and futile enterprise to try to reform them; for the people cannot even endure that their evils should be touched with a view to their removal, like those stupid and cowardly patients that shudder at the sight of a physician.

But just as some diseases unhinge men's minds and deprive them of all remembrance of the past, so we sometimes find, during the existence of States, epochs of violence, in which revolutions produce an effect upon nations such as certain crises produce upon individuals, in which horror of the past takes the place of forgetfulness, and in which the State, inflamed by civil wars, springs forth so to speak from its ashes, and regains the vigor of youth while issuing from the arms of death. Such was Sparta in the time of Lycurgus, such was Rome after the Tarquins, and such among us moderns were Holland and Switzerland after the expulsion of their tyrants.

But these events are rare; they are exceptions, the explanation of which is always found in the particular constitution of the excepted State. They could

not even happen twice with the same nation; for it may render itself free so long as it is merely barbarous, but can no longer do so when the energies of the State are exhausted. Then commotions may destroy it without revolutions being able to restore it, and as soon as its chains are broken, it falls in pieces and ceases to exist; henceforward it requires a master and not a deliverer. Free nations, remember this maxim: "Liberty may be acquired but never recovered."

Youth is not infancy. There is for nations as for men a period of youth, or, if you will, of maturity, which they must await before they are subjected to laws; but it is not always easy to discern when a people is mature, and if the time is anticipated, the labor is lost. One nation is governable from its origin, another is not so at the end of ten centuries. The Russians will never be really civilized, because they have been taken in hand too early. Peter had an imitative genius; he had not the true genius that creates and produces anything from nothing. Some of his measures were beneficial, but the majority were ill-timed. He saw that his people were barbarous, but he did not see that they were unripe for civilization; he wished to civilize them, when it was necessary only to discipline them. He wished to produce at once Germans or Englishmen, when he should have begun by making Russians; he prevented his subjects from ever becoming what they might have been, by persuading them that they were what they were not. It is in this way that a French tutor trains his pupil to shine for a moment in childhood, and then to be for ever after a nonentity. The Russian Empire will desire to subjugate Europe, and will itself be subjugated. The Tartars, its subjects or neighbors, will become its masters and ours. This revolution appears to me inevitable. All the kings of Europe are working in concert to accelerate it.

As nature has set limits to the stature of a properly formed man, and outside these produces only giants and dwarfs; so with regard to the best constitution of a State, there are limits to its possible extent so that it may be neither too great to enable it to be well governed, nor too small to enable it to maintain itself single-handed. There is in every body politic a maximum of force which it cannot exceed, and which is often diminished as the State is enlarged. The more the social bond is extended, the more it is weakened; and, in general, a small State is proportionally stronger than a large one.

A thousand reasons demonstrate the truth of this maxim. In the first place, administration becomes more difficult at great distances, as a weight becomes heavier at the end of a longer lever. It also becomes more burdensome in proportion as its parts are multiplied; for every town has first its own administration, for which the people pay; every district has its administration, still paid for by the people; next, every province, then the superior governments, the satrapies, the vice-royalties, which must be paid for more dearly as we ascend, and always at the cost of the unfortunate people; lastly comes the supreme administration, which overwhelms all the rest. So many additional burdens

perpetually exhaust the subjects; and far from better governed by all these different orders, they are much worse governed than if they had but a single superior. Meanwhile, hardly any resources remain for cases of emergency; and when it is necessary to have recourse to them the State trembles on the brink of ruin.

Nor is this all; not only has the government less vigor and activity in enforcing observance of the laws, in putting a stop to nuisances, in reforming abuses, and in forestalling seditious enterprises which may be entered upon in distant places; but the people have less affection for their chiefs whom they never see, for their country, which is in their eyes like the world, and for their fellow-citizens, most of whom are strangers to them. The same laws cannot be suitable to so many different provinces, which have different customs and different climates, and cannot tolerate the same form of government. Different laws beget only trouble and confusion among the nations which, living under the same chiefs and in constant communication, mingle or intermarry with one another, and, when subjected to other usages, never know whether their patrimony is really theirs. Talents are hidden, virtues ignored, vices unpunished, in that multitude of men, unknown to one another, whom the seat of the supreme administration gathers together in one place. The chiefs, overwhelmed with business, see nothing themselves; clerks are the rulers of the State. In a word, the measures that must be taken to maintain the general authority, which so many officers at a distance wish to evade or impose upon, absorb all the public attention; no regard for the welfare of the people remains, and scarcely any for their defense in time of need; and thus a body too huge for its constitution sinks and perishes, crushed by its own weight.

On the other hand, the State must secure a certain foundation, that it may possess stability and resist the shocks which it will infallibly experience, as well as sustain the efforts which it will be forced to make in order to maintain itself; for all nations have a kind of centrifugal force, by which they continually act one against another, and tend to aggrandise themselves at the expense of their neighbors, like the vortices of Descartes. Thus the weak are in danger of being quickly swallowed up, and none can preserve itself long except by putting itself in a kind of equilibrium with all, which renders the pressure almost equal everywhere.

Hence we see that there are reasons for expansion and reasons for contraction; and it is not the least of a statesman's talents to find the proportion between the two which is most advantageous for the preservation of the State. We may say, in general, that the former, being only external and relative, ought to be subordinated to the others, which are internal and absolute. A healthy and strong constitution is the first thing to be sought; and we should rely more on the vigor that springs from a good government than on the resources furnished by an extensive territory.

States have, however, been constituted in such a way that the necessity of

making conquests entered into their very constitution, and in order to maintain themselves they were forced to enlarge themselves continually. Perhaps they rejoiced greatly at this happy necessity, which nevertheless revealed to them, with the limit of their greatness, the inevitable moment of their fall.

A body politic may be measured in two ways, viz. by the extent of its territory, and by the number of its people; and there is between these two modes of measurement a suitable relation according to which the State may be assigned its true dimensions. It is the men that constitute the State, and it is the soil that sustains the men; the due relation, then, is that the land should suffice for the maintenance of its inhabitants, and that there should be as many inhabitants as the land can sustain. In this proportion is found the maximum power of a given number of people; for if there is too much land, the care of it is burdensome, the cultivation inadequate, and the produce superfluous, and this is the proximate cause of defensive wars. If there is not enough land, the State is at the mercy of its neighbors for the additional quantity; and this is the proximate cause of offensive wars. Any nation which has, by its position, only the alternative between commerce and war is weak in itself; it is dependent on its neighbors and on circumstances; it has only a short and precarious existence. It either conquers and changes its situation, or it is conquered and reduced to nothing. It can preserve its freedom only by virtue of being small or great.

It is impossible to express numerically a fixed ratio between the extent of land and the number of men which are reciprocally sufficient, on account of the differences that are found in the quality of the soil, in its degrees of fertility, in the nature of its products, and in the influence of climate, as well as on account of those which we observe in the constitutions of the inhabitants, of whom some consume little in a fertile country, while others consume much on an unfruitful soil. Further, attention must be paid to the greater or less fecundity of the women, to the conditions of the country, whether more or less favorable to population, and to the numbers which the legislator may hope to draw thither by his institutions; so that an opinion should be based not on what is seen, but on what is foreseen, while the actual state of the people should be less observed than that which it ought naturally to attain. In short, there are a thousand occasions on which the particular accidents of situation require or permit that more territory than appears necessary should be taken up. Thus men will spread out a good deal in a mountainous country, where the natural productions, viz. woods and pastures, require less labor, where experience teaches that women are more fertile than in the plains, and where with an extensive inclined surface there is only a small horizontal base, which alone should count for vegetation. On the other hand, people may inhabit a smaller space on the sea-shore, even among rocks and sands that are almost barren, because fishing can, in great measure, supply the deficiency in the productions of the earth, because men have to be more concentrated in order to

repel pirates, and because, further, it is easier to relieve the country, by means of colonies, of the inhabitants with which it is overburdened.

In order to establish a nation, it is necessary to add to these conditions one which cannot supply the place of any other, but without which they are all useless — it is that the people should enjoy abundance and peace; for the time of a State's formation is, like that of forming soldiers in a square, the time when the body is least capable of resistance and most easy to destroy. Resistance would be greater in a state of absolute disorder than at a moment of fermentation, when each is occupied with his own position, and not with the common danger. Should a war, a famine, or a sedition supervene at this critical period, the State is inevitably overthrown.

Many governments, indeed, may be established during such storms, but then it is these very governments that destroy the State. Usurpers always bring about or select troublous times for passing, under cover of the public agitation, destructive laws which the people would never adopt when sober-minded. The choice of the moment for the establishment of a government is one of the surest marks for distinguishing the work of the legislator from that of the tyrant.

What nation, then, is adapted for legislation? One which is already united by some bond of interest, origin, or convention, but has not yet borne the real yoke of the laws; one which has neither customs nor superstitions firmly rooted; one which has no fear of being overwhelmed by a sudden invasion, but which, without entering into the disputes of its neighbors, can single-handed resist either of them, or aid one in repelling the other; one in which every member can be known by all, and in which there is no necessity to lay on a man a greater burden than a man can bear; one which can subsist without other nations, and without which every other nation can subsist; one which is neither rich nor poor and is self-sufficing; lastly, one which combines the stability of an old nation with the docility of a new one. The work of legislation is rendered arduous less by what must be established than by what must be destroyed; and what makes success so rare is the impossibility of finding the simplicity of nature conjoined with the necessities of society. All these conditions, it is true, are with difficulty combined; hence few well-constituted States are seen.

There is still one country in Europe capable of legislation; it is the island of Corsica. The courage and firmness which that brave nation has exhibited in recovering and defending its freedom would well deserve that some wise man should teach it how to preserve it. I have some presentiment that this small island will one day astonish Europe.

THE INSTITUTION OF THE GOVERNMENT

From 'The Social Contract,' Book III, Chapters XVI, XVII, and XVIII

THE legislative power being once well established, the question is to establish also the executive power; for this latter, which operates only by particular acts, not being of the essence of the other, is naturally separated from it. If it were possible that the sovereign, considered as such, should have the executive power, law and fact would be so confounded that it could no longer be known what is law and what is not; and the body politic, thus perverted, would soon become a prey to the violence which it was instituted to prevent.

The citizens being all equal by the social contract, all can prescribe what all ought to do, while no one has a right to demand that another should do what he will not do himself. Now, it is properly this right, indispensable to make the body politic live and move, which the sovereign gives to the Prince in establishing the government.

Several have pretended that the instrument in this establishment is a contract between the people and the chiefs whom they set over themselves — a contract by which there are stipulated between the two parties the conditions by which the one binds itself to rule, the other to obey. It will be agreed, I am sure, that this is a strange method of contracting. But let us see whether such a position is tenable.

First, the supreme authority can no more be modified than alienated; to limit it is to destroy it. It is absurd and contradictory that the sovereign should acknowledge a superior; to bind itself to obey a master is to return to full liberty.

Further, it is evident that this contract of the people with such or such persons is a particular act; whence it follows that the contract cannot be a law nor an act of sovereignty, and that consequently it is unlawful.

Moreover, we see that the contracting parties themselves would be under the law of nature alone, and without any security for the performance of their reciprocal engagements, which is in every way repugnant to the civil state. He who possesses the power being always capable of executing it, we might as well give the name contract to the act of a man who should say to another: "I give you all my property, on condition that you give me back what you please."

There is but one contract in the State — that of association; and this of itself excludes any other. No public contract can be conceived which would not be a violation of the first.

Under what general notion, then, must be included the act by which the government is instituted? I shall observe first that this act is complex, or com-

posed of two others — the establishment of the law and the execution of the law.

By the first, the sovereign determines that there shall be a governing body established in such or such a form; and it is clear that this act is a law.

By the second, the people nominate the chiefs who will be entrusted with the government when established. Now, this nomination, being a particular act, is clearly not a second law, but only a consequence of the first, and a function of the government.

The difficulty is to understand how there can be an act of government before the government exists, and how the people, who are only sovereign or subjects, can, in certain circumstances, become the Prince or the magistrates.

Here, however, is disclosed one of those astonishing properties of the body politic, by which it reconciles operations apparently contradictory; for this is effected by a sudden conversion of sovereignty into democracy in such a manner that, without any perceptible change, and merely by a new relation of all to all, the citizens, having become magistrates, pass from general acts to particular acts, and from the law to the execution of it.

This change of relation is not a speculative subtlety without example in practice; it occurs every day in the Parliament of England, in which the Lower House on certain occasions resolves itself into Grand Committee in order to discuss business better, and thus becomes a simple commission instead of the sovereign court that it was the moment before. In this way it afterwards reports to itself, as the House of Commons, what it has just decided in Grand Committee.

Such is the advantage peculiar to a democratic government, that it can be established in fact by a simple act of the general will; and after this, the provisional government remains in power, should that be the form adopted, or establishes in the name of the sovereign the government prescribed by the law; and thus everything is according to rule. It is impossible to institute the government in any other way that is legitimate without renouncing the principles heretofore laid down.

From these explanations it follows, that the act which institutes the government is not a contract, but a law; that the depositaries of the executive power are not the masters of the people, but its officers; that the people can appoint them and dismiss them at pleasure; that for them it is not a question of contracting, but of obeying; and that in undertaking the functions which the State imposes on them, they simply fulfil their duty as citizens, without having in any way a right to discuss the conditions.

When, therefore, it happens that the people institute a hereditary government, whether monarchical in a family or aristocratic in one order of citizens, it is not an engagement that they make, but a provisional form which they give to the administration, until they please to regulate it differently.

It is true that such changes are always dangerous, and that the established

government must never be touched except when it becomes incompatible with the public good; but this circumspection is a maxim of policy, not a rule of right; and the State is no more bound to leave the civil authority to its chief men than the military authority to its generals.

Moreover, it is true that in such a case all the formalities requisite to distinguish a regular and lawful act from a seditious tumult, and the will of a whole people from the clamors of a faction, cannot be too carefully observed. It is especially in this case that only such concessions should be made as cannot in strict logic be refused; and from this obligation also the Prince derives a great advantage in preserving his power in spite of the people, without their being able to say that he has usurped the power; for while appearing to exercise nothing but his rights, he may very easily extend them, and, under pretext of maintaining the public peace, obstruct the assemblies designed to re-establish good order; so that he takes advantage of a silence which he prevents from being broken, or of irregularities which he causes to be committed, so as to assume in his favor the approbation of those whom fear renders silent and punish those that dare to speak. It is in this way that the Decemvirs, having at first been elected for one year, and then kept in office for another year, attempted to retain their power in perpetuity by no longer permitting the *comitia* to assemble; and it is by this easy method that all the governments in the world, when once invested with the public power, usurp sooner or later the sovereign authority.

The periodical assemblies of which I have spoken before are fitted to prevent or postpone this evil, especially when they need no formal convocation; for then the Prince cannot interfere with them, without openly proclaiming itself a violator of the laws and an enemy of the State.

These assemblies, which have as their object the maintenance of the social treaty, ought always to be opened with two propositions, which no one should be able to suppress, and which should pass separately by vote.

The first: "Whether it pleases the sovereign to maintain the present form of government."

The second: "Whether it pleases the people to leave the administration to those at present entrusted with it."

I presuppose here what I believe that I have proved, viz. that there is in the State no fundamental law which cannot be revoked, not even the social compact; for if all the citizens assembled in order to break this compact by a solemn agreement, no one can doubt that it would be quite legitimately broken. Grotius even thinks that each man can renounce the State of which he is a member, and regain his natural freedom and his property by quitting the country. Now it would be absurd if all the citizens combined should be unable to do what each of them can do separately.

DIDEROT AND THE ENCYCLOPEDIA

AMONG the few writers of the eighteenth century who were not altogether thrown into the shade by the vast figures of a Voltaire and a Rousseau, perhaps the most engaging is Denis Diderot. A man of impulse, full of enthusiasm for whatever cause engaged his interest, warm-hearted, generous, sociable, but inclined to be boisterous, he spent the whole of his life in pouring forth the products of a teeming brain. Even for an age of versatility, the range of subjects he dealt with is astonishing; his works include philosophical disquisitions, scientific papers, criticisms of art, of literature, and of music, dramas, and prose tales. In every sphere of this varied activity Diderot was stimulating and provocative, although rarely exhaustive. The breadth, rather than the depth of his knowledge, his power of grasping immediately what he was talking about and brilliantly illustrating it, made him the foreordained "illuminator" of his generation — the author whose business it was to spread knowledge among the public at large. It is, then, most fitting that Diderot should be remembered and revered today, by Frenchmen and others, as the moving spirit of the Encyclopedia.

Born at Langres in 1713, he was educated by the Jesuits there and at Paris, where he early offended his father by refusing to go in for a profession. He turned hack-writer, and for ten years lived a precarious Bohemian life, such as he has described in 'Rameau's Nephew.' The English philosophers, notably Shaftesbury, whom he translated, began to interest him; his 'Philosophic Thoughts,' published in 1746, show the deistic trend of his mind at this time. "Enlarge your God!" he wrote. "See him wherever he is, or say he does not exist." Then, about 1747, he produced an allegory, 'The Promenade of a Sceptic.' This French 'Pilgrim's Progress' scoffs at the Church of Rome for denying pleasure, then decries the pleasures of the world, and ends by asserting the hopeless uncertainty of the philosophy which both scoffs at the Church and decries worldly pleasure. At this period Diderot was evidently inclined to engage in an irregular attack on the only forms of Christianity familiar to him, asceticism and pietism; but he soon moved in the direction of complete indifference to a belief in God. His sparkling 'Lettre sur les Aveugles à l'usage de ceux qui voient' [Letter on the Blind for the Use of Those Who Can See] in 1749 was looked upon as a distinct challenge to organized religion; it earned him an imprisonment at Vincennes. Diderot supposed a man to be deprived of one of the senses, and tried to show how such a person could have no conception of God, but could get on nevertheless without it. This kind of speculation tended to demonstrate the relativity, the

lack of absoluteness, of all human knowledge, and marked the way in which currents of thought were moving. In later works like 'The Dream of D'Alembert' (1769), Diderot set forth his mature belief: "Put in place of God matter, sensitive first potentially then actually, and you have everything that has been produced in the universe from the stone to man." At times, glimpses of more recent ideas can be caught in his pages, but such flashes are never more than that. The significance of a sentence like, "To be born, to live, to pass on — it is all merely a change of form," is quite misunderstood when it is connected with modern theories of evolution.

The materialistic pantheism Diderot professed, while it made many enemies among the official guardians of morality, was not incompatible with a well-developed sense of justice and right. As he himself wrote in 1776: "I believe that in a future age experience will have convinced us that taking all in all it is better, for one's happiness in this world, to be a good man than to be a rogue."

Diderot's tales are not edifying, and are most of them dull reading today. His plays, 'The Natural Son' (1757) and 'The Father of a Family' (1758), lack dramatic interest, but provide valuable material for historians of the French drama. They mark an attempt to break away from the traditions of classical tragedy, by dealing with the lives of everyday people and employing the tone of natural conversation instead of rhetoric. In the care, too, which he took over the exactness of his setting, and the full directions he gave the stage manager, Diderot was an innovator, working towards realism and away from classical convention. The influence of Richardson, the English novelist, whom Diderot greatly admired, probably accounts in part for the sentimental note struck in these dramas.

It is a curious comment on the mental habits of this fascinating man that many of his best short compositions were left unpublished at his death in 1784. Apparently, once he had written down whatever was fermenting in his brain, its subsequent fate interested him no longer. Thus 'Rameau's Nephew,' which was probably written in 1762, and which many critics would call Diderot's most brilliant work, remained in manuscript until 1805, when Goethe came across a copy, translated it and published the German version. It did not appear in French print until 1821. The dialogue, a little masterpiece, depicts a shameless parasite, who tells the author of the shifts to which he has been reduced in making his living, utters some illuminating remarks on music and some bitter ones on life in general, and then goes back to his predatory existence, leaving the reader with a good deal of sympathy for him. One can feel that Diderot, having been a Bohemian himself, understands the charm that attaches to absolute freedom from convention.

Among literary critics of painting, Diderot has his place, and if not exactly in the first rank, it is not far behind. His nine 'Salons' — criticisms which in his good nature he wrote, for the use of his friend Grimm, on the annual exhibitions in the Paris Salon from 1759 onward — have rarely been surpassed

among non-technical criticisms for brilliance, freshness, and philosophical suggestiveness. They reveal the man's elemental strength, to be sought, not in his knowledge, for he was without training in art and had seen scarcely any of the world's masterpieces, but in his sensuously sympathetic nature, which gave him quickness of insight and delicacy in interpretation.

It is, however, his work on the Encyclopedia which makes Diderot one of the most significant writers of his time. This venture was launched by the bookseller Le Breton as an adaptation of the English Cyclopedia of Ephraim Chambers, which came out in 1727. Diderot and D'Alembert undertook the task of compilation; they called to their aid a band of independent thinkers, all eager to take a hand, and the book grew into something monumental. The first volume appeared in July 1751, and the second three months later. The freedom with which the writers handled religious and political themes caused the government to suppress these volumes in 1752, and to suspend the publication for eighteen months. When this storm had subsided, four more volumes were printed without interference; by 1757 the number of subscribers had reached 3500. But with the appearance of the seventh volume, the Encyclopedia found itself in more serious difficulties than ever before. In March 1759, the government suppressed all of the work that had appeared up to that time, and again suspended its publication. D'Alembert, losing heart, withdrew from the enterprise; Diderot merely steeled himself to continue. Luckily he had the support of Malesherbes, superintendent of the press, and others of the authorities connived at the completion of the Encyclopedia. At last, in 1765, Diderot was able to publish the two volumes necessary to round it off. He had been occupied upon it for over fifteen years.

Among those whom Diderot enlisted to help him fight the forces of intolerance were such men as the philosophers Helvetius and Condillac, the scientist D'Holbach, the critic Marmontel, and the financier and statesman Turgot. With assistants representing so many different trends of contemporary thought, Diderot naturally found it impossible to keep the Encyclopedia to any one philosophical path. Indeed, there are no signs that he ever gave much consideration to either the intellectual or the ethical force of consistency. Most of his writing indicates an utter carelessness as to the direction and the pace of his thought.

THE PHILOSOPHER

From the Encyclopedia

THERE is no title which can be more cheaply obtained nowadays than that of *philosopher*. A life of obscurity and retirement, the appearance of wisdom, and some slight reading — these are enough to earn the name for persons who acquire the distinction without possessing the merit.

Others, in whom freedom of thought takes the place of logical ability, consider themselves the only true *philosophers* because they have ventured to pass beyond the sacred bounds set by religion, and have shattered the fetters in which their reason was held by faith. Proud of their emancipation from the prejudices of a religious education, they look with scorn upon the rest of mankind as weaklings, servile spirits, pusillanimous natures, who allow themselves to be frightened by the consequences of irreligion, and who, not daring to step for an instant outside the circle of established truth nor to walk in new paths of thought, sink into slumber under the yoke of superstition. But a truer conception of the *philosopher* must be formed; and here is our idea of his character.

Other men are induced to act without perceiving or knowing the causes which motivate them, without even dreaming that they exist. The *philosopher,* on the other hand, distinguishes causes, as far as in him lies, and often even anticipates them, and yields himself to their operation with full knowledge; he is, as it were, a clock which sometimes winds itself up. Hence, he avoids whatever objects may cause in him feelings that are not conducive to a state of happiness or reasonableness, and seeks those which excite in him the sentiments proper to the state in which he happens to be. Reason to the *philosopher* is what grace is to the Christian. It is grace that determines the actions of the Christian; it is reason that determines the actions of the *philosopher.*

Other men are carried away by their passions, without having made reflection precede their actions: they are men who walk in darkness. While the *philosopher,* even in his passionate moments, acts only upon reflection: he is a man who walks by night, but he is preceded by a torch.

The *philosopher* bases his principles upon an infinite number of particular observations. The ordinary person adopts a principle without thinking of the observations that went before it; he imagines that the general truth exists, as it were, by itself. But the *philosopher* seeks the general truth at its source; he examines its origin; he estimates it at its proper value, and makes only the proper use of it.

Truth, for the *philosopher,* is not a mistress who corrupts his imagination, and whom he expects to find everywhere. He is content to bring it to light wherever he can distinguish it. He does not confound it with probability; he accepts as true what is true, as false what is false, as doubtful what is doubtful, and as probable what is merely probable. He goes further (and this is one of his great merits): when he has no motive for exercising his judgment, he can suspend it.

The world is full of clever, of very clever persons, who are always passing judgment. They always guess, for judgment formed without knowing when one has sufficient grounds for it is only guesswork. They do not realize the scope of the human mind, and believe they can know everything. Thus

they fancy it is shameful not to pronounce a judgment, and imagine that intellectual power lies in judging. The *philosopher* believes it lies in judging right; he is better pleased with himself when he has suspended his faculty of decision than if he had made his choice without having felt a sufficient reason for it. Hence he judges, and talks, less; but he judges more surely and talks better. He does not miss the sharp outlines which are naturally presented to his mind through a prompt assemblage of ideas, although others are often amazed to see them connected in this way. It is in this ready combination that what is commonly called "wit" lies; but wit happens to be what he seeks least of all. He prefers, to this flashy quality, care in clearly distinguishing his ideas and recognizing their exact extent and precise connection, and in avoiding mistakes caused by following out too far some minor relation between ideas. In this discrimination what we call *judgment* and *right thinking* lie. To this *rightness of thought* there are further to be added *suppleness* and *clarity*. The *philosopher* is not so wedded to a system that he cannot feel all the force of the objections to it. Most men are so infatuated with their opinions that they do not even take the trouble to go into those of others. The *philosopher* understands the view he rejects with the same fulness and precision he shows in understanding the view he adopts.

ENGLAND AND HER PEOPLE

FROM A LETTER TO MLLE. VOLLAND

Oct. 6, 1765.

I PROMISED you that I should go on with the reflections of the Baron [D'Holbach] upon England, and I have nothing better to do just now. It keeps me busy, and will provide you with some information and amusement.

Do not imagine that the distribution of wealth is unequal only in France. There are two hundred English gentlemen who have incomes of six, seven, eight, nine, up to eighteen hundred thousand pounds each; a numerous clergy, which, like ours, owns a quarter of the State property, but which contributes proportionately to public expenses, as ours does not; and business men who are inordinately rich. You may imagine how little is left for the other citizens. The monarch seems to have his hands free to do good acts and bound against doing evil ones, but he is as much the master of everything as any other sovereign, and more so. Elsewhere the court commands, and makes itself obeyed; there, it corrupts and does as it pleases, and the corruption of its subjects is perhaps in the end worse than tyranny.

There is no public education. The colleges, which are sumptuous edifices,

comparable to our palace of the Tuileries, are full of rich idlers, who sleep and get drunk part of the day, and spend the other part in clumsily molding a few sulky ministers-to-be.

Whether it be the result of the climate, the use of beer and strong liquors, their heavy meats, their constant fogs, or the coal smoke which always hangs round them, these people are gloomy and melancholy. Their gardens are divided by tortuous narrow alleys; everywhere one can recognize that the owner wishes to escape public notice and be alone. But what rounds off the national character of melancholy is their way of acting in the immense, richly-decorated buildings that they have put up as places of amusement. You could hear a mouse stir in them. A hundred stiff silent ladies march around an orchestra placed in the center, where they play the most delightful music. The Baron says these circular parades are like the seven processions of the Egyptians about the tomb of Osiris.

They have public gardens, which are scantily frequented. On the other hand, the streets themselves are not more crowded than Westminster, a famous abbey adorned with the monuments of all the illustrious men of the nation.

The Englishman is a great gambler; he dissipates enormous sums. He plays without talking, loses without complaining, and gambles away in a minute his very bread-and-butter. It is quite an ordinary thing to find a man of thirty who has lost all interest in riches, in food, in women, in study, even in proper conduct. In the midst of their pleasures, boredom lays hold on them, and brings them to the Thames — unless they prefer to take the muzzle of a pistol between their teeth. In a lonely part of St. James's Park there is a pond which is reserved exclusively for ladies, who go there to drown themselves.

THE DANGERS OF MEDITATION

A LETTER TO THE ABBE LE MONNIER

Aug. 1, 1760.

MY dear Abbé: —

I am not dead, but close to it. I am deluging with milk my inflammable chest, without being able to put it out; it is a fire which a quarter of an hour's talk sets going again. And God has decreed, for the sake of my health and that of the good infidels with whom you are living (and whom I envy on your account, in spite of what I should lose by your presence and what they gain) that you should be some sixty leagues from here.

I feel the most sincere respect for the people to whom you have been good enough to speak about me, but you can judge for yourself from all the nice things you have said of me how I must fear to meet them. Remember me to the Marquis of Adhemar whenever you see him. I have always felt he is my friend.

The man who meditates is not perhaps a "depraved animal" [a phrase of Rousseau's], but I am quite sure that he will soon be an unhealthy one. Rousseau keeps on meditating — and feeling ill. Your humble servant keeps on meditating, and does not feel any too well. And woe to you, if you meditate, for you are bound to fall ill too. For all that, I should not care for acorns and dens and hollow oaks. I should need a carriage, a comfortable lodging, and fine linen; I could get along very well with all the other curses of our civilized state. I manage to walk comfortably on my two hind legs, and, whatever Rousseau may have to say, I had rather the hand which is tracing these letters should be a hand which writes to you that I heartily esteem you and will accept any service you offer to do me, than an ugly, dirty, talon-like paw.

Farewell, my dear sir. Come back to us soon, and leave, I beg you, that society in which you live, at the risk of losing the tiny speck of faith God has given you. I say "tiny speck," for if you had even as much as a grain of mustard seed, you would of course remove the mountains — and I really do not think you have reached that point yet. If it happens that I am mistaken, leave the mountains where they are, but transport yourself hither, just for a minute, and let me see you, embrace you, load you with compliments for the people who enjoy your company; then you can go back to them by the same conveyance, which, I fancy, must be a very comfortable one, although I have never tried it.

Your sincerely devoted and admiring friend

Translations by A. Smillie Noad

JEAN LE ROND D'ALEMBERT

JEAN LE ROND D'ALEMBERT, one of the most noted of the "Encyclopedists," and a first-rate mathematician, was born at Paris in 1717. He was educated at the Collège Mazarin, where he astonished his Jansenist teachers by his precocious brilliance; mathematics and the sciences became his absorbing interests. It is true that he studied successively law and medicine, but finding no satisfaction in either profession, with the true scholar's devotion he chose poverty and liberty to pursue the studies he loved. In 1739 he flashed upon the scientific world with his 'Memoir on the Integral Calculus,' which he followed up in 1741 with a treatise 'On the Refraction of Solid Bodies.' At the age of twenty-three he was made a member of the French Academy of Sciences; in 1754 he entered the French Academy, and in 1772 he became its permanent secretary.

D'Alembert's claims to a place in a discussion of French literature, as distinct from mathematics and science, are based upon the work he did for the Encyclopedia. Associated with Diderot in this enterprise, he was at first, in virtue of his eminence in the scientific world, its director and official head. He contributed a large number of scientific and philosophical articles, and revised the mathematical section. His most noteworthy contribution, however, was the 'Preliminary Discourse,' a general introduction to the Encyclopedia, which explained to the reading public its purpose and scope.

In 1758 D'Alembert withdrew from the direction of the work, which he left in the able hands of Diderot, contenting himself with occasional contributions. Although both Frederick the Great of Prussia and the Empress Catherine of Russia made him the most enticing offers if he would leave France and live at their courts, he eventually refused both of them. He continued to live and work at Paris, where he died in 1783.

THE PURPOSE OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA

From the 'Preliminary Discourse'

THE work which we are beginning (and which we hope to bring to a conclusion) has two objects: as an *Encyclopedia* it should set forth as fully as possible the order and connection of our human knowledge; and as a *Dictionary of the Sciences, Arts, and Crafts* it should contain under the head of each science and each art, whether liberal or mechanical,

the general principles which form its base and the most essential details of its body and substance. These two points of view, *Encyclopedia* and *Dictionary,* will, then, provide the plan and the divisions of our Preliminary Discourse. We shall consider them, taking them up in order, and shall make plain the means whereby we have tried to satisfy this double requirement.

Anyone who has given a little reflection to the relations which our discoveries bear to one another will readily perceive that the sciences and the arts give one another mutual aid, and that in consequence there is a chain linking them. But if it is often difficult to reduce to a few rules or general ideas each science or each art taken separately, it is no less difficult to enclose within a single system all the infinite variety of human knowledge.

The first step we have to take in this inquiry is to examine, if we may be permitted the expression, the genealogy and the affiliations of our knowledge, the causes which must have produced its component parts, and the characteristics which distinguish them — in a word, to go back to the origin and first conception of our ideas. Apart from the assistance we shall obtain from this examination for our encyclopedic enumeration of the sciences and the arts, it cannot be out of place at the head of a *Dictionary of Human Knowledge.*

D'ALEMBERT'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF

Written in 1760

WITHOUT family or connections of any kind, abandoned at a very early age to his own resources, accustomed from infancy to an obscure and meager, but free existence, and born, luckily for him, with some talents and few passions, he has found in study and in a natural gaiety a consolation for his lack of human companionship. He has discovered on his own account a way of life in the world without the help of anyone, and even without any particular effort. As he owes nothing except to himself and to Nature, he is devoid of meanness and trickery, and of the arts of the courtier, which are so necessary in order to make one's fortune. His scorn of distinctions and titles is so great that he was imprudent enough to set it forth in one of his works; this earned him, among the proud and powerful classes, a good many enemies, who have tried to make him out the vainest of mankind. But he is really only proud and independent, and given to estimating himself below rather than above his proper value.

No one is less jealous of the talents and the success of others. No one is readier with applause, provided he sees in the object no charlatanism or flagrant presumption; for then he becomes severe, caustic, and sometimes, perhaps, unjust.

Although his vanity is not so excessive as many people believe, it is not absolutely indifferent either. In fact it responds very promptly, just at first, to whatever flatters or wounds it. But afterwards reflection restores the equilibrium of his nature, and causes him to look upon praise with a good deal of indifference and on satire with a good deal of scorn.

His principle of action is that a man of letters who wishes to establish his name on a solid foundation must be very careful of what he writes, fairly careful of what he does, and slightly careful of what he says. M. D'Alembert makes his conduct conform to this principle; he utters many foolish things, writes hardly any, and commits none.

Nobody carries disinterestedness further than he, but as he has no needs and no whims, such virtues cost him so little that he should not be praised for them. In him they are rather vices the fewer than virtues the more.

As there are very few persons whom he really likes, and as, furthermore, he is not very affectionate with those who like him, those who know him but slightly imagine that he is incapable of true friendship; yet no man takes a keener interest in the happiness or sorrow of his friends. He loses sleep and rest over them, and there is no sacrifice that he is not ready to make for them.

Translations by A. Smillie Noad

BEAUMARCHAIS

PIERRE AUGUSTIN CARON was born in Paris, January 24, 1732. He was the son of a watchmaker, and learned his father's trade. He invented a new escapement, and was allowed to call himself "Clockmaker to the King" — Louis XV. At twenty-four he married a widow, and took the name of Beaumarchais from a small fief belonging to her. Within a year his wife died. Being a fine musician, he was appointed instructor of the king's daughters; and he was quick to turn to good account the influence thus acquired. In 1764 he made a sudden trip to Spain to vindicate a sister of his, who had been betrothed to a man called Clavijo and whom this Spaniard had refused to marry. He succeeded in his mission, and his own brilliant account of this characteristic episode in his career suggested to Goethe the play of 'Clavigo.' Beaumarchais himself brought back from Madrid a liking for things Spanish and a knowledge of Iberian customs and character.

He had been a watchmaker, a musician, a court official, a speculator, and it was only when he was thirty-five that he turned dramatist. Various French authors, Diderot especially, weary of confinement to tragedy and comedy, the only two forms then admitted on the French stage, were seeking a new dramatic formula in which they might treat pathetic situations of modern life; and it is due largely to their efforts that the modern "play" or "drama," the story of every-day existence, has been evolved. The first dramatic attempt of Beaumarchais was a drama called 'Eugénie,' acted at the Théâtre Français in 1767, and succeeding just enough to encourage him to try again. The second, 'The Two Friends,' acted in 1770, was a frank failure. For the pathetic, Beaumarchais had little aptitude; and these two serious efforts were of use to him only so far as their performance may have helped him to master the many technical difficulties of the theater.

Beaumarchais had married a second time in 1768, and he had been engaged in various speculations with the financier Pâris-Duverney. In 1770 his wife died, and so did his associate; and he found himself soon involved in lawsuits, into the details of which it is needless to go, but in the course of which he published a series of memoirs, or statements of his case for the public at large. These memoirs are among the most vigorous of all polemical writings; they were very clever and very witty; they were vivacious and audacious; they were unfailingly interesting; and they were read as eagerly as the 'Letters of Junius.' Personal at first, the suits soon became political; and part of the public approval given to the attack of Beaumarchais on judicial injustice was due no doubt to the general discontent with the existing order in France. His daring

conduct of his own cause made him a personality. He was intrusted with one secret mission by Louis XV; and when Louis XVI came to the throne, he managed to get him again employed confidentially.

Not long after his two attempts at the serious drama, he had tried to turn to account his musical faculty by writing both the book and the score of a comic opera, which had, however, been rejected by the Comédie-Italienne (the predecessor of the present Opéra Comique). After a while Beaumarchais cut out his music and worked over his plot into a five-act comedy in prose, 'The Barber of Seville.' It was produced by the Théâtre Français in 1775, and like the contemporary 'Rivals' of Sheridan — the one English author with whom Beaumarchais must always be compared — it was a failure on the first night and a lasting success after the author had reduced it and rearranged it. 'The Barber of Seville' was like the 'Gil Blas' of Lesage in that, while it was seemingly Spanish in its scenes, it was in reality essentially French. It contained one of the strongest characters in literature — Figaro, a reincarnation of the intriguing servant of Menander and Plautus and Molière. Simple in plot, ingenious in incident, brisk in dialogue, broadly effective in character-drawing, 'The Barber of Seville' is the most famous French comedy of the eighteenth century, with the single exception of its successor from the same pen, which appeared nine years later.

During those years Beaumarchais was not idle. Like Defoe, he was always devising projects for money-making. A few months after 'The Barber of Seville' had been acted, the American Revolution began, and Beaumarchais was a chief agent in supplying the Americans with arms, ammunition, and supplies. He had a cruiser of his own, *Le Fier Roderigue,* which was in D'Estaing's fleet. When the independence of the United States was recognized at last, Beaumarchais had a pecuniary claim against the young nation which long remained unsettled.

Not content with making war on his own account almost, Beaumarchais also undertook the immense task of publishing a complete edition of Voltaire. He also prepared a sequel to the 'Barber,' in which Figaro should be even more important, and should serve as a mouthpiece for declamatory criticism of the social order. But his 'Marriage of Figaro' was so full of the revolutionary ferment that its performance was forbidden. Following the example of Molière under the similar interdiction of 'Tartuffe,' Beaumarchais was untiring in arousing interest in his unacted play, reading it himself in the houses of the great. Finally it was authorized, and when the first performance took place at the Théâtre Français in 1784, the crush to see it was so great that three persons were stifled to death. The new comedy was as amusing and as adroit as its predecessor, and the hits at the times were sharper and swifter and more frequent. How demoralized society was then may be gaged by the fact that this disintegrating satire was soon acted by the amateurs of the court, a chief character being impersonated by Marie Antoinette herself.

The career of Beaumarchais reached its climax with the production of the second of the Figaro plays. Afterward he wrote the libretto for an opera, 'Tarare,' produced with Salieri's music in 1787; the year before he had married for the third time. In a heavy play called 'The Guilty Mother,' acted with slight success in 1790, he brought in Figaro yet once more. During the Terror he emigrated to Holland, returning to Paris in 1796 to find his sumptuous mansion despoiled. May 18, 1799, he died, leaving a fortune of $200,000, besides numerous claims against the French nation and the United States.

An interesting parallel could be drawn between 'The Rivals' and the 'School for Scandal' on the one side, and on the other 'The Barber of Seville' and 'The Marriage of Figaro'; and there are also piquant points of likeness between Sheridan and Beaumarchais. But Sheridan, with all his failings, was of sterner stuff than Beaumarchais. He had a loftier political morality, and he served the State more loyally. Yet the two comedies of Beaumarchais are like the two comedies of Sheridan in their incessant wit, in their dramaturgic effectiveness, and in the histrionic opportunities they afford. Indeed, the French comedies have had a wider audience than the English, thanks to an Italian and a German — to Rossini who set 'The Barber of Seville' to music, and to Mozart who did a like service for 'The Marriage of Figaro.'

BRANDER MATTHEWS

FROM 'THE BARBER OF SEVILLE'

OUTWITTING A GUARDIAN

[Rosina's lover, Count Almaviva, attempts to meet and converse with her by hoodwinking Dr. Bartolo, her zealous guardian. He comes in disguise to Bartolo's dwelling, in a room of which the scene is laid.]

[*Enter* Count Almaviva, *dressed as a student.*]

COUNT [*solemnly*]. May peace and joy abide here evermore!

Bartolo [*brusquely*]. Never, young sir, was wish more appropriate! What do you want?

Count. Sir, I am one Alonzo, a bachelor of arts —

Bartolo. Sir, I need no instructor.

Count. — a pupil of Don Basilio, the organist of the convent, who teaches music to Madame your —

Bartolo [*suspiciously*]. Basilio! Organist! Yes, I know him. Well?

Count [*aside*]. What a man! [*Aloud.*] He's confined to his bed with a sudden illness.

Bartolo. Confined to his bed! Basilio! He's very good to send word, for I've just seen him.

Count [*aside*]. Oh, the devil! [*Aloud.*] When I say to his bed, sir, it's — I mean to his room.

Bartolo. Whatever's the matter with him, go, if you please.

Count [*embarrassed*]. Sir, I was asked — Can no one hear us?

Bartolo [*aside*]. It's some rogue! [*Aloud.*] What's that? No, Monsieur Mysterious, no one can hear! Speak frankly — if you can.

Count [*aside*]. Plague take the old rascal! [*Aloud.*] Don Basilio asked me to tell you —

Bartolo. Speak louder. I'm deaf in one ear.

Count [*raising his voice*]. Ah! quite right: he asks me to say to you that one Count Almaviva, who was lodging on the great square —

Bartolo [*frightened*]. Speak low, speak low.

Count [*louder*]. — moved away from there this morning. As it was I who told him that this Count Almaviva —

Bartolo. Low, speak lower, I beg of you.

Count [*in the same tone*]. Was in this city, and as I have discovered that Señorita Rosina has been writing to him —

Bartolo. Has been writing to him? My dear friend, I implore you, *do* speak low! Come, let's sit down, let's have a friendly chat. You have discovered, you say, that Rosina —

Count [*angrily*]. Certainly. Basilio, anxious about this correspondence on your account, asked me to show you her letter; but the way you take things —

Bartolo. Good Lord! I take them well enough. But can't you possibly speak a little lower?

Count. You told me you were deaf in one ear.

Bartolo. I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon, if I've been surly and suspicious, Signor Alonzo: I'm surrounded with spies — and then your figure, your age, your whole air — I beg your pardon. Well? Have you the letter?

Count. I'm glad you're barely civil at last, sir. But are you quite sure no one can overhear us?

Bartolo. Not a soul. My servants are all tired out. Señorita Rosina has shut herself up in a rage! The very devil's to pay in this house. Still I'll go and make sure. [*He goes to peep into Rosina's room.*]

Count [*aside*]. Well, I've caught myself now in my own trap. Now what shall I do about the letter? If I were to run off? — but then I might just as well not have come. Shall I show it to him? If I could only warn Rosina beforehand! To show it would be a master-stroke.

Bartolo [*returning on tiptoe*]. She's sitting by the window with her back to the door, and re-reading a cousin's letter which I opened. Now, now — let me see hers.

Count [*handing him Rosina's letter*]. Here it is. [*Aside.*] She's re-reading *my* letter.

Bartolo [*reads quickly*]. "Since you have told me your name and estate — " Ah, the little traitress! Yes, it's her writing.

Count [*frightened*]. Speak low yourself, won't you?

Bartolo. What for, if you please?

Count. When we've finished, you can do as you choose. But after all, Don Basilio's negotiation with a lawyer —

Bartolo. With a lawyer? About my marriage?

Count. Would I have stopped you for anything else? He told me to say that all can be ready tomorrow. Then, if she resists —

Bartolo. She will.

Count [*wants to take back the letter; Bartolo clutches it*]. I'll tell you what we'll do. We will show her her letter; and then, if necessary, [*more mysteriously*] I'll even tell her that it was given to me by a woman — to whom the Count is sacrificing her. Shame and rage may bring her to terms on the spot.

Bartolo [*laughing*]. Calumny, eh? My dear fellow, I see very well now that you come from Basilio. But lest we should seem to have planned this together, don't you think it would be better if she'd met you before?

Count [*repressing a start of joy*]. Don Basilio thought so, I know. But how can we manage it? It is late already. There's not much time left.

Bartolo. I will tell her you've come in his place. Couldn't you give her a lesson?

Count. I'll do anything you like. But take care she doesn't suspect. All these dodges of pretended masters are rather old and theatrical.

Bartolo. She won't suspect if I introduce you. But how you do look! You've much more the air of a disguised lover than of a zealous student-friend.

Count. Really? Don't you think I can hoodwink her all the better for that?

Bartolo. She'll never guess. She's in a horrible temper this evening. But if she'll only see you — Her harpsichord is in this room. Amuse yourself while you're waiting. I'll do all I can to bring her here.

Count. Don't say a word about the letter.

Bartolo. Before the right moment? It would lose all effect if I did. It's not necessary to tell me things twice; it's not necessary to tell me things twice.

[*He goes.*]

Count [*alone, soliloquizes*]. At last I've won! Ouf! What a difficult little old imp he is! Figaro understands him. I found myself lying, and that made me awkward; and he has eyes for everything! On my honor, if the letter hadn't inspired me he'd have thought me a fool! — Ah, how they are disputing in there! — What if she refuses to come? Listen — If she won't, my coming is all thrown away. There she is: I won't show myself at first.

[*Rosina enters.*]

Rosina [*angrily*]. There's no use talking about it, sir. I've made up my mind. I don't want to hear anything more about music.

Bartolo. But, my child, do listen! It is Señor Alonzo, the friend and pupil of Don Basilio, whom he has chosen as one of our marriage witnesses. I'm sure that music will calm you.

Rosina. Oh! you needn't concern yourself about that; and as for singing this evening — Where is this master you're so afraid of dismissing? I'll settle him in a minute — and Señor Basilio too. [*She sees her lover and exclaims:*] Ah!

Bartolo. Eh, eh, what is the matter?

Rosina [*pressing her hands to her heart*]. Ah, sir! Ah, sir!

Bartolo. She is ill again! Señor Alonzo!

Rosina. No, I am not ill — but as I was turning — ah!

Count. Did you sprain your foot, Madame?

Rosina. Yes, yes, I sprained my foot! I — hurt myself dreadfully.

Count. So I perceived.

Rosina [*looking at the Count*]. The pain really makes me feel faint.

Bartolo. A chair — a chair there! And not a single chair here!

[*He goes to get one.*]

Count. Ah, Rosina!

Rosina. What imprudence!

Count. There are a hundred things I must say to you.

Rosina. He won't leave us alone.

Count. Figaro will help us.

Bartolo [*bringing an arm-chair*]. Wait a minute, my child. Sit down here. She can't take a lesson this evening, Señor: you must postpone it. Good-by.

Rosina [*to the Count*]. No, wait; my pain is better. [*To Bartolo.*] I feel that I've acted foolishly! I'll imitate you, and atone at once by taking my lesson.

Bartolo. Oh! Such a kind little woman at heart! But after so much excitement, my child, I can't let you make any exertion. So good-by, Señor, good-by.

Rosina [*to the Count*]. Do wait a minute! [*To Bartolo.*] I shall think that you don't care to please me if you won't let me show my regret by taking my lesson.

Count [*aside to Bartolo*]. I wouldn't oppose her, if I were you.

Bartolo. That settles it, my love: I am so anxious to please you that I shall stay here all the time you are practising.

Rosina. No, don't. I know you don't care for music.

Bartolo. It *will* charm me this evening, I'm sure.

Rosina [*aside to the Count*]. I'm tormented to death!

Count [*taking a sheet of music from the stand*]. Will you sing this, Madame?

Rosina. Yes, indeed — it's a very pretty thing out of the opera 'The Useless Precaution.'

Bartolo. Why do you *always* sing fom 'The Useless Precaution'?

Count. There is nothing newer! It's a picture of spring in a very bright style. So if Madame wants to try it —

Rosina [*looking at the Count*]. With pleasure. A picture of spring is delightful! It is the youth of nature. It seems as if the heart always feels more when winter's just over. It's like a slave who finds liberty all the more charming after a long confinement.

Bartolo [*to the Count*]. Always romantic ideas in her head!

Count [*in a low tone*]. Did you notice the application?

Bartolo. Zounds!

[*He sits down in the chair which Rosina has been occupying. Rosina sings, during which Bartolo goes to sleep. Under cover of the refrain the Count seizes Rosina's hand and covers it with kisses. In her emotion she sings brokenly, and finally breaks off altogether. The sudden silence awakens Bartolo. The Count starts up, and Rosina quickly resumes her song.*]

. . . . . .

[*Don Basilio enters. Figaro in background.*]

Rosina [*startled, to herself*]. Don Basilio!

Count [*aside*]. Good Heavens!

Figaro. The devil!

Bartolo [*going to meet him*]. Ah! welcome, Basilio. So your accident was not very serious? Alonzo quite alarmed me about you. He will tell you that I was just going to see you, and if he had not detained me —

Basilio [*in astonishment*]. Señor Alonzo?

Figaro [*stamping his foot*]. Well, well! How long must I wait? Two hours wasted already over your beard — Miserable business!

Basilio [*looking at everyone in amazement*]. But, gentlemen, will you please tell me —

Figaro. You can talk to him after I've gone.

Basilio. But still, would —

Count. You'd better be quiet, Basilio. Do you think you can inform him of anything new? I've told him that you sent me for the music lesson instead of coming himself.

Basilio [*still more astonished*]. The music lesson! Alonzo!

Rosina [*aside to Basilio*]. *Do* hold your tongue, can't you?

Basilio. She, too!

Count [*to Bartolo*]. Let him know what you and I have agreed upon.

Bartolo [*aside to Basilio*]. Don't contradict, and say that he is not your pupil, or you will spoil everything.

Basilio. Ah! Ah!

Bartolo [*aloud*]. Indeed, Basilio, your pupil has a great deal of talent.

Basilio [*stupefied*]. My pupil! [*In a low tone.*] I came to tell you that the Count has moved.

Bartolo [*low*]. I know it. Hush.

Basilio [*low*]. Who told you?

Bartolo [*low*]. He did, of course.

Count [*low*]. It was I, naturally. Just listen, won't you?

Rosina [*low to Basilio*]. Is it so hard to keep still?

Figaro [*low to Basilio*]. Hum! The sharper! He is deaf!

Basilio [*aside*]. Who the devil are they trying to deceive here? Everybody seems to be in it!

Bartolo [*aloud*]. Well, Basilio — about your lawyer — ?

Figaro. You have the whole evening to talk about the lawyer.

Bartolo [*to Basilio*]. One word; only tell me if you are satisfied with the lawyer.

Basilio [*startled*]. With the lawyer?

Count [*smiling*]. Haven't you seen the lawyer?

Basilio [*impatient*]. Eh? No, I haven't seen the lawyer.

Count [*aside to Bartolo*]. Do you want him to explain matters before her? Send him away.

Bartolo [*low to the Count*]. You are right. [*To Basilio.*] But what made you ill, all of a sudden?

Basilio [*angrily*]. I don't understand you.

Count [*secretly slipping a purse into his hands*]. Yes: he wants to know what you are doing here, when you are so far from well?

Figaro. He's as pale as a ghost!

Basilio. Ah! I understand.

Count. Go to bed, dear Basilio. You are not at all well, and you make us all anxious. Go to bed.

Figaro. He looks quite upset. Go to bed.

Bartolo. I'm sure he seems feverish. Go to bed.

Rosina. Why did you come out? They say that it's catching. Go to bed.

Basilio [*in the greatest amazement*]. I'm to go to bed!

All the others together. Yes, you must.

Basilio [*looking at them all*]. Indeed, I think I will have to withdraw. I don't feel quite as well as usual.

Bartolo. We'll look for you tomorrow, if you are better.

Count. I'll see you soon, Basilio.

Basilio [*aside*]. Devil take it if I understand all this! And if it weren't for this purse —

All. Good-night, Basilio, good-night.

Basilio [*going*]. Very well, then; good-night, *good-night*.

[*The others, all laughing, push him civilly out of the room.*]

FROM 'THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO'

OUTWITTING A HUSBAND

[The scene is the boudoir of young Countess Almaviva, the Rosina of the previous selection. She is seated alone, when her clever maid Susanna ushers in the young page Cherubino, just banished from the house because obnoxious to the jealous Count.]

SUSANNA. Here's our young Captain, Madame.

Cherubino [*timidly*]. The title is a sad reminder that — that I must leave this delightful home and the godmother who has been so kind —

Susanna. And so beautiful!

Cherubino [*sighing*]. Ah, yes!

Susanna [*mocking his sigh*]. Ah, yes! Just look at his hypocritical eyelids! Madame, make him sing his new song. [*She gives it to him.*] Come now, my beautiful bluebird, sing away.

Countess. Does the manuscript say who wrote this — song?

Susanna. The blushes of guilt betray him.

Cherubino. Madame, I — I — tremble so.

Susanna. Ta, ta, ta, ta — ! Come, modest author — since you are so commanded. Madame, I'll accompany him.

Countess [*to Susanna*]. Take my guitar.

[*Cherubino sings his ballad to the air of 'Malbrouck.' The Countess reads the words of it from his manuscript, with an occasional glance at him; he sometimes looks at her and sometimes lowers his eyes as he sings. Susanna, accompanying him, watches them both, laughing.*]

Countess [*folding the song*]. Enough, my boy. Thank you. It is very good — full of feeling —

Susanna. Ah! as for feeling — this is a young man who — well!

[*Cherubino tries to stop her by catching hold of her dress. Susanna whispers to him*]. Ah, you good-for-nothing! I'm going to tell her. [*Aloud.*] Well — Captain! We'll amuse ourselves by seeing how you look in one of my dresses!

Countess. Susanna, how *can* you go on so?

Susanna [*going up to Cherubino and measuring herself with him*]. He's just the right height. Off with your coat. [*She draws it off.*]

Countess. But what if some one should come?

Susanna. What if they do? We're doing no wrong. But I'll lock the door, just the same. [*Locks it.*] I want to see him in a woman's head-dress!

Countess. Well, you'll find my little cap in my dressing-room on the toilet table.

[*Susanna gets the cap, and then, sitting down on a stool, she makes Cherubino kneel before her and arranges it on his hair.*]

Susanna. Goodness, isn't he a pretty girl? I'm jealous. Cherubino, you're altogether *too* pretty.

Countess. Undo his collar a little; that will give a more feminine air. [*Susanna loosens his collar so as to show his neck.*] Now push up his sleeves, so that the under ones show more. [*While Susanna rolls up Cherubino's sleeves, the Countess notices her lost ribbon around his wrist.*] What is that? My ribbon?

Susanna. Ah! I'm very glad you've seen it, for I told him I should tell. I should certainly have taken it away from him if the Count hadn't come just then; for I am almost as strong as he is.

Countess [*with surprise, unrolling the ribbon*]. There's blood on it!

Cherubino. Yes, I was tightening the curb of my horse this morning, he curvetted and gave me a push with his head, and the bridle stud grazed my arm.

Countess. I never saw a ribbon used as a bandage before.

Susanna. Especially a *stolen* ribbon. What may all those things be — the curb, the curvetting, the bridle stud? [*Glances at his arms.*] What white arms he has! just like a woman's. Madame, they are whiter than mine.

Countess. Never mind that, but run and find me some oiled silk.

[*Susanna goes out, after humorously pushing Cherubino over so that he falls forward on his hands. He and the Countess look at each other for some time; then she breaks the silence.*]

Countess. I hope you are plucky enough. Don't show yourself before the Count again today. We'll tell him to hurry up your commission in his regiment.

Cherubino. I already have it, Madame. Basilio brought it to me. [*He draws the commission from his pocket and hands it to her.*]

Countess. Already! They haven't lost any time. [*She opens it.*] Oh, in their hurry they've forgotten to add the seal to it.

Susanna [*returning with the oiled silk*]. Seal what?

Countess. His commission in the regiment.

Susanna. Already?

Countess. That's what I said.

Susanna. And the bandage?

Countess. Oh, when you are getting my things, take a ribbon from one of *your* caps.

[*Susanna goes out again.*]

Countess. This ribbon is of my favorite color. I must tell you I was greatly displeased at your taking it.

Cherubino. That one would heal me quickest.

Countess. And — why so?

Cherubino. When a ribbon — has pressed the head, and — touched the skin of one —

Countess [*hastily*]. Very strange — then it can cure wounds? I never heard that before. I shall certainly try it on the first wound of any of — my maids —

Cherubino [*sadly*]. I must go away from here!

Countess. But not for always? [*Cherubino begins to weep.*] And now you are crying! At that prediction of Figaro?

Cherubino. I'm just where he said I'd be. [*Some one knocks on the door.*]

Countess. Who can be knocking like that?

The Count [*outside*]. Open the door!

Countess. Heavens! It's my husband. Where can you hide?

The Count [*outside*]. Open the door, I say.

Countess. There's no one here, you see.

The Count [*outside*]. But who are you talking to then?

Countess. To you, I suppose. [*To Cherubino.*] Hide yourself, quick — in the dressing-room!

Cherubino. Ah, after this morning, he'd kill me if he found me *here.*

[*He runs into the dressing-room on the right, which is also Susanna's room; the Countess, after locking him in and taking the key, admits the* Count.]

Count. You don't usually lock yourself in, Madame.

Countess. I — I — was gossiping with Susanna. She's gone. [*Pointing to her maid's room.*]

Count. And you seem very much agitated, Madame.

Countess. Not at all, I assure you! We were talking about you. She's just gone — as I told you.

Count. I must say, Madame, you and I seem to be surrounded by spiteful people. Just as I'm starting for a ride, I'm handed a note which informs me that a certain person whom I suppose far enough away is to visit you this evening.

Countess. The bold fellow, whoever he is, will have to come here, then; for I don't intend to leave my room today.

[*Something falls heavily in the dressing-room where Cherubino is.*]

Count. Ah, Madame, something dropped just then!

Countess. I didn't hear anything.

Count. You must be very absent-minded, then. Somebody is in that room!

Countess. Who do you think could be there?

Count. Madame, that is what I'm asking *you.* I have just come in.

Countess. Probably it's Susanna wandering about.

Count [*pointing*]. But you just told me that she went that way.

Countess. This way or that — I don't know which.

Count. Very well, Madame, I must see her. — Come here, Susanna.

Countess. She cannot. Pray wait! She's but half dressed. She's trying on things that I've given her for her wedding.

Count. Dressed or not, I wish to see her at once.

Countess. I can't prevent your doing so anywhere else, but here —

Count. You may say what you choose — I *will* see her.

Countess. I thoroughly believe you'd like to see her in that state! but —

Count. Very well, Madame. If Susanna can't come out, at least she can talk. [*Turning toward the dressing-room.*] Susanna, are you there? Answer, I command you.

Countess [*peremptorily*]. Don't answer, Susanna! I forbid you! Sir, how can you be such a petty tyrant? Fine suspicions, indeed!

[*Susanna slips by and hides behind the Countess's bed without being noticed either by her or by the Count.*]

Count. They are all the easier to dispel. I can see that it would be useless to ask you for the key, but it's easy enough to break in the door. Here, somebody!

Countess. Will you really make yourself the laughing-stock of the château for such a silly suspicion?

Count. You are quite right. I shall simply force the door myself. I am going for tools.

Countess. Sir, if your conduct were prompted by love, I'd forgive your jealousy for the sake of the motive. But its cause is only your vanity.

Count. Love *or* vanity, Madame, I mean to know who is in that room! And to guard against any tricks, I am going to lock the door to your maid's room. You, Madame, will kindly come with me, and without any noise, if you please. [*He leads her away.*] As for the Susanna in the dressing-room, she will please wait a few minutes.

Countess [*going out with him*]. Sir, I assure you —

Susanna [*coming out from behind the bed and running to the dressing-room*]. Cherubino! Open quick! It's Susanna. [*Cherubino hurries out of the dressing-room.*] Escape — you haven't a minute to lose!

Cherubino. Where can I go?

Susanna. I don't know, I don't know at all! but do go somewhere!

Cherubino [*running to the window, then coming back*]. The window isn't so very high.

Susanna [*frightened and holding him back*]. He'll kill himself!

Cherubino. Ah, Susie, I'd rather jump into a gulf than put the Countess in danger. [*He snatches a kiss, then runs to the window, hesitates, and finally jumps down into the garden.*]

Susanna. Ah! [*She falls fainting into an arm-chair. Recovering slowly, she*

rises, and seeing Cherubino running through the garden she comes forward panting.] He's far away already! . . . Little scamp! as nimble as he is handsome! [*She next runs to the dressing-room.*] Now, Count Almaviva, knock as hard as you like, break down the door. Plague take me if I answer you. [*Goes into the dressing-room and shuts the door.*]

[*Count and Countess return.*]

Count. Now, Madame, consider well before you drive me to extremes.

Countess. I — I beg of you — !

Count [*preparing to burst open the door.*] You can't cajole me now.

Countess [*throwing herself on her knees*]. Then I will open it! Here is the key.

Count. So it is *not* Susanna?

Countess. No, but it's no one who should offend you.

Count. If it's a man I kill him! Unworthy wife! You wish to stay shut up in your room — you shall stay in it long enough, I promise you. *Now* I understand the note — my suspicions are justified!

Countess. Will you listen to me one minute?

Count. Who is in that room?

Countess. Your page.

Count. Cherubino! The little scoundrel! — just let me catch him! I don't wonder you were so agitated.

Countess. I — I assure you we were only planning an innocent joke.

[*The Count snatches the key, and goes to the dressing-room door; the Countess throws herself at his feet.*]

Countess. Have mercy, Count! Spare this poor child; and although the disorder in which you will find him —

Count. What, Madame? What do you mean? What disorder?

Countess. He was just changing his coat — his neck and arms are bare —

[*The Countess throws herself into a chair and turns away her head.*]

Count [*running to the dressing-room*]. Come out here, you young villain!

Count [*seeing Susanna come out of the dressing-room*]. Eh! Why, it *is* Susanna! [*Aside.*] What a lesson!

Susanna [*mocking him*]. "I will kill him! I will kill him!" Well, then, why don't you kill this mischievous page?

Count [*to the Countess, who at the sight of Susanna shows the greatest surprise*]. So *you* also play astonishment, Madame?

Countess. Why shouldn't I?

Count. But perhaps she wasn't alone in there. I'll find out. [*He goes into the dressing-room.*]

Countess. Susanna, I'm nearly dead.

Count [*aside, as he returns*]. No one there! So this time I really am wrong.

[*To the Countess, coldly.*] You excel at comedy, Madame.

Susanna. And what about me, sir?

Count. And so do you.

Countess. Aren't you glad you found her instead of Cherubino? [*Meaningly.*] You are generally pleased to come across her.

Susanna. Madame ought to have let you break in the doors, call the servants —

Count. Yes, it's quite true — I'm at fault — I'm humiliated enough! But why didn't you answer, you cruel girl, when I called you?

Susanna. I was dressing as well as I could — with the aid of pins, and Madame knew why she forbade me to answer. She had her lessons.

Count. Why don't you help me get pardon, instead of making me out as bad as you can?

Countess. Did I marry you to be eternally subjected to jealousy and neglect? I mean to join the Ursulines, and —

Count. But, Rosina!

Countess. I am no longer the Rosina whom you loved so well. I am only poor Countess Almaviva, deserted wife of a madly jealous husband.

Count. I assure you, Rosina, this man, this letter, had excited me so —

Countess. I never gave my consent.

Count. What, you knew about it?

Countess. This rattlepate Figaro, without my sanction —

Count. He did it, eh! and Basilio pretended that a peasant brought it. Crafty wag, ready to impose on everybody!

Countess. You beg pardon, but you never grant pardon. If I grant it, it shall only be on condition of a general amnesty.

Count. Well, then, so be it. I agree. But I don't understand how your sex can adapt itself to circumstances so quickly and so nicely. You were certainly much agitated; and for that matter, you are yet.

Countess. Men aren't sharp enough to distinguish between honest indignation at unjust suspicion, and the confusion of guilt.

Count. We men think we know something of politics, but we are only children. Madame, the King ought to name you his ambassador to London. — And now pray forget this unfortunate business, so humiliating for me.

Countess. For us both.

Count. Won't you tell me again that you forgive me?

Countess. Have I said *that,* Susanna?

Count. Ah, say it now.

Countess. Do you deserve it, culprit?

Count. Yes, honestly, for my repentance.

Countess [*giving him her hand*]. How weak I am! What an example I set you, Susanna! He'll never believe in a woman's anger.

Susanna. You are prisoner on parole; and you shall see we are honorable.

MIRABEAU

THAT unparalleled social upheaval and reorganization called the French Revolution was productive of literature as well as of violence and change. To us it seems only literature, and its actors only characters in comedy or tragedy. They believed that they were thinking and doing for mankind, and their eloquence of speech and action moved the world. Revolutionists who take charge of such an upheaval inspire literature. Rarely do they themselves produce it. There are exceptions. Such was Honoré-Gabriel de Riquetti, Count of Mirabeau, born on March 9, 1749, at Bignon. The record of his life is stranger and more fascinating than fiction. Judged by the standards of any other time than his own, Mirabeau is a monster. Judged by the standard of the half-century he filled, he was the saviour of the French, the father of a people. From his birth to his death his career was an open letter. He had no privacy. All is preserved — sorrow, ambition, sin, power, eloquence, action, letters, pamphlets, octavos, and the climax — revolution. The world would scarcely produce such a being now. It was possible in 1749, in France.

Never was there child more ugly in face and feature; nor more passionate and uncontrollable. Nature seemed to have played a prank on the world in producing him. He defied law, morals, authority; and because of his defiance, was sent by his father to the dungeons of the Château d' If, of Joux, and of Vincennes, in hopes of his death by sickness or starvation. Yet from each he managed to get release, through intrigue and the collusion of officials, as was said at the time.

During his imprisonment at If and Joux he had written an essay on 'Despotism,' and a pamphlet on 'Lettres-de-Cachet,' both of which were quickly suppressed. But the time was ready for them, and they were widely circulated and read. Mirabeau was thinking aloud, as the French people were thinking in silence and fiercely.

Meanwhile French finances were becoming more hopeless. Mirabeau attacked the system which had been followed by Necker and by his successor Calonne, in a fierce pamphlet called 'A Denunciation of Stock-Jobbing to the King and the Assembly of Notables.' A decree in council suppressed the pamphlet, and Mirabeau fled from Paris with the knowledge that he had caused the banishment of two of the most disreputable speculators in the credit of the government. At the age of thirty-seven he went to Berlin with the prospect of making a living there by his writings. He invaded the acquaintance of Frederick the Great, who broke his rule against foreigners and

met him, and recognized the man of power at once. But the dying king had other questions on hand than those Mirabeau might raise. To his successor, Frederick William II, Mirabeau sent a pamphlet of some eighty-four octavo pages, containing advice how to govern.

It was now 1787, and the meeting of the States-General appeared probable. De Brienne, the king's minister, was resolved not to summon them. He was an embodiment of the *ancien régime* which was fast coming to a close. Mirabeau returned to Paris, restless, discerning keenly and accurately the condition of affairs, ambitious to direct them. From this time forward his letters are the record of revolutionary directions. His insight made his opinions prophetic. But though the fruit was ripe, it still hung on the tree of monarchy. A breath would bring it to the ground.

Mirabeau at this time published his most important work, on the Prussian monarchy under Frederick the Great, with an inquiry into the condition of the principal countries of Germany. It was in eight octavo volumes, and reads like an extemporaneous speech — but a speech by Mirabeau. The world has accepted his portrait of Frederick as true in all essential details.

The States-General, so ran the ministerial decree, shall meet on May 1, 1789. This was Mirabeau's opportunity. He sought a constituency and an election, and found them in Aix. "War with the privileged and with privileges." — "I myself shall be personally very monarchic" — this was his platform. His campaign was a succession of speeches and pamphlets. The people of Aix made him their idol because he was their hope, and his election decided the fate of France. It was now 1789, the year of the Notables. May 4 came, and all Paris was out to behold this procession from Notre-Dame. All eyes were looking for Mirabeau. His ideas were well known; his career had been most scandalous in an age of scandals. The strong man, with the immense head and the lion's mane — that was he. The king's address was over; the discussions began. Everybody was full of words. What name should the Assembly take? Mirabeau proposed "The Representatives of the People of France," and delivered the first oration that ever was heard by that people. He spoke a second time, but in vain. The Members assumed the title of "National Assembly." The National Assembly was composed of a few men of landed estate and some eminent lawyers; but chiefly of adventurers without fortune. "I should not be surprised," remarked Mirabeau, "if civil war were the result of their beautiful decree."

Meanwhile the king had been tampered with. On May 23 he came into the Assembly in royal pomp. "I command you, gentlemen, to disperse immediately, and to repair tomorrow morning to your respective chambers, there to resume your sitting" — and the king withdrew. Some of the clergy had joined the Assembly. There was strong inclination to obey the royal command. Mirabeau was quickly on his feet. "I call upon you, gentlemen, to assert your dignity and legislative power, and to remember your oath (at the

Tennis Court) which will not permit you to disperse till you have established the constitution." While he was sitting down, amidst applause, the Marquis de Brézé, grand master of ceremonies, entered, and turning to the President, Bailli, said, "You have heard the king's orders."

"Yes, sir," flashed out Mirabeau: "we have heard the intentions that have been suggested to the king; and you, sir, who cannot be his organ with the National Assembly — you, who have here neither place, nor voice, nor right of speech — you are not the person to remind us thereof. Go, and tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will only be driven hence by the power of the bayonet."

That reply overthrew absolute monarchy in France, and began the era of constitutional liberty. From the moment of his historic utterance, Mirabeau became a political party in France; and he stood alone. Then followed in quick succession his orations, unparalleled in French annals, rarely equaled and still more seldom surpassed in those of any other country.

To extraordinary eloquence, Mirabeau added the full force of a masterful genius for practical politics. Because he was a practical statesman he stood alone, and was an enigma to his colleagues and to the people whom he loved and served. His reputation does not rest merely on a series of dazzling utterances, but on the sound ideas he scattered so lavishly before the Assembly. He foresaw the death of the king and queen, the overthrow of monarchy, and the Reign of Terror. He knew the centuries of wrongs that must be righted to save France from utter disintegration. Yet no word of vengeance or anarchy dropped from him. He would save the monarchy, and make it the center of a constitutional system. Therefore his orations dealt wholly with practical matters: civil organization; the veto power; finance; trade; slavery; the landed estates; taxation; the balance of powers under a constitution. He was neither of the Right nor of the Left, but of the whole estate of the people. Like Montesquieu, he had learned from the British constitution, but his efforts to secure a similar balance of functions for France were unsuccessful. The Radicals demanded a general proscription; Paris was with the Radicals, and Paris was France.

In the midst of his career, in 1791, he was suddenly cut off, the victim of his uncontrollable passions. The Revolution was completing its twenty-third month. Mirabeau was dead. Unparalleled honors were paid to his memory, and the Assembly voted him a public funeral. After the king's death the royal papers were found in the iron chest; and among them several that disclosed Mirabeau's plans to save the monarchy, and to construct a national government based on constitutional liberty. He had then been dead two years. His honors were re-examined, his memory put under arrest, his bust destroyed; and from the Assembly there went forth a decree that the body of Honoré-Gabriel Riquetti Mirabeau should be withdrawn from the French Pantheon, and that the body of Marat should be put in its place. Soon after,

rude hands flung his remains into the burying-place for criminals, in the Faubourg of St. Marcel. To this day no sign marks his grave.

FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE

ON THE REMOVAL OF THE TROOPS AROUND PARIS

From a Speech in the National Assembly, July 1789

GENTLEMEN, the time presses. I reproach myself for every moment that I steal from your sage deliberations; and I hope that these considerations, rather indicated than presented by me — but whose evidence appears to me irresistible — will be sufficient to pass the motion which I have the honor now to propose to you: —

That there be presented to the King a humble address, describing to his Majesty the vivid alarm which has been felt in this National Assembly of his kingdom by reason of the abuse which has been made of the King's name, within a short time, in order to permit the approach to the capital, and to this city of Versailles, of an artillery train, and of enormous bodies of troops, foreign and national; a large number of which troops are already quartered in neighboring villages: and also, through this abuse of the King's name, the announced formation of fixed camps in the neighborhood of these two cities.

That there be represented to the King, not only how much these measures are opposed to the gracious intentions of his Majesty toward relieving his people, in the present unhappy conditions of the dearness and scantiness of grain, but also how much these measures are contrary to the liberty and to the honor of the National Assembly; how adapted they are to alter that mutual confidence between the King and his people which makes the glory and the security of a monarch, and which alone can insure the repose and the tranquillity of his kingdom; and in fine, procure for the nation the inestimable results which the country awaits from the labors and the zeal of this Assembly.

That his Majesty most respectfully be urged to reassure his faithful subjects, by giving all necessary orders for the immediate cessation of these measures, which are equally useless, dangerous, and alarming; and also for the prompt return of the troops in question, and of the artillery train, to the places from which they have been brought.

And while waiting for this measure to be decided, and in consequence of the disquietude and alarm which such a state of affairs has brought to pass in the heart of the people, and in order provisionally to maintain calm and tranquillity, let his Majesty be begged to issue a command that in the two cities of Paris and Versailles there shall be a levy of the civil guard, which,

acting under orders of the King, will entirely suffice for such duty without augmenting around the two cities in question a population that must be supplied with food.

THE ADDRESS

SIRE: — You have invited the National Assembly to bestow on you a mark of its confidence; in such a request you have gone further than the most eager of its fervent hopes.

We have been imparting to your Majesty our most vivid alarms: if we only were the object of them, if we had been so weak as to be fearful only for ourselves, then your goodness would condescend to reassure us; and moreover, in blaming us for having been doubtful of your intentions toward us, you would concentrate all our inquietudes, you would dissipate the cause of them, and you would leave no uncertainty as to the position before you of the National Assembly.

But, Sire, we do not implore your protection, for that would be to accuse your justice: we have indeed felt fears, and we dare to say that our fears are a part of the purest patriotism — the interest of those who trust in us, of public tranquillity, and of the happiness of that dear monarch, who, in making smooth for our feet the road of happiness, certainly deserves to walk in it himself without obstacles.

The promptings of your own heart, Sire — behold in them the true safety of the French people. As soon as troops pour in from all sides, as soon as camps are formed around us, the very capital invested, we ask ourselves with astonishment, "Does the King distrust the fidelity of his own people? If he had doubted that, would he not have confided to us his paternal chagrin? What are we to understand by this menacing procedure? Where are those enemies of the State and of the King to be overcome? Where are the rebels, the conspirators, that it is necessary to reduce to subjection?" One unanimous voice replies to this in the capital and throughout the kingdom: "Our King is true to us; we bless Heaven for the gift which Heaven has bestowed upon us in his love."

Sire, the religious convictions of your Majesty cannot waver except under the pretext of public benefit.

If those who have given these counsels to our King had had enough confidence in their own principles to unfold them to us, such a moment would bring in the fairest triumph of truth.

The State has nothing to dread from the evil ideas of those who dare to lay siege even to the throne, who do not respect the confidence of the purest and most virtuous of princes. And how do they contrive, Sire, to make you disbelieve in the attachment and the love of your subjects? Have you shed their blood? Are you cruel, implacable? Have you abused justice? Do the people impute to you their own misfortunes? Do they connect your name

with their calamities? Can they have said to you that the nation is impatient under your yoke, that it is weary of the scepter of the Bourbons? No, no, they have not done this. The calumny they employ is at least not absurd; they seek something like probability to give color to their dark treacheries.

Your Majesty has seen recently all your own government can do for your people: subordination is re-established in your perturbed capital; the prisoners set at liberty by the multitude have themselves reassumed their chains; public order, which would perhaps have cost torrents of blood to re-establish had it been done by force, has been re-established by one single word from your mouth. But that word was a word of peace; it was the expression of your heart, and your subjects feel it their glory never to resist that. How grand to exercise such authority! It is that of Louis IX, of Louis XII, of Henri IV; it is the only authority which can be worthy of you.

We should deceive you, Sire, if we did not add, forced by circumstances, that this kind of rule is the only one which today it would be possible to exercise in France. France will not tolerate the abuse of the best of kings, or that there should be set aside, through untoward measures, that noble plan which he himself has outlined. You have called us hither to adjust in concert with you the Constitution; to take measures for the regeneration of the kingdom: this National Assembly has just declared solemnly to you that your wishes shall be accomplished, that your promises are not vain, and that difficulties and terrors shall not retard the work of the Assembly, nor intimidate in any way its courage.

But our enemies will presume to say, "What now is the harm in the coming together of the troops?"

The danger, Sire, is pressing, is general, beyond all the calculations of human prudence.

The danger affects the people of your provinces. Once alarmed as to our liberty, this alarm cannot be checked. Distance only makes more of the matter, exaggerates everything, doubles, sharpens, and poisons their disquietude.

The danger threatens the capital. With what sort of an eye can a people in poverty, and tormented by most cruel anxieties, see the poor relics of its own daily bread quarreled over by a host of menacing soldiery? The mere presence of the military will kindle excitement, and produce a general fermentation; and the first act of real violence, originating under the pretext of a matter for the police, may be the beginning of a horrible series of calamities.

The danger threatens the troops themselves. French soldiers brought near to the very center of discussion, sharing in the passions as well as in the interests of the people, can easily forget that enlistment has made them soldiers, in remembering that nature has made them men.

The danger, Sire, menaces our own labors, which are our first duty, and which will not have full success, genuine permanence, except so far as the people regard them as the work absolutely of our own free will. Besides this,

there is a contagion in passionate popular movements. We are only men. Our distrust of ourselves, the fear of appearing weak, can make us overshoot our mark; we are besieged by violent and unregulated counsels; calm reason and tranquil wisdom do not utter their oracles in the midst of tumult, disorders, and scenes of faction.

The danger, Sire, is even more terrible; judge of its extent by the alarms which bring us to you. Great revolutions have had causes much less intelligible; more than one enterprise fatal to nations and to kings has announced itself in a way less sinister and less formidable. Do not give credence to those who speak lightly to you of the nation at large; those who do not know how to represent it before you except according to their own views — sometimes as insolent, rebellious, seditious — sometimes as submissive, docile under the yoke, and ready to bend its head to receive it. These two pictures are equally untruthful.

Always ready to obey you, Sire, since you command us in the name of the law, our fidelity is without limits, as it is without stain.

Ready to resist to a man the arbitrary commands of those who are abusing your name — since they are enemies of the law — our devotion to your Majesty itself commands such resistance; and it shall be to our eternal honor to have merited the reproaches that our firmness may bring upon us.

Sire, we conjure you, in the name of our fatherland, in the name of your happiness and your glory, send back your soldiers to the garrison posts whence your counselors have brought them; dismiss that artillery destined to protect our frontiers; and above all, send away the foreign troops — those allies of the nation that we paid to defend and not to disturb our firesides. Your Majesty has no need of them: why should a monarch, adored by twenty-five millions of Frenchmen, at an enormous cost draw together around his throne so many thousands of foreigners?

Sire, surrounded by your children, let our love be your guard! The deputies of the nation are summoned to consecrate with you the supreme rights of royalty, upon the immovable basis of a people's liberty: while they are doing their duty, while they are yielding to the dictates of their reason, of their sentiment, will you expose them to the suspicion of having yielded not to these things, but to fear? Ah! the authority that all hearts confer on you is the only authority that is pure, the only authority that cannot be defied; it is the just return for your benefits, and it is the immortal appanage of princes, of whom you are the model.

THE ELEGY ON FRANKLIN

Pronounced in the National Assembly

FRANKLIN is dead! The genius that freed America, and poured a flood of light over Europe, has returned to the bosom of the Divinity.

The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend with each other, held, without doubt, a high rank in the human race.

Too long have political cabinets taken formal note of the death of those who were great only in their funeral panegyrics. Too long has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mourning. Nations should wear mourning only for their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to their homage none but the heroes of humanity.

The Congress has ordained, throughout the United States, a mourning of one month for the death of Franklin; and at this moment America is paying this tribute of veneration and gratitude to one of the fathers of her Constitution.

Would it not become us, gentlemen, to join in this religious act, to bear a part in this homage, rendered in the face of the world, both to the rights of man and to the philosopher who has most contributed to extend their sway over the whole earth? Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who have ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and of liberty.

I propose that it be decreed that the National Assembly, during three days, shall wear mourning for Benjamin Franklin.

JOSEPH JOVBERT

JOSEPH JOUBERT, who has been counted almost equal to La Rochefoucauld as an author of aphorisms, was first introduced to the general world of English-speaking readers by Matthew Arnold in 1865: but he was known to some, at least in America, through what Sainte-Beuve had said of him; and Stedman thinks that Edgar Allen Poe, whose French reading was very discursive, had known him even before Sainte-Beuve wrote. Joubert was born in 1754 in Montignac, a small town of Périgord, France; studied and also taught at the College of Toulouse; went in 1778 to Paris; knew Diderot, Marmontel, D'Alembert, Chateaubriand; was chosen during his absence in 1790 chief magistrate of his native town, served in that capacity two years and was re-elected, but declined to serve; took up his residence in 1792 at Villeneuve in Brittany, and spent his later life between that town and Paris; in 1809 was appointed by Napoleon Bonaparte a regent of the University, and died in 1824. He lived through the French Revolution, and through the period of the Encyclopedists; but he preserved not merely his life but his faith. He had the habit, between the ages of twenty and seventy, of writing down his detached thoughts, often previously molded by conversation; his rooms at the top of a tall house in the Rue St. Honoré being the resort of the brightest minds in Paris. Fourteen years after his death, both his thoughts and his correspondence were collected and given to the world; but the thoughts afford by far the more interesting volume of the two.

Joubert sometimes suggests Montaigne, but with great differences: he is never garrulous and never coarse. In him we taste to the full the exquisite felicity, the limpid clearness, the well-defined accuracy of the French tradition, without the smallest trace of that refined indelicacy in which vice does *not* lose half its evil by losing all its grossness. In him his native idiom stands out clearly for what it is — the lineal successor of the Greek, if the Greek can have a successor. Then, the national virtues of courtesy, amiability, and *bonhomie* shine out supreme: he goes, for instance, the whole round of his contemporaries, speaking his mind freely, yet without an unkind word; and although a devout Catholic, he handles the Jansenists without a trace of rancor.

This refinement is the more remarkable in Joubert, because he owed much to Rousseau in style, and was the originator of that often quoted phrase concerning him, that he was the first person who gave bowels to words — in the sense in which that word is employed in the Bible. But he demands that this power of tender expression should be always chaste; and in the very last of

his maxims says that art should always keep within the realm of beauty, and should never forget the ancient religious precept, "Outside the temple and the sacrifice, make no display of the intestines of the victim." And in another place he reminds us in yet more condensed form, "Courtesy is the very flower of humanity. He who is not quite courteous is not quite human."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

OF MAN

THE body is the tent where our existence is encamped.

The voice is a human sound which nothing lifeless can perfectly imitate. It has an authority and an impressiveness which writing wants. It is not merely air, but air modulated by us, impregnated with our warmth, and as it were enveloped in the haze of our atmosphere; from which an emanation attends it, and which gives it a certain form and certain virtues fitted to act on the mind. Speech is only thought incorporated.

The more I think on it, the more I see the mind is something outside of the soul, as the hands are outside of the body, the eyes outside of the head, the branches outside of the trunk. It helps to do more, but not to be more.

The mind is a fire of which thought is the flame.

The imagination is the eye of the soul.

OF THE NATURE OF MINDS

MEN measure minds by their stature: it would be better to estimate them by their beauty.

Nature has made two kinds of fine intellects: some to produce thoughts and beautiful actions, others to admire them.

Heaven rarely grants to the same men the power of thinking well, of speaking well, and of acting well in all things.

One is never mediocre when he has plenty of good sense and good feeling.

Sometimes great minds are nevertheless false minds. They are well-conconstructed compasses, but ones whose needles, affected by the influence of some neighboring object, always turn away from the north.

He who has imagination without learning has wings without feet.

OF VIRTUE AND MORALITY

EVERYTHING may be learned — even virtue.

We should do everything to let good people have their own way.

Do not cut what you can untie.

To be always occupied with the duties of others, never with our own — alas!

There are those who have only fragments: they have not enough of the material to make a coat.

Without duty, life is soft and boneless; it can no longer sustain itself.

Not only is there no virtue where there is no rule and law, but there is not even pleasure. The plays of children themselves have laws, and would not exist without them; these laws are always a form of restraint, and nevertheless, the more strictly they are obeyed the greater is the amusement.

OF EDUCATION

CHILDREN need models rather than critics.

Education should be tender and strict, and not cold and relaxing.

In rearing a child, think of its old age.

People regard young men as merely students; but I see in them young men also.

To teach is to learn twice over.

To have shared the mode of education common to all is a great advantage to gifted minds, because they are thus kept in touch with others.

OF THE PASSIONS

WHATEVER purifies the passions makes them stronger, more lasting, and more enjoyable.

We exhaust in the passions the material that was given us for happiness.

Passions are but nature: it is the not repenting that yields corruption.

Repentance is a natural effort which drives from the soul the elements of its corruption.

Into every kind of excess there enters a certain coldness of soul: it is a thoughtful and deliberate abuse of pleasure.

The blind are cheerful, because their minds are not distracted from dwelling on the things that make them happy, and because they have yet more ideas than we have sights. It is a compensation granted them by Heaven.

We always lose the friendship of those who have lost our esteem.

Often our fine qualities are loved and praised only because our defects temper their brilliancy. It often even happens that we are loved rather for our defects than for our virtues.

We should make ourselves beloved, for men are only just towards those whom they love.

The punishment of those who have loved women too much is to love nothing else.

Tenderness is the calm of passion.

Man is a kind of rash being, who may exist after a fashion half-way, but whose existence is the more delightful the more complete it is.

One likes to do good deeds in one's own way.

Ambition is pitiless: every merit that it cannot use is contemptible in its eyes.

No one is good, one cannot be useful and deserves not to be loved, if he has not something heavenly, either in his intellect through thoughts, or in his will through affections directed on high.

It is a blessing, a great good fortune, to be born good.

Unless we keep watch on ourselves, we shall find ourselves condemning the unfortunate.

Be gentle and indulgent to all others; be not so to yourself.

The pleasure of giving is essential to true happiness; but the poor may possess it.

When you give, give joyfully and with a smile.

Proud natures love those to whom they do a service.

Ornaments were the inventions of modesty.

"God will punish," say the Orientals, "him who sees and him who is seen." Beautiful and formidable recommendation of modesty.

A spider's web made of silk and light were not more difficult to create than to answer this question, What is modesty?

OF POETRY

POETS have a hundred times more good sense than philosophers. In seeking what is beautiful, they find more truths than philosophers in seeking what is true.

Poets are more inspired by the images of objects than even by their presence.

The poet should not traverse at a walk an interval which might be cleared at a bound.

In the poetic style every word resounds like the twang of a lyre well strung, and leaves after it a number of undulations.

Like the nectar of the bee, which turns to honey the dust of flowers, or like that liquor which converts lead into gold, the poet has a breath that fills out words, gives them light and color. He knows wherein consists their charm, and by what art enchanted structures may be built with them.

To fill an old word with new meaning, of which usage or age had emptied it, so to speak — this is not innovation, it is rejuvenation. We enrich languages by digging into them. They should be treated like fields: to make them fertile in old age, they must be stirred at great depths.

Before employing a beautiful word, make a place for it.

OF STYLE

WELL-CHOSEN words are abridged sentences.

Literary style consists in giving a body and a shape to the thought by the phrase.

Attention has a narrow mouth; we must pour into it what we say very carefully, and as it were drop by drop.

Only the temperate style is classic.

It is a great art, that of knowing how to point one's thought and pierce the attention.

Each author has his own dictionary.

It needs more clearness of intellect and more delicate tact to be a great writer than a great thinker.

OF THE QUALITIES OF THE WRITER

NEVER write anything that does not give you enjoyment: emotion passes easily from the writer to the reader.

The fine feelings and ideas that we wish to set forth in our writings should become familiar to us, in order that the ease and charm of intimacy be felt in their expression.

All that we say should be suffused with ourselves, with our soul. This operation is long, but it immortalizes everything.

The mind conceives with pain, but brings forth with delight.

When writing we should recollect that scholars are present; but it is not to them that we should speak.

An ordinary book needs only a subject; but for a fine work there is a germ which develops itself in the mind like a plant. The only beautiful works are those that have been for a long while, if not worked over, at least meditated upon.

Many useless phrases come into the head, but the mind grinds its colors out of them.

In the mind of certain writers nothing is grouped or draped or modeled; their pages only offer a flat surface on which words roll.

The end of a work should always suggest the beginning.

There never was a literary age whose dominant taste was not unhealthy. The success of excellent authors consists in making wholesome works agreeable to morbid tastes.

Taste is the literary conscience of the soul.

When in any nation an individual is born who is capable of producing a great thought, another is born capable of comprehending it and admiring it.

Beautiful works do not intoxicate, but enchant.

It is not the opinions of authors, and that part of their teachings which we call assertions, that most instruct and nourish the mind. In great writers there is an invisible and subtle juice, imbibed in reading them — an indescribable fluid, a salt, a principle more nutritive than all the rest.

Between esteem and contempt, there is in literature a path which offers success without glory, and is also obtained without merit.

It is worth a hundred times more to adapt a work to the nature of the human mind than to what is called the state of society. In man there is something immutable; thence it is that in the arts and works of art there are fixed rules — beauties that will always please, or else contrivances that will please but for a short time.

It is not enough to write so as to attract and hold attention: we must repay it.

Does literary talent need to avail itself of passion? Yes, of manifold passion restrained.

The extent of a palace is measured from east to west, or from north to south; but that of a literary work, from the earth to heaven: so that there may sometimes be found as much range and power of mind in a few pages — in an ode, for example — as in a whole epic poem.

It is better to be exquisite than to be ample. Dealers respect big books, but readers prefer small ones — they last longer and go farther. Vergil and Horace have left but one volume. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Terence not more. Menander, who delights us, is reduced to a few leaves. Without 'Telemachus,' who would know Fénelon? Who would know Bossuet without his 'Funeral Orations' and his 'Discourse on Universal History?'

Pascal, La Bruyère, Vauvenargues, and La Rochefoucauld, Boileau, Racine, and La Fontaine, occupy little space, and are the delight of the cultivated. The best writers write little, because they need to reduce to beauty their abundance and wealth.

Remember what St. Francis of Sales said in speaking of the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ': "I have sought repose everywhere, and have only found it in a small corner with a small book." Happy the author who can supply the need.

Force is not energy: some authors have more muscle than talent.

Where there is no delicacy of touch, there is no literature.

In literary work, fatigue is what gives to the writer warning of loss of power for the moment.

Indolence as well as labor is sometimes needed by the mind.

If a work shows the file, it is because it is not sufficiently polished; if it smells of the oil, it is because one has not sat up late enough over it [*qu'on a trop peu veillé*].

What with the fever of the senses, the delirium of the heart, and the weakness of the mind; with the storms of time and the great trials of life; with hunger, thirst, dishonor, illness, and death — one can construct any number of romances that will bring tears; but the soul says, "You do me harm!"

It is not needful that love should be introduced into a book; but there should always be an impression of tenderness.

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER

ANDRÉ-MARIE DE CHÉNIER — as he was called until the Revolution swept away all such distinguishing particles — was born amid picturesque surroundings at Constantinople, where his father held the office of Consul-General, on October 30, 1762. His mother was a Greek lady of Cypriote descent, and it is very likely that the passionate nature of the poet was inherited from her or fostered by her influence. In 1765, when he was but three years old, his father returned to France; but two years afterwards left his native country again to fill a diplomatic position in Morocco, while his wife remained in Paris with their children.

André seems to have always looked back with pleasure to his Eastern birthplace, and long cherished the hope of revisiting it, but he never got farther on the way than Italy. Madame de Chénier, who was a refined and cultivated woman with a taste for art and literature, gave him his first lessons. Later, he was sent with his brothers to the College of Navarre. There he made many friendships that lasted to the end of his life; his schoolfellows, some of whom belonged to noble and wealthy families, often took him to spend the holidays at their country houses.

At the age of sixteen he carried off a first prize in rhetoric, and from that time dates his apprenticeship to the trade of the Muses, as Ronsard would say. He does not seem to have been precocious as a poet; his translations and imitations of classical authors were even in that non-poetical age considered rather feeble. His mother's salon was thronged with artists, writers, and men of the world, among whom the youthful André might have found many indulgent listeners, had it not been that his reserve and fastidiousness made him chary of exhibiting his immature efforts. His mind was already full of ambitious projects for future epics, and his leisure was spent very much as some of his classical models had spent theirs, in light and facile loves and pastimes.

In obedience to his father's wishes, André joined the army when he was twenty, and went to Strasbourg to learn his new duties; but the life of a soldier was not for him. Although he made a few friends among the officers of the garrison, the six months he spent at Strasbourg seemed interminable. He returned to Paris to resume his life of elegant dissipation among rich and titled acquaintances. His health, however, now began to give way, and in the hope that a change of climate might benefit him he joined two old friends, the brothers Trudaine, in a journey through Switzerland and Italy. This journey and its attendant experiences did much to educate and enrich the mind of the poet; enamored of the Greek tradition, which he saw lingering

under the skies of southern Italy, as he had seen it in the idylls of Theocritus and his school, Chénier set to work to produce verses in which this tradition should speak to modern men. During the years between 1785 and 1791, he composed a number of 'Eclogues'; through these a more genuine spirit of poetry is infused than is to be found anywhere in contemporary French literature. They are, in a sense, imitations of the Alexandrian bucolic poets, but the classic perfection of their outlines does not entirely mask a thoroughly personal content; Chénier urged the men of his day to put "new thoughts into ancient verse," and this is what he clearly strove to accomplish himself. Characteristically, he turned away from many aspects of the Greek genius which have been the admiration of other and later writers: the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, the subtle psychology of Thucydides, the tremendous depth of the tragedians, these found no reflections in his work. But the half-playful, half-pathetic, wholly sensuous songs of Theocritus and the writers of the Greek Anthology, together with the tarter Epicureanism of Horace, he could sympathize with and assimilate. As a result we have in his compositions the nearest approach to their originals made in modern times.

Like so many other poets, André Chénier never attained his highest ideals of art. He had visions of writing a poem, to be called 'Hermes,' which should be an exposition of natural and social laws, principles, and progress, ranging from the birth of man to the very latest products of science and philosophy. We cannot help doubting whether Chénier's gifts lay in this direction, and whether the result, had the work been completed, would have been superior to the other intolerably tedious didactic works in which the eighteenth century was so prolific. At all events, the preliminary acquisition of knowledge proving too vast a labor, Chénier left the 'Hermes' a mass of incoherent fragments.

Another projected poem, 'Susannah and the Elders,' never got beyond a prose outline and one or two passages in verse. Chénier also began several tragedies "after the manner of Æschylus," a comedy called 'The Charlatans,' and a number of other works. At the same time he formed and kept up relations with many distinguished contemporaries: — the Polish poet Niemcewicz; Mrs. Cosway, the charming wife of the well-known English painter, and herself an artist; the great Italian tragedy-writer, Alfieri; and the Countess of Albany.

In 1787, his father, who had returned to Paris, and was anxious to see André embarked on a career, had him appointed attaché to the French ambassador at London. The poet crossed the Channel in December, a most unpropitious season, and naturally enough found nothing that pleased him. He thought the climate detestable, the manners of the English cold and ungracious, and their literature barbarous. The only thing he approved of in England was the Constitution, which he considered worthy of imitation by the French.

With the outbreak of the French Revolution, he eagerly espoused the cause of liberty and reform. In 1791 he returned to Paris, and used his pen in the service of a society which he had joined, the Society of 1789, urging the adoption by France of a constitution like that of England, but deprecating the use of violence by the people as a means of obtaining their rights. One of his most celebrated poems is an ode to the painting by David, 'Le Jeu de Paume,' which represents the deputies taking their famous oath in the Hall of the Jeu de Paume at Versailles.

As the revolutionary fire waxed hotter, however, those who upheld such moderate views as Chénier's were no longer safe. In 1794, he was arrested, and imprisoned in St. Lazare, along with a number of his associates. During his confinement, he wrote, among other things, his scathing satires, the 'Iambics.' His last poems, written in a very fine hand on narrow strips of paper that had escaped the vigilance of his jailers, were smuggled out of the prison with the linen that went to the wash.

At last, on the flimsy pretext of a conspiracy among the prisoners, André Chénier, then only thirty-one, was condemned with twenty-five others as "an enemy of the people," and executed at the Barrière de Vincennes on July 25, 1794.

At the time of his death, practically none of the short poems that have made him famous were known to the public. In 1801, his family published the two beautiful pieces, 'The Young Captive' and 'The Maiden of Tarentum,' but it was not until 1819 that the first complete edition of his works appeared.

THE YOUNG CAPTIVE

THE corn in peace fills out its golden ear;
Through the long summer days, the flowers without a fear
Drink in the strength of noon.
And I, a flower like them, as young, as fair, as pure,
Though at the present hour some trouble I endure,
I would not die so soon!

"No, let the stoic heart call upon Death as kind!
For me, I weep and hope; before the bitter wind
I bend like some lithe palm.
If there be long, sad days, others are bright and fleet;
Alas! what honeyed draught holds nothing but the sweet?
What sea is ever calm?

"And still within my breast nestles illusion bright;
In vain these prison walls shut out the noonday light;
Fair Hope has lent me wings.

So from the fowler's net, again set free to fly,
More swift, more joyous, through the summer sky,
Philomel soars and sings.

"Is it my lot to die? In peace I lay me down,
In peace awake again, a peace nor care doth drown,
Nor fell remorse destroy.
My welcome shines from every morning face,
And to these downcast souls my presence in this place
Almost restores their joy.

"The voyage of life is but begun for me,
And of the landmarks I must pass, I see
So few behind me stand.
At life's long banquet, now before me set,
My lips have hardly touched the cup as yet
Still brimming in my hand.

"I only know the spring; I would see autumn brown;
Like the bright sun, that all the seasons crown,
I would round out my year.
A tender flower, the sunny garden's boast,
I have but seen the fires of morning's host;
Would eve might find me here!

"O Death, canst thou not wait? Depart from me, and go
To comfort those sad hearts whom pale despair, and woe,
And shame, perchance have wrung.
For me the woods still offer verdant ways,
The Loves their kisses, and the Muses praise:
I would not die so young!"

Thus, captive too, and sad, my lyre none the less
Woke at the plaint of one who breathed its own distress,
Youth in a prison cell;
And throwing off the yoke that weighed upon me too,
I strove in all the sweet and tender words I knew
Her gentle grief to tell.

Melodious witness of my captive days,
These rhymes shall make some lover of my lays
Seek the maid I have sung.

Grace sits upon her brow, and all shall share,
Who see her charms, her grief and her despair:
They too "must die so young"!

Translated by Katharine Hillard

ODE

MAY fewer roses calls her own,
And fewer vines wreathe Autumn's throne.
Fewer the wheat-ears of the field—
Than all the songs that Fanny's smiles
And Fanny's eyes and witching wiles
Inspire my lips and lyre to yield.

The secret longings of my heart
In words of fire to being start,
Moved by the magic of her name:
As when from ocean's depths the shell
Yields up the pearl it wrought so well,
Worthy the Sultan's diadem.

And thus from out the mulberry leaves
The Cathay silkworm twines and weaves
Her sparkling web of palest gold.
Come, dear, my Muse has silk more pure
And bright than hers, that shall endure,
And all your loveliness enfold.

And pearls of poetry divine
With rosy fingers she shall twine,
To make a necklace rich and rare;
Come, Fanny, and that snowy neck
Let me with radiant jewels deck,
Although no pearl is half so fair.

Translated by Katharine Hillard

THE MAIDEN OF TARENTUM

WEEP, birds of Thetis, wingers of the deep,
Ye sacred halcyons, o'er my sorrow weep.

She is no more, the young Tarentine maid
Whom to Camarine shores the ship conveyed
Where bridal-pomp and flutes and singers waited
To bring her home unto her lover mated.
Against the day, the lock and key protect,
In cedar laid, the robe for marriage decked,
And golden bracelets for her lovely arms,
And for her yellow head, the scent whose charms
Are needless. But while on the prow alone
She broods o'er starlit deeps, like thunder blown
The rude wind takes her. Far from human aid
One cry she utters, our Tarentine maid,
Then breathless in the greedy sea's embrace
Her dainty body sinks. Thetis, her face
All marred with tears, within a rocky cave
Strives to conceal all that she now can save
From hungry monsters. Forth upon the beach
The Nereids draw her out of Ocean's reach,
And here, beside the cape we call the West,
Under this tomb-stone gently let her rest.
Then crying to their comrades from afar,
Nymphs of the wood and spring and mountain-scar,
They beat their breasts and form a long sad train
To sing about the grave the mournful strain:

"Alas, no happy lover called thee bride,
No wedding-gown adorned thee by his side;
Low must thou lie, no golden clasps to wear,
And no sweet perfume shed about thy hair."

Translated by A. Smillie Noad

MADAME DE STAËL

IN a very interesting account of Madame de Staël, her cousin, Madame Necker de Saussure, says: "The works of Madame de Staël seem to belong to the future. They indicate, as they also tend to produce, a new epoch in society and in letters; an age of strong, generous, living thought — of emotions springing from the heart." And it was only natural that this gifted woman should have appeared to her contemporaries and immediate successors in the light of a pioneer; in many ways she was quite unlike the cultivated French of her day. Of Swiss parentage and training, she early acquired a cosmopolitanism that even until well on in the nineteenth century caused chauvinistic critics to look askance at her writings; while she combined as perhaps no one else did the two tendencies of the eighteenth century illustrated in the thought of Voltaire and of Rousseau. In her intellectual processes, she was the child of the reasonable, materialistic, skeptical philosophers of the earlier generation; in her sentimental nature, she was Rousseau at one remove. She had his egoism, although in a less unpleasant form, his desire for individual expression, his readiness of emotional response — and yet she never repudiated reason as a guide.

The brilliant but deceptive light thrown upon her by the enmity of Napoleon obscured rather than revealed what was really interesting and fine in her character; while the assumption that because there was a masculine scope and strength to her intelligence she had a masculine nature has seriously confused her image. She was not precisely feminine, but she was essentially a woman; and her most admirable powers, her highest successes, her real importance to the world, lie in the fact that her thoughts passed from her brain through a woman's heart. It must be confessed that it did not always make them wiser thoughts, but it invested them with a sincerity and an ardor that give the force of noble passion to studies in politics and in literature; for these studies in politics and in literature are at bottom studies in sociology — that science whose name was unknown, while its foundations were being laid by the promoters, the victims, the critics of the French Revolution, the science whose students are lovers of humanity. This noble title is one to which Madame de Staël has full right. She is a leader in the great army of those who love, who honor, and who desire to serve their kind: one of the leaders who disseminate their principles and communicate their emotions, but who give few positive counsels; who show their quality chiefly by their love of liberty and their love of light.

Germaine Necker, a daughter of the great financier and minister of Louis XVI, was born at Paris in 1766. At an early age she was accustomed to play

her part in the salon conducted by her mother; there she imbibed many of the ideas set forth by such men as Grimm, Buffon, Raynal, and Suard, and often surprised them, we are told, by her precocity and good judgment. In 1786 she married the Swedish ambassador at Paris, Baron de Staël. When the Revolution broke out, she was at first a most enthusiastic supporter of its aims, but later became alarmed at its excesses, left Paris in 1792, and withdrew to England and then to Coppet, her father's Swiss home.

Returning in 1795, she opened a Paris salon which soon became a meeting-place for men of letters and students of politics, among whom Benjamin Constant was prominent. The Directory, however, looked on her with some suspicion, and she again moved to Coppet. With Napoleon she at first got along peacefully enough, but her unyielding hostility to his methods of government, and her connection with Benjamin Constant, who in 1800 drew up at her home a famous speech denouncing the tyranny Napoleon was beginning to show, led to her exile from Paris in 1803. Prior to this, she was known as the author of two books, the treatise 'On Literature' (1800) and the novel 'Delphine' (1802). The first of these was an ambitious work, which attempted to trace the connection between a nation's political and social order and its literature; it was original and lively, but lacked order.

After a visit to Germany, Madame de Staël came back to Coppet; there she wrote the famous novel 'Corinne' (1807), which enjoyed immense popularity. In the year of its appearance she traveled once more in Germany, gathering material for a discussion of the country and its people. Her full-length account of Germany and the Germans began to appear in 1810, and created a furore in France by reason of its friendly attitude towards the people whom Frenchmen looked upon as their hereditary enemies, and its readiness to make comparisons between the two countries, often to the detriment of France. Napoleon was furious. He had all the copies of 'On Germany' seized; the author, who had re-entered France in order to superintend the publication of her book, was forced into exile once again. When she protested to Napoleon he answered in a brusque letter, "It seems to me that the air of this country does not suit you; we are not yet reduced to looking for models to the people you admire. Your last work is not French."

Madame de Staël was now forced to live at Coppet in something like internment, until, in 1812, she escaped to Russia, later passing on to visit Sweden and England. After Napoleon's fall, she came back to Paris, and lived quietly under the Bourbon rule, although she regarded it without enthusiasm. In 1817, just after finishing her 'Considerations on the French Revolution,' she died.

Even in her books Madame de Staël is rather a great talker than a great writer; her works are best read as eager and prolonged conversations. They are not monologues, for they demand constantly the co-operation of the reader's intelligence. Her habits of life are in some measure an explanation

of this; they were fitted to develop her style as a talker, not as a writer. Her books were written rapidly: sometimes, when she was at Coppet, she wrote surrounded by her many guests, gaily meeting all interruptions half-way. When she was traveling, she continued her composition "on the road." The resultant works fill some seventeen octavo volumes. One of these, the book 'On Germany,' stands out head and shoulders above the rest, and is among the most significant products of her generation.

THE GERMAN CHARACTER

From 'On Germany'

ONLY a few general features are applicable to the whole German nation; for the diversities of this country are such, that it is difficult to bring together under one point of view religions, governments, climates, and even peoples so different. Southern Germany is, in very many respects, quite distinct from Northern; the commercial cities are altogether unlike those which are the seats of universities; the small States differ sensibly from the two great monarchies of Prussia and Austria. Germany was formerly an aristocratic confederation, an empire without one common center of intelligence and of public spirit; it did not form a compact nation, and the bond of union was wanting to its separate members. This division of Germany, fatal to her political force, was nevertheless very favorable to all the efforts of genius and imagination. In matters of literary and metaphysical opinion, there was a sort of gentle and peaceful anarchy, which allowed to every man the complete development of his own individual manner of perception.

As there is no capital city in which all the good company of Germany finds itself united, the spirit of society exerts but little power; and the empire of taste and the arms of ridicule are equally without influence. Most writers and reasoners sit down to work in solitude, or surrounded only by a little circle over which they reign. They abandon themselves, each separately, to all the impulses of an unrestrained imagination; and if any traces are to be found throughout Germany of the ascendancy of fashion, it is in the desire evinced by every man to show himself in all respects different from the rest. In France, on the contrary, every man aspires to deserve what Montesquieu said of Voltaire: *Il a plus que personne l'esprit que tout le monde a.* [He has more than any one the wit that everyone has.] The German writers would yet more willingly imitate foreigners than their own countrymen.

In literature, as in politics, the Germans have too much respect for foreigners, and not sufficient national prejudices. In individuals it is a virtue, this denial of self, and this esteem of others; but the patriotism of nations

ought to be selfish. The pride of the English serves powerfully their political existence; the good opinion which the French entertain of themselves has always contributed greatly to their ascendance over Europe; the noble pride of the Spaniards formerly rendered them sovereigns of one entire portion of the world. The Germans are Saxons, Prussians, Bavarians, Austrians; but the Germanic character, on which the strength of all should be founded, is like the land itself, parceled out among so many different masters.

I shall separately examine Northern and Southern Germany; but will for the present confine myself to those reflections which equally suit the whole nation. The Germans are, generally speaking, both sincere and faithful; they seldom forfeit their word, and deceit is foreign to them. If this fault should ever introduce itself into Germany, it could only be through the ambition of imitating foreigners, of evincing an equal dexterity, and, above all, of not being duped by them; but good sense and goodness of heart would soon bring the Germans back to perceive that their strength consists in their own nature, and that the habit of rectitude renders us incapable, even where we are willing, of employing artifice. In order to reap the fruits of immorality, it is necessary to be entirely light-armed, and not to carry about you a conscience and scruples which arrest you midway, and make you feel, so much the more poignantly, the regret of having left the old road, as it is impossible for you to advance boldly in the new.

It is, I believe, easy to show that, without morality, all is danger and darkness. Nevertheless, there has often been observed among the Latin nations a singularly dexterous policy in the art of emancipating themselves from every duty; but, it may be said, to the glory of the German nation, that she is almost incapable of that practised suppleness which makes all truths bend to all interests, and sacrifices every engagement to every calculation. Her defects, as well as her good qualities, subject her to the honorable necessity of justice.

The power of labor and reflection is also one of the distinctive traits of the people of Germany. They are naturally a literary and philosophical people; yet the separation into classes, which is more distinct in Germany than anywhere else, because society does not soften its gradations, is in some respects injurious to the understanding properly so called. The nobles have too few ideas, the men of letters too little practice in business. Understanding is a combination of the knowledge of men and things; and society, in which men act without object, and yet with interest, is precisely that which best develops the most opposite faculties. It is imagination more than understanding that characterizes the Germans. Jean Paul Richter, one of their most distinguished writers, has said that the empire of the seas belonged to the English, that of the land to the French, and that of the air to the Germans; in fact, we discover in Germany the necessity of a center and bounds to this eminent faculty of thought, which rises and loses itself in vacuum, which penetrates and vanishes in obscurity, which perishes by its impartiality, confounds itself

by the force of analysis, and stands in need of certain faults to circumscribe its virtues.

In leaving France, it is difficult to grow accustomed to the slowness and inertness of the German people; they never hasten to any object; they find obstacles to all; you hear "it is impossible" repeated a hundred times in Germany for once in France. When action is necessary, the Germans know not how to struggle with difficulties, and their respect for power is more owing to the resemblance between power and destiny than to any interested motive. The lower classes are sufficiently coarse in their forms of proceeding, above all, when any shock is intended to their favorite habits; they would naturally feel much more than the nobles that holy antipathy for foreign manners and languages, which in all countries seems to strengthen the national bond of union. The offer of money does not alter their plan of conduct; fear does not turn them aside from it; they are, in short, very capable of that fixedness in all things which is an excellent pledge for morality; for he who is continually actuated by fear, and still more by hope, passes easily from one opinion to another, whenever his interest requires it.

As we rise a little above the lower class, we easily perceive that internal vivacity, that poetry of the soul, which characterizes the Germans. The inhabitants of town and country, the soldiers and laborers, are all acquainted with music. It has happened to me to enter small cottages, blackened by the smoke of tobacco, and immediately to hear not only the mistress but the master of the house improvising on the harpsichord, as the Italians improvise in verse. Almost everywhere, on market-days, they have players on wind instruments placed in the balcony of the town house, which overlooks the public square; the peasants of the neighborhood are thus made partakers in the soft enjoyment of that first of arts. The scholars walk through the streets, on Sunday, singing psalms in chorus. They say that Luther often took a part in these choruses in early life. I was at Eisenach, a little town in Saxony, one winter day, when it was so cold that the very streets were blocked up with snow. I saw a long procession of young people in black cloaks, walking through the town, and celebrating the praises of God. They were the only persons out of doors, for the severity of the frost had driven all the rest of the world to their firesides; and these voices, almost equally harmonious with those of the South, heard amid all this rigor of the season, excited so much the livelier emotion. The inhabitants of the town dared not, in the intense cold, to open their windows; but we could perceive behind the glasses countenances, sad or serene, young or old, all receiving with joy the religious consolations which this sweet melody inspired.

The poor Bohemians, as they wander, followed by their wives and children, carry on their backs a bad harp, made of common wood, from which they draw harmonious music. They play upon it while they rest at the foot of a tree on the high road or near the post-houses, trying to awaken the attention

of travelers to the ambulatory concert of their little wandering family. In Austria the flocks are kept by shepherds, who play charming airs on instruments at once simple and sonorous. These airs agree perfectly well with the soft and pensive impression produced by the aspect of the country.

Instrumental music is as generally cultivated throughout Germany as vocal music in Italy. Nature has done more in this respect, as in so many others, for Italy, than for Germany; for instrumental music labor is necessary, while a southern sky is enough to create a beautiful voice: nevertheless, the men of the working classes would never be able to afford to music the time which is necessary for learning it, if they were not endowed with an organization peculiarly adapted to the acquirement. Those people, who are musicians by nature, receive through the medium of harmony sensations and ideals which their confined situations and vulgar occupations could never procure for them from any other source.

The female peasants and servants, who have not money enough to spend in dress, ornament their heads and arms with a few flowers, that imagination may at least have some part in their attire; those who are a little more rich wear on holidays a cap of gold stuff, in sufficiently bad taste, which affords a strange contrast to the simplicity of the rest of their costume; but this cap, which their mothers also wore before them, recalls ancient manners; and the dress of ceremony, with which the lower classes of women pay respect to the Sunday, has something solemn in it which interests one in their favor.

We must also like the Germans for the good-will manifested in their respectful deference and formal politeness, which foreigners have so often turned into ridicule. They might easily have substituted a cold and indifferent deportment for that grace and elegance which they are accused of being unable to reach; disdain always silences ridicule, for it is principally upon useless efforts that ridicule attaches itself; but benevolent characters choose rather to expose themselves to pleasantry than to preserve themselves from it by that haughty and restrained air which it is so easy for any person to assume.

In Germany, we are continually struck by the contrast which exists between sentiments and habits, talents and tastes: civilization and nature seem to be not yet sufficiently amalgamated together. Sometimes the most ingenuous of men are very affected in their expressions and countenance, as if they had something to conceal; sometimes, on the other hand, gentleness of soul does not prevent rudeness in manners; frequently even this contradiction goes still further, and weakness of character shows itself through the veil of harshness in language and demeanor. Enthusiasm for the arts and poetry is joined to habits even low and vulgar in social life. There is no country where men of letters and young men studying at the universities are better acquainted with the ancient languages and with antiquity; yet there is none in which superannuated customs more generally exist even at the present day. The recollections of Greece, the taste for the fine arts, seem to have reached them

through the medium of correspondence; but feudal institutions and the ancient customs of the German nation are always held in honor among them, even though, unhappily for the military power of the country, they no longer possess the same strength.

There is no assemblage more whimsical than that displayed in the military aspect of Germany: soldiers at every step, and all leading a sort of domestic life. They are as much afraid of fatigue and of the inclemency of the air as if the whole nation were composed of merchants and men of letters; and yet all their institutions tend, and must necessarily tend, to inspire the people with military habits. When the inhabitants of the North brave the inconveniences of their climate, they harden themselves in a wonderful manner against all sorts of evil; the Russian soldier is a proof of this. But where the climate is only half rigorous, where it is still possible to guard against the severity of the heavens by domestic precautions, these very precautions render them more alive to the physical sufferings of war.

Stoves, beer, and the smoke of tobacco surround all the common people of Germany with a thick and hot atmosphere, from which they are never inclined to escape. This atmosphere is injurious to activity, which is of no less importance in war than courage itself; resolutions are slow, discouragement is easy, because an existence, void of pleasure in general, inspires no great confidence in the gifts of fortune. The habit of a peaceable and regular mode of life is so bad a preparation for the multiplied chances of hazard, that even death, coming in a regular way, appears preferable to a life of adventure.

FROM 'CORINNE'

[The principal personages are Lord Nelvil and Mr. Edgermond, Englishmen; the Count d'Erfeuil, a Frenchman; and the Prince Castel-Forte, an Italian. Corinne is an Italian poetess.]

THE following day, the same company again assembled at her house; and to interest her in conversation, Lord Nelvil turned the talk to Italian literature, and excited her natural animation by affirming that England possessed a greater number of true poets than all those of which Italy could boast — poets superior in strength and delicacy of feeling.

"In the first place," answered Corinne, "foreigners only know, for the most part, our poets of the highest rank — Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Guarini, Tasso, and Metastasio; while we have a number of others, such as Chiabrera, Guidi, Filicaja, Parini, etc. — without counting Sannazaro, Politian, etc., who have written admirably in Latin. All these poets, with more or less talent, know how to bring the marvels of the fine arts, and of nature, into

the pictures created by words. Undoubtedly there is not in our poets that profound melancholy, that knowledge of the human heart, that characterizes yours; but does not this kind of superiority belong rather to philosophical writers than to poets? The brilliant melodiousness of the Italian language is better suited to express the splendor of external objects than the moods of meditation. Our language is more adapted to depict passion than sadness, because the sentiments of reflection demand more metaphysical expressions than it possesses." . . .

"Undoubtedly," answered Lord Nelvil, "you explain as well as possible both the beauties and the deficiencies of your poetry; but when these deficiencies, without the beauties, are perceived in prose, how will you defend them? What is only vagueness in poetry becomes emptiness in prose; and this crowd of commonplace ideas that your poets know how to embellish by the melodious and the imaginative qualities of their language, reappears unveiled in prose with wearisome vividness. The greater part of your prose writers, today, use a language so declamatory, so diffuse, so abounding in superlatives, that one would say they all wrote by command with every-day phrases, and for an artificial intelligence: they seem not to suspect that to write is to express one's personal character and one's own thought." . . .

"You forget," Corinne eagerly interrupted, "first Machiavelli and Boccaccio; then Gravina, Filangieri; and in our own day, Cesarotti, Verri, Bettinelli, and so many others who know how to write and to think. But I agree with you that during these last centuries, unfortunate circumstances having deprived Italy of her independence, her people have lost all interest in truth, and often even the possibility of uttering it. From this has resulted the habit of taking pleasure in words, without daring to approach ideas. . . . When prose writers have no sort of influence on the happiness of a nation, when men write only to become conspicuous, when the means is substituted for the end—a thousand steps are taken, but nothing is attained. . . . Besides, southern nations are constrained by prose, and depict their true feelings only in verse. It is not the same with French literature," she added, addressing Count d'Erfeuil: "your prose writers are often more poetic than your poets."

"It is true," replied Count d'Erfeuil, "that we have in this style true classical authorities: Bossuet, La Bruyère, Montesquieu, Buffon, cannot be surpassed. . . . These perfect models should be imitated as far as possible by foreigners as well as by ourselves."

"It is difficult for me to believe," answered Corinne, "that it would be desirable for the whole world to lose all national color, all originality of heart and mind; and I venture to say that even in your country, Count d'Erfeuil, this literary orthodoxy, if I may so call it, which is opposed to all happy innovation, would in the long run render your literature very sterile." . . .

"Would you desire, fair lady," answered the count, "that we should admit among us the barbarisms of the Germans, the 'Night Thoughts' of the

English Young, the *concetti* of the Italians and the Spaniards? What would become of the truthfulness, the elegance, of the French style, after such a mixture?"

Prince Castel-Forte, who had not yet spoken, said: "It seems to me we all have need of each other: the literature of each country opens, to one familiar with it, a new sphere of ideas. The Emperor Charles V said that a man who knows four languages is four men. If this great political genius so judged in regard to affairs, how much truer it is as regards letters! All foreigners know French, and so their point of view is more extensive than that of Frenchmen who do not know foreign languages." . . .

"You will at least acknowledge," answered the count, "that there is one matter in which we have nothing to learn from any one. Our theatrical works are certainly the first in Europe; for I do not think that even the English themselves would dream of opposing Shakespeare to us."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mr. Edgermond: "they do imagine that."

"Then I have nothing to say," continued Count d'Erfeuil with a smile of gracious disdain. "Every man may think what he will: but still I persist in believing that it may be affirmed without presumption that we are the first in the dramatic art; and as to the Italians, if I may be allowed to speak frankly, they do not even suspect that there is such a thing as dramatic art. The music of a play is everything with them, and what is spoken, nothing. If the second act of a play has better music than the first, they begin with the second act; if they like two first acts of two different pieces, they play these two acts the same day, and put between the two one act of a prose comedy. . . . The Italians are accustomed to consider the theater as a great drawing-room, where people listen only to the songs and the ballet. I say rightly, where *they listen to the ballet,* for it is only when that begins that there is silence in the theater; and this ballet is a masterpiece of bad taste." . . .

"All you say is true," answered Prince Castel-Forte gently: "but you have spoken only of music and dancing; and in no country are those considered dramatic art."

"It is much worse," interrupted Count d'Erfeuil, "when tragedies are represented: more horrors are brought together in five acts than the imagination could conceive. . . . The tragedians are perfectly in harmony with the coldness and extravagance of the plays. They all perform these terrible deeds with the greatest calmness. When an actor becomes excited, they say that he appears like a preacher; for in truth there is much more animation in the pulpit than on the stage. . . . There is no better comedy than tragedy in Italy. . . . The only comic style that really belongs to Italy is the harlequinades: a valet, who is a rascal, a glutton, and a coward, and an old guardian who is a dupe, a miser, and in love — that's the whole subject of these plays. . . . You will agree that 'Tartuffe' and 'The Misanthrope' imply a little more genius."

This attack from Count d'Erfeuil greatly displeased the Italians who were listening to it, but yet they laughed; and Count d'Erfeuil in conversation liked better to display wit than courtesy. . . . Prince Castel-Forte, and other Italians who were there, were impatient to refute Count d'Erfeuil, but they thought their cause better defended by Corinne than by any one else; and as the pleasure of shining in conversation scarcely tempted them, they begged Corinne to make reply, and contented themselves with only citing the well-known names of Maffei, Metastasio, Goldoni, Alfieri, Monti.

Corinne at once agreed that the Italians had no great body of dramatic works; but she was ready to prove that circumstances and not lack of talent were the cause of this. The play-writing which is based on the observation of society can exist only in a country where the writer lives habitually in the center of a populous and brilliant world: in Italy there are only violent passions or lazy enjoyments. . . . But the play-writing that is based on the unreal, that springs from the imagination, and adapts itself to all times as to all countries, was born in Italy.

The observation of the human heart is an inexhaustible source for literature; but the nations who are more inclined to poetry than to reflection give themselves up rather to the intoxication of joy than to philosophic irony. There is something, at bottom, sad in the humor that is based on knowledge of men: true gaiety is the gaiety of the imagination only. It is not that Italians do not ably study men with whom they have to deal; and they discover more delicately than any others the most secret thoughts: but it is as a method of action that they have this talent, and they are not in the habit of making a literary use of it. . . . One can see in Machiavelli what terrible knowledge of the human heart the Italians are capable of: but from such depths comedy does not spring; and the leisureliness of society, properly so called, can alone teach how to depict men on the comic stage. . . .

The true character of Italian gayety is not derision, it is fancy; it is not the painting of manners, but poetic extravagances. It is Ariosto and not Molière who has the power to amuse Italy. . . . But to know with certainty what comedy and tragedy might attain to in Italy, there is need that there should be somewhere a theater and actors. The multitude of little cities who all choose to have a theater waste by dispersing them the few resources that could be collected. . . .

These different ideas and many others were brilliantly developed by Corinne. She understood extremely well the rapid art of light talk, which insists on nothing; and the business of pleasing, which brings forward each talker in turn. . . .

Mr. Edgermond had so eager a desire to know what she thought about tragedy, that he ventured to speak to her on this subject. "Madam," he said, "what seems to me especially lacking in Italian literature are tragedies: it

seems to me there is less difference between children and men than between your tragedies and ours. . . . Is not this true, Lord Nelvil?"

"I think entirely with you," answered Oswald. "Metastasio, who is famed as the poet of love, gives to this passion, in whatever country, in whatever situation he represents it, precisely the same color. . . . It is impossible for us who possess Shakespeare — the poet who has most deeply sounded the history and the passions of man — to endure the two couples of lovers who divide between them almost all the plays of Metastasio. . . . With profound respect for the character of Alfieri, I shall permit myself to make some criticisms on his plays. Their aim is so noble, the sentiments that the author expresses are so in accord with his personal conduct, that his tragedies must always be praised as actions, even when criticized in some respects as literary works. But it seems to me that some of his tragedies have as much monotony of strength as Metastasio has monotony of sweetness." . . .

"My lord," said Corinne, "I am of your opinion almost entirely; but I would offer some exceptions to your observations. It is true that Metastasio is more a lyrical than a dramatic poet. . . . By force of writing amorous verses, there has been created among us a conventional language in this direction; and it is not what the poet has felt, but what he has read, that serves for his inspiration. . . . In general, our literature but little expresses our character and our modes of life. . . .

"Alfieri, by a singular chance, was, so to speak, transplanted from antiquity into modern days: he was born to act, and he was able only to write. . . . He desired to accomplish through literature a political purpose: this purpose was undoubtedly the noblest of all; but no matter: nothing so distorts works of imagination as to have a purpose. . . . Although the French mind and that of Alfieri have not the least analogy, they are alike in this, that both carry their own contours into all the subjects of which they treat."

Count d'Erfeuil, hearing the French mind spoken of, entered again into the conversation. "It would be impossible for us," he said, "to endure on the stage the inconsequences of the Greeks, or the monstrosities of Shakespeare: the taste of the French is too pure for that. . . . It would be to plunge us into barbarism, to wish to introduce anything foreign among us."

"You would do well, then," said Corinne, smiling, "to surround yourselves with the great wall of China. There are assuredly rare beauties in your tragic authors; perhaps new ones would develop among them if you sometimes permitted to be shown you on the stage something not French, . . . the 'Merope' of Maffei, the 'Saul' of Alfieri, the 'Aristodemo' of Monti, and above all else, the poem of Dante — though he composed no tragedy, it seems to me, capable of giving the idea of what dramatic art in Italy might be." . . .

"When Dante lived," said Oswald, "the Italians played a great political part in Europe and at home. Perhaps it is impossible for you now to have national tragedies. That such works should be produced, it is needful that

great circumstances should develop in life the sentiments expressed on the stage." . . .

"It is unfortunately possible that you are right, my lord," answered Corinne; "nevertheless I always hope much for us from the natural intellectual vigor in Italy: . . . but what is especially lacking to us for tragedy are the actors; . . . yet there is no language in which a great actor could show as much talent as in ours. . . ."

"If you would convince us of what you say," interrupted Prince Castel-Forte, "you must prove it to us: . . . give us the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you play tragedy." . . .

"Well," she replied, "we will accomplish, if you desire it, the project I have had for a long time, of playing the translation I have made of 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

"The 'Romeo and Juliet' of Shakespeare!" cried Mr. Edgermond: "you love Shakespeare!"

"As a friend," she answered; "for he knows all the secrets of grief."

"And you will play it in Italian?" he exclaimed: "ah! how fortunate we shall be to assist at such a spectacle!"

FRANÇOIS RENÉ AUGUSTE CHATEAUBRIAND

THE VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND, founder of the romantic school in French literature, and one of the most brilliant and polished writers of the first half of the nineteenth century, was born at St. Malo in Brittany, September 14, 1768. Destined for the Church, he became a pronounced sceptic, and entered the army. In his nineteenth year he was presented at court, and made some acquaintance among literary men. At the outbreak of the Revolution he quitted the service, and embarked for America in January 1791. Tiring of the restraints of civilization, according to his own not always coherent accounts, he plunged into the virgin forests of Canada and the Ohio Valley, and for several months lived with the savages. This remarkable experience inspired his most notable romantic work.

Returning to France at the beginning of 1792, he cast his lot with the Royalists, was wounded at Thionville, and finally retired to England, where for eight years he earned a bare support by teaching and translating. His first book was the 'Essay on Revolutions' (1797), which displayed some imagination, little reflection, and an affectation of misanthropy and scepticism. The subsequent change in his convictions followed on the death of his pious mother in 1798. Returning to France he published 'Atala,' an idyll *à la mode,* founded on the loves of two young savages. Teeming with glowing descriptions of nature, and marked by elevation of sentiment combined with a sensuousness almost Oriental, this barbaric 'Paul and Virginia' immediately established the author's fame. Thus encouraged, in the following year he gave the world his 'Genius of Christianity,' in which the poetic and symbolic features of Christianity are painted in dazzling colors and with great charm of style. The enormous success of this book during the first decade of the century did nearly as much to revive French interest in religion as the establishment of the Concordat itself. Napoleon testified his gratitude by appointing the author secretary to the embassy at Rome, and afterward minister plenipotentiary to the Valais. When the Duc d'Enghien was assassinated (March 21, 1804), Chateaubriand resigned from the diplomatic service, although the ink was scarcely dry in which the First Consul had signed his new commission. Two years later the successful author departed on a sentimental pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He visited Asia Minor, Egypt, and Spain, where amid the ruins of the Alhambra he wrote 'The Last of the Abencerrages.' To this interesting tour the world owes the 'Itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem'

(1811), a book which in Saintsbury's opinion remains "the pattern of all the picturesque travels of modern times."

With the publication of the 'Itinerary' the literary career of Chateaubriand virtually closes. On the return of the Bourbons to power, the man of letters was tempted to enter the exciting arena of politics, becoming successively ambassador at Berlin, ambassador at the court of St. James, delegate to the Congress of Verona, and Minister of Foreign Affairs. In 1830, unwilling to pledge himself to Louis-Philippe, he relinquished the dignity of peer of the realm accorded him in 1815, and retired to a life of comparative poverty, which was brightened by the friendship and devotion of Madame Récamier. Until his death on July 4, 1848, Chateaubriand devoted himself to the completion of his 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe,' an autobiographical work which was published posthumously, and which, although diffuse and even puerile at times, contains much brilliant writing.

His contemporaries pronounced Chateaubriand the foremost man of letters of France, if not of all Europe. Since the middle of the nineteenth century his fame has sensibly diminished both at home and abroad, and in the history of French literature he is chiefly significant as marking the transition from the classical to the romantic school. Yet while admitting the glaring faults, exaggerations, affectations, and egotism of the author of the 'Genius of Christianity,' a fair criticism admits his best passages to be unsurpassed for gorgeousness of coloring. 'Atala' is a classic with real life in it still — powerful, interesting, and even thrilling, in spite of its theatricality, and often magnificent in description.

In 1811 Chateaubriand was elected to the French Academy as the successor of the poet Marie-Joseph Chénier. Among his works not already mentioned are 'René' (1807), a sort of sequel to 'Atala'; 'The Martyrs' (1810); 'The Natchez' (1826), containing recollections of America; an 'Essay on English Literature' (2 vols.); and a translation of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' (1836).

DESCRIPTION OF A THUNDER-STORM IN THE FOREST

From 'Atala'

IT was the twenty-seventh sun since our departure from the cabins: the *lune de fer* (month of July) had commenced its course, and all signs indicated the approach of a violent storm. Toward the hour when the Indian matrons hang up the plowshares on the branches of the junipers, and when the paroquets retire into the hollows of the cypress trees, the sky grew overcast. The vague sounds of solitude gradually ceased, the forests were wrapped in universal calm. Suddenly the pealing of distant thunder, re-echoing

through these vast woods as old as the world itself, startled the ear with a diapason of noises sublime. Fearing to be overwhelmed in the flood, we hastily disembarked on the river's bank and sought safety in the seclusion of one of the forest glades.

The ground was swampy. We pressed forward with difficulty beneath a roof of smilax, among grape-vines and climbing plants of all kinds, in which our feet were continually entangled. The spongy soil trembled all around us, and every instant we were on the verge of being engulfed in the quagmires. Swarms of insects and enormous bats nearly blinded us; rattlesnakes were heard on all sides; and the wolves, bears, panthers, and badgers which had sought a refuge in this retreat filled the air with their roarings.

Meanwhile the obscurity increased; the lowering clouds entered beneath the shadows of the trees. The heavens were rent, and the lightning traced a flashing zigzag of fire. A furious gale from the west piled up the angry clouds in heavy masses; the mighty trees bowed their heads to the blast. Again and again the sky was rent, and through the yawning crevices one beheld new heavens and vales of fire. What an awful, what a magnificent spectacle! The trees were struck by lightning and ignited; the conflagration spread like a flaming garland; the showers of sparks and the columns of smoke ascended to the very heavens, which vomited their thunders into the sea of fire.

Then the Great Spirit enveloped the mountains in utter darkness; from the midst of this vast chaos came a confused roaring made by the tumult of many winds, the moaning of the trees, the howlings of ferocious beasts, the crackling of the flames, and the descent of balls of fire which hissed as they were extinguished in the water.

The Great Spirit knows the truth of what I now say! At this moment I saw only Atala, I had no thought but for her. Beneath the bent trunk of a birch-tree, I succeeded in protecting her from the torrents of rain. Seated myself under the tree, supporting my well-beloved on my knees, and chafing her bare feet between my hands, I was even happier than the young wife who feels for the first time the consciousness of her motherhood.

A NIGHT AMONG THE SAVAGES

From 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe'

IT is a feeling, natural on the part of the unfortunate, to aim at the illusions of happiness by the recollection of past pleasures. When I feel weary of existence, when I feel my heart torn by the effects of a commerce with mankind, I involuntarily turn aside, and cast a look of regret. Enchanting meditations! Secret and ineffable charms of a soul which enjoys itself, it was amidst the immense deserts of America that I completely tasted you! Everyone boasts of loving liberty, and hardly any one has a just idea of

it. When I traveled among the Indian tribes of Canada — when I quitted the habitations of Europeans, and found myself, for the first time, alone, amidst boundless forests, having all nature, as it were, prostrate at my feet, a strange revolution took place in my sensations. I was seized with a sort of delirium, and followed no track, but went from tree to tree, and indifferently to the right or left, saying to myself: "Here there is no multiplicity of roads, no towns, no confined houses, no Presidents, Republics and Kings, no laws and no human beings." Human beings! Yes — some worthy savages who care nothing about me, nor I about them; who, like myself, wander wherever inclination leads them, eat when they wish it and sleep where they please. To ascertain whether I was really in possession of my original rights, I put in practice a thousand acts of human will, as fancy suggested them. These proceedings highly enraged the great Dutchman who accompanied me as a guide and who in his soul believed me to be a madman.

Released from the tyrannical yoke of society, I comprehended the charms of that natural independence, far surpassing all the pleasures of which civilized man can have an idea. I comprehended why a savage was unwilling to become a European, why several Europeans had become savages, and why the sublime discussion on the inequality of conditions was so little understood by most of our philosophers. It is incredible to what a state of littleness nations and their highly boasted institutions were reduced in my eyes. It appeared to me that I was looking at the kingdoms of the earth with an inverted telescope, or rather that I myself was enlarged, exalted, and contemplating, with the eyes of a giant, the remains of my degenerate fellow creatures.

You who wish to write of mankind, transport yourselves into the deserts. Become for an instant children of nature — then and not till then take the pen.

Among the innumerable enjoyments which I experienced during these travels, one in particular made a lively impression upon my heart.

I was going to see the celebrated cataract of Niagara and had taken my road through the Indian nations which inhabit the wilds west of the American plantations. My guides were the sun, a pocket compass, and the Dutchman whom I have mentioned. This man understood perfectly five dialects of the Huron language. Our equipage consisted of two horses, to the necks of which we fastened a bell at night and then allowed them to go at large in the forest. At first I was rather afraid of losing them, but my guide removed this apprehension by pointing out the admirable instinct which causes these sagacious animals never to wander out of sight of our fire.

One evening, when we conceived that we had proceeded so far as to be only about eight or nine leagues from the cataract, we were just about to alight from our horses that we might prepare our hovel and light our fire according to the Indian custom. At this moment we perceived a blaze in the woods and soon afterwards espied some savages seated on the bank of the

same stream which flowed past us. We approached them, and the Dutchman having, by my order, asked permission to pass the night with them, it was granted on the spot. Accordingly, we all began our labors together. After having cut branches from the trees, fixed stakes in the ground, stripped off bark to cover our palace, and performed some other general services, each of us turned his attention to his own affairs. I fetched my saddle, which faithfully served as my pillow during the whole journey. The guide attended to our horses and with regard to his preparations for the night, he was not so delicate as myself, and generally availed himself of some old trunk of a tree for his bed. Our work being finished, we seated ourselves in a circle, with our legs crossed like tailors. In the center of us was an immense fire, at which we prepared our maize for supper. I had a bottle of brandy too, which not a little increased the gay spirits of the savages. They produced in return some legs of bear, and we made a royal repast.

The party was composed of two women with infants at the breast, and three warriors. Two of the latter might be about forty-two to forty-five years of age, though they appeared to be much older; the third was a young man.

The conversation soon became general, that is to say by some broken expressions on my part, and by many gestures, an expressive kind of language, which the Indian tribes comprehend with astonishing readiness, and which I learned among them. The young man alone preserved an obstinate silence, keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed on me. In spite of the black, red, and blue streaks, with which he was disfigured, and the further mutilation of having no ears, it was easy to perceive the noble and sensible expression which animated his countenance. How favorably did I think of him for not liking me! He appeared to be mentally reading the history of all the calamities with which Europeans had overburdened his country.

The two little children, which were entirely naked, had fallen asleep at our feet, before the fire. The women took them gently in their arms, and laid them upon skins, with that maternal care which it was delicious to observe among these pretended savages. The conversation at length died away by degrees, and each person sank to rest in the place which he had hitherto occupied.

I was, however, an exception, being unable to close my eyes. Hearing the deep breathing of my companions on all sides, I raised my head, and resting on my elbow, contemplated, by the red light of the expiring fire, the sleeping Indians stretched around me. I acknowledge that I found it difficult to refrain from tears. Good young man! How affecting did thy repose appear to me! Thou, who didst seem so feelingly alive to the misfortunes of thy country, wert of too lofty and superior a disposition to suspect a stranger of evil intentions. Europeans, what a lesson is this for us! These savages, whom we have pursued with fire and sword, whom our avarice has not even left in possession of a shovelful of earth to cover their dead bodies on all this vast continent heretofore their patrimony — these very savages received their enemy

in their hospitable huts, shared with him their miserable repast, and their couch to which remorse was a stranger, enjoying, close to him, the sleep of the virtuous. Such virtues are as much above our conventional ones as the souls of these uncultivated people are superior to those of man in a state of society.

The moon was bright. Heated by my ideas I rose and took a seat at some distance, upon the root of a tree which crept along the side of the rivulet. It was one of those American nights, which the pencil of man never will be able to portray, and which I have remembered a hundred times with delight.

The moon had reached the highest point of the heavens, and a thousand stars glittered in the great clear expanse. At one time the queen of the night reposed upon a group of clouds, which resembled the summit of lofty mountains crowned with snow. By slow degrees these clouds stretched themselves out, assuming the appearance of waving transparent zones of white satin, or transforming themselves into light frothy flakes, of which countless numbers wandered through the blue plains of the firmament. At another time the aërial vault appeared as if transformed into the sea-shore, where horizontal beds and parallel ridges might be discovered, apparently formed by the regular flux and reflux of the tide. A gust of wind then dispersed the clouds, and they formed themselves into large masses of dazzling whiteness, so soft to the eye that one almost seemed to feel their delicate elasticity. The landscape around me was not less enchanting. The cerulean velvety light of the moon silently spread over the forest and at intervals descended among the trees, irradiating in some degree even the deepest thickets. The brook, which flowed at my feet, hiding itself now and then under the umbrageous oaks, sallows and sugar-trees, and reappearing a little further off, all brilliant from the constellations of the night, resembled an azure ribbon studded with diamonds, and transversely marked with black lines. On the other side of the stream, in a large natural meadow, the clear light of the moon shone without motion on the turf, extending like a curtain over it. At one moment the birch-trees, which were scattered here and there through the savanna, were, by the caprice of the breeze, confounded with the soil on which they grew, and enveloped in a sort of gray gauze; at another they ceased to retain this chalky appearance, and buried themselves in obscurity, forming, as it were, islands of floating shade upon a motionless sea of light. Silence and repose prevailed throughout the scene, except when a few leaves fell here and there, or a sudden gust of wind swept past, accompanied occasionally by the dismal note of the owl. At a distance and at intervals too I heard the solemn sound of the cataract at Niagara, which, in the calmness of night, was lengthened out from one desert to another, and expired among the solitary forests.

The astonishing grandeur of this picture and the melancholy which it inspired are not to be expressed by human language. The most beautiful nights in Europe can convey no idea of it. In vain does the imagination try to roam at large amidst our cultivated plains, for everywhere the habitations of

mankind oppose its wish; but in this deserted region the soul delights to bury and lose itself amidst boundless forests — it loves to wander, by the light of the stars, on the borders of immense lakes, to hover on the roaring gulf of terrific cataracts, to fall with the mighty mass of waters, to mix and confound itself, as it were, with the wild sublimities of Nature.

These enjoyments are too exquisite. Such is our weakness that excess of pleasure becomes painful, as if Nature were afraid of our forgetting that we are men. Absorbed in my existence, or rather wandering entirely from myself, having no distinct sentiment or idea, but an ineffable indescribable sensation, resembling the mental happiness which we are told that we shall feel in another world, I was suddenly recalled to the one which I inhabit. I felt ill, and was convinced that I must indulge my reverie no further. I now returned to our *Ajouppa,* and lying down near the savages, soon sank into profound sleep.

On awaking in the morning, I found my companions ready for departure. My guide had saddled our horses; the warriors were armed, and the women busy in collecting their baggage, which consisted of skins, maize, and smoked bear. I arose, and taking from my portmanteau some powder and ball, and a box of red wood, distributed these among my associates of the night, who appeared to be pleased with my generosity. We then separated, not without signs of mutual regard and regret, each touching his forehead and breast, according to the custom of these children of nature, which appeared to me very superior to the ceremonies practised by us. Even to the young Indian, who cordially took the hand which I offered, we all parted with hearts full of each other. Our friends pursued their way to the North, being directed by the mosses, and we to the West under the guidance of my compass. The warriors departed first, the women followed, carrying the baggage and infants on their backs, suspended in furs. The little creatures looked back at us and smiled. My eyes for a long time followed this affecting and maternal spectacle, till at length the group entirely disappeared among the thickets.

Benevolent savages, who so hospitably entertained me, and whom I doubtless shall never again behold, let me be here permitted to pay the tribute of my gratitude. May you long enjoy your precious independence in those delightful solitudes, where my wishes for your happiness will ever follow you. What corner, my friends, of your immense deserts, do you at present inhabit? Are you still together, and always happy? Do you sometimes talk about the stranger of the forest? Do you picture to yourselves the kind of country which he inhabits? Do you utter wishes for his happiness, while you recline upon the banks of your solitary rivers? Generous family! His lot is much changed since the night he passed with you; but it is at least a consolation to him, while persecuted by his countrymen beyond the seas, that his name is, in some unknown wilderness at the other extremity of the world, still pronounced with tender recollection by the poor Indians.

CUVIER

MODERN zoölogical science is indebted, in a large measure, to the mind and labor of the three French savants — Lamarck, Saint-Hilaire, and Cuvier. Throughout the troubled times of the French Revolution these three friends and co-laborers pursued their studies, quietly preparing the way for the evolutionary philosophy which was to revolutionize modern thought, so that after a century had elapsed it was possible to believe that the revolution wrought in the zoölogical laboratories was the more important of the two.

George Léopold Christian Frédéric Dagobert Cuvier was born at Montbéliard in Alsace, on August 23, 1769. His mother devoted herself to the careful training and development of his growing mind, and in very early life he gave evidence of extraordinary intellectual endowment. Naturally industrious, and possessed of a remarkable memory and the power of concentration, young Cuvier by the age of fourteen had mastered the rudiments of several languages, both ancient and modern, had acquired a considerable knowledge of mathematics, had read widely in history, and was proficient in drawing. He very early showed a decided bent toward scientific pursuits, and drew his first inspiration from the works of Buffon, who was then at the zenith of his fame. While at school he formed a society among his fellows for the reading and discussion of various subjects of a scientific and literary nature. Cuvier's talents became known to Prince Charles, the reigning Duke of Wurtemberg, who gave him a free education at the University of Stuttgart. After completing his university course with honor, at the age of nineteen he accepted the position of a tutor in the family of a nobleman who resided at Caen in Normandy.

This proved to be the determining event in Cuvier's life. He found in the mollusk fauna of the near-by seacoast a fascinating subject for study, and devoted all of his spare time to the investigation of the structure and relations of the various forms that came to his notice. The Abbé Tessier, a member of the Academy of Sciences, who had fled to Normandy from Paris during the Reign of Terror, made the acquaintance of the young naturalist, and introduced him by correspondence to a number of the most eminent scientific men of Paris. One of these men was Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, through whose influence Cuvier was invited to assist Mertrud, the professor of comparative anatomy in the Museum of Natural History at the Jardin des Plantes. From this time on he threw all the energies of his remarkable mind into the study of animals and the building up of the Museum. The collections which he

originated rank among the finest in the world. In 1802 Cuvier was appointed one of six inspector-generals to organize lyceums in a number of the French towns, and ever after gave a great part of his time and thought to the subject of education. The influence of his work in this direction is felt today in every institution of public instruction throughout France. On the annexation of Italy he made three different visits to that country in order to reorganize the old academies, and although a Protestant he was intrusted with the organization of the University at Rome. In a similar manner he remodeled the educational systems throughout Holland and Belgium; his reports on these questions are full of interest. Cuvier felt that the strength of a nation lay in the sound education of all classes, the lower as well as the upper; and to his enlightened views may be traced much of the excellent system of primary education that prevails in these countries today. Under the bigoted Bourbon government, the despotic rule of Napoleon, and the liberal reign of Louis-Philippe, Cuvier maintained his post. Throughout the events of the Hundred Days of 1815 he still held a high position in the Imperial University, of which he had been made a life member of the council at its foundation in 1808. He filled a distinguished place as a member of the Council of State, as Minister of the Interior, as Chancellor of the University, and member of the Protestant faculty of theology. Louis-Philippe conferred on him the title of Baron. He lived at the Jardin des Plantes, surrounded by his family and friends, where his home was a center for men of science from all parts of the world. On May 8, 1832, after delivering an unusually eloquent introductory lecture at the College of France, he was stricken with paralysis; and though he rallied sufficiently to preside the next day at the Council of State, he died on the following Sunday.

The chief value of the work of Cuvier and his associates lay in the advances they made and the evidence they accumulated towards the solution of the problem of the origin of species. Lamarck advanced the theory that the different species originated as a result of the natural conditions of existence impressing and molding the plastic organism. Saint-Hilaire advanced the doctrine of "homology" — *i.e.*, the same structure appearing in a different form in different animals as a result of a difference of function. Cuvier clung to the older view that each animal was a separate and distinct result of a special creative act, but by his study and restoration of the fossil animals of the Paris Basin, and the consequent recognition of the Tertiary as a distinct geological age, and by his investigations in comparative anatomy, he laid the foundations for the modern sciences of geology and zoölogy. Cuvier died just at the time when Lyell was publishing his 'Principles of Geology,' which marks the transfer of the center of interest in the new evolutionary science from France to England, but for long after his death his books enjoyed a great reputation.

OF CHANGES IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE EARTH

From 'The Theory of the Earth'

THE lowest and most level parts of the earth, when penetrated to a very great depth, exhibit nothing but horizontal strata composed of various substances, and containing, almost all of them, innumerable marine productions. Similar strata, with the same kind of productions, compose the hills even to a great height. Sometimes the shells are so numerous as to constitute the entire body of the stratum. They are almost everywhere in such a perfect state of preservation that even the smallest of them retain their most delicate parts, their sharpest ridges, and their finest and tenderest processes. They are found in elevations far above the level of every part of the ocean, and in places to which the sea could not be conveyed by any existing cause. They are not only inclosed in loose sand, but are often incrusted and penetrated on all sides by the hardest stones. Every part of the earth, every hemisphere, every continent, every island of any size, exhibits the same phenomenon. We are therefore forcibly led to believe not only that the sea has at one period or another covered all our plains, but that it must have remained there for a long time, and in a state of tranquillity; which circumstance was necessary for the formation of deposits so extensive, so thick, in part so solid, and containing exuviæ so perfectly preserved.

The time is past for ignorance to assert that these remains of organized bodies are mere *lusus naturæ* — productions generated in the womb of the earth by its own creative powers. A nice and scrupulous comparison of their forms, of their contexture, and frequently even of their composition, cannot detect the slightest difference between these shells and the shells which still inhabit the sea. They have therefore once lived in the sea, and been deposited by it; the sea consequently must have rested in the places where the deposition has taken place. Hence it is evident the basin or reservoir containing the sea has undergone some change at least, either in extent, or in situation, or in both. Such is the result of the very first search, and of the most superficial examination.

The traces of revolutions become still more apparent and decisive when we ascend a little higher, and approach nearer to the foot of the great chains of mountains. There are still found many beds of shells; some of these are even larger and more solid; the shells are quite as numerous and as entirely preserved: but they are not of the same species with those which were found in the less elevated regions. The strata which contain them are not so generally horizontal; they have various degrees of inclination, and are sometimes situated vertically. While in the plains and low hills it was necessary to dig deep in order to detect the succession of the strata, here we perceive them

by means of the valleys which time or violence has produced, and which disclose their edges to the eye of the observer. At the bottom of these declivities huge masses of their debris are collected, and form round hills, the height of which is augmented by the operation of every thaw and of every storm.

These inclined or vertical strata, which form the ridges of the secondary mountains, do not rest on the horizontal strata of the hills which are situated at their base and serve as their first steps; but on the contrary are situated underneath them. The latter are placed upon the declivities of the former. When we dig through the horizontal strata in the neighborhood of the inclined strata, the inclined strata are invariably found below. Nay, sometimes, when the inclined strata are not too much elevated, their summit is surmounted by horizontal strata. The inclined strata are therefore more ancient than the horizontal strata. And as they must necessarily have been formed in a horizontal position, they have been subsequently shifted into their inclined or vertical position, and that too before the horizontal strata were placed above them.

Thus the sea, previous to the formation of the horizontal strata, had formed others which by some means have been broken, lifted up, and overturned in a thousand ways. There had therefore been also at least one change in the basin of that sea which preceded ours; it had also experienced at least one revolution: and as several of these inclined strata which it had formed first are elevated above the level of the horizontal strata which have succeeded and which surround them, this revolution, while it gave them their present inclination, had also caused them to project above the level of the sea so as to form islands, or at least rocks and inequalities; and this must have happened whether one of their edges was lifted up above the water, or the depression of the opposite edge caused the water to subside. This is the second result, not less obvious nor less clearly demonstrated than the first, to everyone who will take the trouble of studying carefully the remains by which it is illustrated and proved.

If we institute a more detailed comparison between the various strata and those remains of animals which they contain, we shall soon discover still more numerous differences among them, indicating a proportional number of changes in their condition. The sea has not always deposited stony substances of the same kind. It has observed a regular succession as to the nature of its deposits: the more ancient the strata are, so much the more uniform and extensive are they; and the more recent they are, the more limited are they, and the more variation is observed in them at small distances. Thus the great catastrophes which have produced revolutions in the basin of the sea were preceded, accompanied, and followed by changes in the nature of the fluid and of the substances which it held in solution; and when the surface of the seas came to be divided by islands and projecting ridges, different changes took place in every separate basin.

Amidst these changes of the general fluid, it must have been almost impossible for the same kind of animals to continue to live; nor did they do so in fact. Their species, and even their genera, change with the strata: and though the same species occasionally recur at small distances, it is generally the case that the shells of the ancient strata have forms peculiar to themselves; that they gradually disappear, till they are not to be seen at all in the recent strata, still less in the existing seas, in which indeed we never discover their corresponding species, and where several, even of their genera, are not to be found; that on the contrary the shells of the recent strata resemble, as respects the genus, those which still exist in the sea; and that in the last formed and loosest of these strata there are some species which the eye of the most expert naturalist cannot distinguish from those which at present inhabit the ocean.

In animal nature, therefore, there has been a succession of changes corresponding to those which have taken place in the chemical nature of the fluid; and when the sea last receded from our continent, its inhabitants were not very different from those which it still continues to support.

Finally, if we examine with greater care these remains of organized bodies, we shall discover, in the midst even of the most ancient secondary strata, other strata that are crowded with animal or vegetable productions, which belong to the land and to fresh water; and amongst the most recent strata — that is, the strata which are nearest the surface — there are some of them in which land animals are buried under heaps of marine productions. Thus the various catastrophes of our planet have not only caused the different parts of our continent to rise by degrees from the basin of the sea, but it has also frequently happened that lands which had been laid dry have been again covered by the water, in consequence either of these lands sinking down below the level of the sea, or of the sea being raised above the level of the lands. The particular portions of the earth also, which the sea has abandoned by its last retreat, had been laid dry once before, and had at that time produced quadrupeds, birds, plants, and all kinds of terrestrial productions; it had then been inundated by the sea, which has since retired from it and left it to be occupied by its own proper inhabitants.

The changes which have taken place in the productions of the shelly strata, therefore, have not been entirely owing to a gradual and general retreat of the waters, but to successive irruptions and retreats, the final result of which, however, has been a universal depression of the level of the sea.

These repeated irruptions and retreats of the sea have been neither slow nor gradual; most of the catastrophes which have occasioned them have been sudden: and this is easily proved, especially with regard to the last of them, the traces of which are most conspicuous. In the northern regions it has left the carcasses of some large quadrupeds which the ice had arrested, and which are preserved even to the present day with their skin, their hair, and their

flesh. If they had not been frozen as soon as killed, they must quickly have been decomposed by putrefaction. But this eternal frost could not have taken possession of the regions which these animals inhabited except by the same cause which destroyed them; this cause therefore must have been as sudden as its effect. The breaking to pieces and overturnings of the strata, which happened in former catastrophes, show plainly enough that they were sudden and violent like the last; and the heaps of debris and rounded pebbles which are found in various places among the solid strata demonstrate the vast force of the motions excited in the mass of waters by these overturnings. Life, therefore, has been often disturbed on this earth by terrible events: calamities which, at their commencement, have perhaps moved and overturned to a great depth the entire outer crust of the globe, but which, since these first commotions, have uniformly acted at a less depth and less generally. Numberless living beings have been the victims of these catastrophes; some have been destroyed by sudden inundations, others have been laid dry in consequence of the bottom of the seas being instantaneously elevated. Their races even have become extinct, and have left no memorial of them except some small fragment which the naturalist can scarcely recognize.

Such are the conclusions which necessarily result from the objects that we meet with at every step of our inquiry, and which we can always verify by examples drawn from almost every country. Every part of the globe bears the impress of these great and terrible events so distinctly, that they must be visible to all who are qualified to read their history in the remains which they have left behind.

But what is still more astonishing and not less certain, there have not been always living creatures on the earth, and it is easy for the observer to discover the period at which animal productions began to be deposited.

As we ascend to higher points of elevation, and advance towards the lofty summits of the mountains, the remains of marine animals — that multitude of shells we have spoken of — begin very soon to grow rare, and at length disappear altogether. We arrive at strata of a different nature, which contain no vestige at all of living creatures. Nevertheless their crystallization, and even the nature of their strata, show that they also have been formed in a fluid; their inclined position and their slopes show that they also have been moved and overturned; the oblique manner in which they sink under the shelly strata shows that they have been formed before these; and the height to which their bare and rugged tops are elevated above all the shelly strata, shows that their summits have never again been covered by the sea since they were raised up out of its bosom.

Such are those primitive or primordial mountains which traverse our continents in various directions, rising above the clouds, separating the basins of the rivers from one another, serving by means of their eternal snows as reservoirs for feeding the springs, and forming in some measure the skele-

ton, or as it were the rough framework of the earth. The sharp peaks and rugged indentations which mark their summits, and strike the eye at a great distance, are so many proofs of the violent manner in which they have been elevated. Their appearance in this respect is very different from that of the rounded mountains and the hills with flat surfaces, whose recently formed masses have always remained in the situation in which they were quietly deposited by the sea which last covered them.

These proofs become more obvious as we approach. The valleys have no longer those gently sloping sides, or those alternately salient and re-entrant angles opposite to one another, which seem to indicate the beds of ancient streams. They widen and contract without any general rule; their waters sometimes expand into lakes, and sometimes descend in torrents; and here and there the rocks, suddenly approaching from each side, form transverse dikes over which the waters fall in cataracts. The shattered strata of these valleys expose their edges on one side, and present on the other side large portions of their surface lying obliquely; they do not correspond in height, but those which on one side form the summit of the declivity often dip so deep on the other as to be altogether concealed.

Yet amidst all this confusion some naturalists have thought that they perceived a certain degree of order prevailing, and that among these immense beds of rocks, broken and overturned though they be, a regular succession is observed, which is nearly the same in all the different chains of mountains. According to them, the granite, which surmounts every other rock, also dips under every other rock; and is the most ancient of any that has yet been discovered in the place assigned it by nature. The central ridges of most of the mountain chains are composed of it; slaty rocks, such as clay slate, granular quartz [*grès*], and mica slate, rest upon its sides and form lateral chains; granular, foliated limestone or marble, and other calcareous rocks that do not contain shells, rest upon the slate, forming the exterior ranges, and are the last formations by which this ancient uninhabited sea seems to have prepared itself for the production of its beds of shells.

On all occasions, even in districts that lie at a distance from the great mountain chains, where the more recent strata have been digged through and the external covering of the earth pentrated to a considerable depth, nearly the same order of stratification has been found as that already described. The crystallized marbles never cover the shelly strata; the granite in mass never rests upon the crystallized marble, except in a few places where it seems to have been formed of granites of newer epochs. In one word, the foregoing arrangement appears to be general, and must therefore depend upon general causes, which have on all occasions exerted the same influence from one extremity of the earth to the other.

Hence it is impossible to deny that the waters of the sea have formerly, and for a long time, covered those masses of matter which now constitute our

highest mountains; and farther, that these waters during a long time did not support any living bodies. Thus it has not been only since the commencement of animal life that these numerous changes and revolutions have taken place in the constitution of the external covering of our globe: for the masses formed previous to that event have suffered changes, as well as those which have been formed since; they have also suffered violent changes in their positions, and a part of these assuredly took place while they existed alone, and before they were covered over by the shelly masses. The proof of this lies in the overturnings, the disruptions, and the fissures which are observable in their strata, as well as in those of more recent formation, which are there even in greater number and better defined.

But these primitive masses have also suffered other revolutions, posterior to the formation of the secondary strata, and have perhaps given rise to, or at least have partaken of, some portion of the revolutions and changes which these latter strata have experienced. There are actually considerable portions of the primitive strata uncovered, although placed in lower situations than many of the secondary strata; and we cannot conceive how it should have so happened, unless the primitive strata in these places had forced themselves into view after the formation of those which are secondary. In some countries we find numerous and prodigiously large blocks of primitive substances scattered over the surface of the secondary strata, and separated by deep valleys from the peaks or ridges whence these blocks must have been derived. It is necessary, therefore, either that these blocks must have been thrown into those situations by means of eruptions, or that the valleys, which otherwise must have stopped their course, did not exist at the time of their being transported to their present sites.

Thus we have a collection of facts, a series of epochs anterior to the present time, and of which the successive steps may be ascertained with perfect certainty, although the periods which intervened cannot be determined with any degree of precision. These epochs form so many fixed points, answering as rules for directing our inquiries respecting this ancient chronology of the earth.

THE RISE OF ROMANTICISM

FRANCE UNDER THE RESTORATION

THE failure of Napoleon's Russian campaign in 1812, and his defeat at Leipzig in the following year, marked the definite decline of his power in Europe. In 1814, the occupation of Paris by the allied armies of Austria, Russia, and Prussia forced him to abdicate, and go into exile at Elba. Louis XVIII, the younger brother of Louis XVI, took his place on the throne of France, and although forced to flee for a while by Napoleon's return in 1815, was restored after the great battle of Waterloo. The imprisonment of Napoleon at St. Helena put an end to all hopes of a revival of the Empire.

In reconstructing the map of Europe at the Congress of Vienna (1814), the allied nations took care to draw France's teeth as thoroughly as possible. They shut her back within the boundaries she had held in 1792, and later, after Waterloo, lopped off Savoy. Austria strengthened herself by acquiring territory in Italy; Russia once more brought her grip down on Poland, which had been made independent by Napoleon; Prussia took half of Saxony; England was supreme on the seas. Thus all of France's great rivals for power emerged from the conflict strengthened at her expense or that of her protégés. For the time being she had to give up her dream of dominating the continent in a military way; her people were so exhausted that with few exceptions they were glad of a period of rest and recuperation.

But the internal state of France was far from being all that it should be. The new king, it is true, left Napoleon's system of administration intact, and granted a fairly liberal "Charter" or constitution to his people. All Frenchmen were equal before the law; there was liberty of worship, and freedom of the press—at first. But the parliament was not really representative of the people at large, and when measures aimed at political and economic reform were asked for, the king showed himself averse to change of any sort. When he died and was succeeded by his brother, Charles X, in 1824, matters rapidly became worse. Charles was a thorough-going reactionary; one of his first official acts was to introduce a bill providing that the nobility should receive compensation amounting to a thousand million francs for their losses during and after the Revolution. When French liberals protested, their press was muzzled. They turned to the Paris workmen, and promised government by the people if Charles were overthrown. The discontent by 1830 had become acute; in that year a revolution put an end to the reign of Charles X,

who was succeeded by Louis-Philippe, Duke of Orleans, a member of the younger branch of the Bourbons.

It was immediately made apparent, in a new Charter granted by Louis-Philippe, that the character of the French monarchy had changed. The King of France by divine right now became "King of the French" as chosen by the Chamber of Deputies. There was to be no more hereditary aristocracy and no State religion; the white flag of the Bourbons gave place to the tricolor under which French armies had won their victories during the Napoleonic period. The real rulers of France during the next few years were the middle class of Paris, or the "bourgeoisie," as they were called. At first all seemed to be settled satisfactorily, but the working-people of the metropolis and the other manufacturing centers were still discontented. They had really no share in the government; up to 1848 the total of electors, determined by income, amounted to only 240,000. The leaders of the Republican party were able men who pointed out to the workmen that it would not be impossible to overthrow the rule of a king who had obtained his crown as the result of a Paris revolution, and offered them a part in the control of affairs which, they said, could never be secured while a king reigned in France.

In consequence of this agitation, and the steadily increasing sense of injustice felt by the laboring classes, there were outbreaks against Louis-Philippe, both at Paris and in the provinces, from 1832 on, all of them being suppressed. During the ministry of Guizot, from 1840–1848, these troubles ceased, for the Republicans were biding their time, but the causes were not removed. At last, in 1848, a number of events announced that the revolution was ripe; in that year risings against monarchy took place all over the continent of Europe. Louis-Philippe's son had married a sister of the Queen of Spain, and thus England had been alarmed and alienated, for the French king had promised that no such alliance would take place. Then, too, Louis-Philippe, particularly after an attempt on his life had failed, had abandoned his liberal attitude and adopted repressive measures. And in 1847 there was a bad harvest. The next February, the Paris mob rose and attacked the Tuileries; the king abdicated in favor of his grandson, but it was already too late. A provisional government of Republicans took control of affairs, and proclaimed a republic on February 24. In order to placate the workmen, who were anxious that they should reap the benefits of the revolution which they had chiefly brought about, national workshops were established, guaranteeing employment to all at the expense of the State whether their production was really economic or not. The number registered in these national workshops soon rose to 117,000. In a few months it was seen that the experiment was impracticable, and it was abandoned. As a result, the Paris workmen again rose, in June 1848. They were defeated only after the bloodiest street fighting the city had ever seen, and the moderate, bourgeois party maintained their hold on the government. Such was the birth of France's Second Republic.

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL PROGRESS

During the period between Waterloo and the Revolution of 1848 the economic advance of the country had been remarkable. The population had recovered rapidly from the terrible drain that had been made upon it by the Napoleonic wars. Agriculture had prospered as never before; the inland waterways system expanded enormously, and the new railroads kept pace with it. By 1847 there were already twelve hundred miles of railway in France, and the total was growing by leaps and bounds. Trade, at the end of the period, was triple what it had been in 1789, before the Revolution, after having dwindled disastrously during and immediately after the wars. Production of manufactured articles was now being carried on more and more by machinery, and the increasing number of ill-paid, ill-fed, and ill-housed laborers was a menace to the rulers who paid no attention to their needs.

A NEW COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT

The restored Bourbons, and Louis-Philippe most of all, had done their utmost to keep France at peace with her neighbors in Europe. One means whereby this was accomplished was the providing of the military spirit with an outlet in northern Africa. It will be remembered that during the eighteenth century the colonial empire of France had shrunk almost in proportion as that of England grew, this process culminating in the loss of India and Canada about 1760. Later, Napoleon had sold the magnificent province of Louisiana to the United States. In 1825, the island of Santo Domingo, one of France's few remaining American colonies, which had been in revolt against her for years, was formally relinquished. But to make up for the abandonment of this empire beyond the seas, there was an empire just across the Mediterranean awaiting conquest. Disputes with the native state of Algiers had arisen as early as 1819, and in 1830 a French army captured the city. Hostilities continued with hardly an interruption until 1837, with the French steadily advancing in the face of stubborn resistance by the great Arab leader, Abd-el-Kader. When war broke out again in 1839, the neighboring state of Morocco joined in against France, but the Duc d'Aumale, the French general, crushed its armies; in 1847, Abd-el-Kader was finally defeated and taken to France, and the conquered territory was occupied as a French colony.

CAUSES CONTRIBUTING TO ROMANTICISM

With the end of the Napoleonic era in 1815, and the resumption by France of a more normal if less heroic life under the Bourbons, original literature once more came into its own. But the writing of the young nineteenth century authors began almost immediately to show tendencies which to many ob-

servers made it a different thing from the French poetry and prose of previous ages. The name "Romantisme," the connotations of which are not exactly those of our "Romanticism," was frequently applied to the qualities that seemed strangest, and soon a literary warfare was being waged about this term: to the adherents of the conservative classical school it meant something really atrocious — a flouting by certain reckless innovators of all that was beautiful and seemly in literature; to those of the younger school it meant freedom from restraint in the expression of their reactions to life. As time went on, and the struggle grew hotter, a great many subsidiary notions attached themselves to the word "Romantisme," which was so freely used that it ended by becoming almost meaningless as a distinguishing term. At the beginning, however, the issue between classicists and romanticists was pretty sharply defined. The one group thought that whatever was good in French literature must show pre-eminently the qualities shown by the classics of the seventeenth century — the works of Pascal, Bossuet, and Racine. The other group, while usually admitting the merits of the classical writers, contended that it was possible for work to be good which showed quite different qualities. Over against the clarity, harmony, and perfection of outline admired by their literary opponents, they set the fire, variety, and above all, the personal note, of the writers they admired, usually drawing their examples from foreign literatures. Thus the name of Shakespeare, as embodying the qualities desired by the romanticists, came to be a battle-cry of theirs, although few of them knew much more of his plays than their predecessors of the eighteenth century had done. Neither side in the debate seems to have thought of romanticism as anything but a new power in literature, showing tendencies utterly unlike any to be observed in the works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Looking back over the history and the literature of this period and the preceding one, we can see that the apparently new "Romantisme," in France as elsewhere, was a natural growth proceeding from two main sources, one within the intellectual life of the nation, one outside. The first was the steadily-growing individualism and sentimentality of French literature during the eighteenth century, which culminated in Rousseau and his immediate successors, Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand. Although each of these writers showed perfectly distinct and personal characteristics, they had in common many qualities that mark them out as heralds of a new order of things, who had already stepped outside the beautifully neat and compact, but now unsatisfactory, world of classicism. The works of all three display a strong insistence on the personality of the writer, which is allowed to color even the most abstract speculations; this in Rousseau is carried to extremes, and often becomes repellent. They all seem to take a delight in putting themselves on paper. All three have an eye for natural beauty, something which had been touched on very lightly by the great classical writers, for they had been interested primarily in man, and in man as a social creature. Rousseau, and after

Rousseau, Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand, dwell on nature in her most varied and awe-inspiring aspects, using these effectively as a background to contrast or harmonize with human passions. And the man they are all occupied with, although in different ways, is not a social man but a natural man, in his place among beasts and birds and trees, but corrupted and maimed by civilization carried to excess. Rousseau again and again voices his belief that man in a primitive, therefore a natural, state is a happy and harmless creature. Madame de Staël, in her 'Literature,' speaks delightedly of the wild and gloomy songs of the North, using Ossian as a typical example; in her book 'On Germany,' she gives a picture of a peaceful, primitive, contented, individualistic people, as yet unspoiled by the over-cultivation which, she thinks, has injured French life and character. She speaks of the Germans' "mild and peaceable anarchy in matters of literary and metaphysical opinion, which allowed each man the entire development of his individual way of seeing things." Chateaubriand's numerous well-known portrayals of the "noble savage," as opposed to the mean, selfish, and predatory civilized man, express a similar attitude toward culture. Hence we can already see in these prose writers of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth century many of the characteristics which after 1820 were fancied to be purely "romantic." Because the new notes had until then been sounded only in prose, and because French prose is wider in its range of effects and more elastic than French verse, they were not at first recognized as announcing a definite literary movement; but the "Romantisme" of 1820 seemed like a sudden outburst only in so far as it caught by surprise those who had not been reading the signs of the times.

FOREIGN INFLUENCES

This internal development of French literature, however, did not proceed on its way without the contribution of strong influences from outside. During the second half of the eighteenth century, France had been positively bombarded by translations and adaptations of the most important works of foreign literatures. She had read, at first with surprise, then with admiration, the English novelists, especially Richardson, with his patient analysis of character and his unabashed sentiment, and Sterne, with his whimsical, none too scrupulous humor. She had praised the nature-poetry of Thomson, so unlike most of her own, the meditative and melancholy verse of Young, the author of 'Night Thoughts,' and the turgid but imaginative pages of the pseudo-Ossian. The works of Herder, the German savant, had given her new conceptions of the importance of popular and ballad literature, conceptions which were strengthened and clarified by a reading of the old songs edited by Bishop Percy. Goethe's 'Werther,' with its morbid depiction of an unhappy love that led to suicide, had captivated many minds in France, and revolted many others. By the last quarter of the century, then, the French man of

letters no longer had his eye fixed within the literature of his own nation, but was casting it abroad in all directions, anxious enough to perceive and make himself familiar with whatever promised a new sensation, a new note in the fugue of written expression.

The Revolution, of course, cut straight across the rapidly developing web of intellectual communications. For about twenty-five years, during which, as has been shown, French literary production languished, there was little or no opportunity for an exchange with other lands, at least with England and Germany, the countries from which the current of ideas had formerly set most strongly. Then, after the battle of Waterloo (1815) had brought peace to Europe, there came again the deluge of foreign literary work; and again the chief contributors were England and Germany, especially the former. Now nearly all of what was translated, read, and discussed by cultivated Frenchmen was markedly "romantic" in character, for English literature was already passing through the stage known as its "Romantic Revival." While all the English writers of the "Romantic Revival" did not find admirers in France, there were two who became the idols of French readers — Walter Scott and Lord Byron. Scott, with his direct, vigorous poems of Scotland's past, and his brilliantly-colored reconstructions of history in his novels, had quickly captured the English public; soon after, France caught him to her and made him the object of a perfect cult. After 1822, every young author who was anxious to be popular was writing in what he conceived to be the style of Walter Scott. Byron, too, enjoyed an extraordinary vogue. His fiery verses, breathing the spirit of emancipation from restraint of every kind, intensely personal in matter, yet as regards their manner easily enough rendered into a foreign idiom, were devoured everywhere with admiration, and left their mark on the work of nearly every French poet of the period.

Influences other than the English, too, found their way into the stream of French romantic literature. There was a great revival of interest in Spanish literature, which had previously, in the seventeenth century, provided models for the playwrights of France. The love of the romanticists for medievalism led them to speak highly of the heroic lays centering about the figure of the Cid Campeador, Spain's national hero, as thoroughly representative of the Middle Ages. In the "romances," many of the best of which are anonymous, they saw at its finest that popular literature which had been the discovery of the previous century, but which was only now receiving its full share of attention. The plays of Calderon and of Lope de Vega they often adduced as examples of the way in which a writer might disregard, even trample upon, the rule of the "three unities," and yet produce masterpieces.

For such bold critical judgments as were expressed by the younger school in France, a good deal of credit must go to the thinkers of Germany. The scathing comments of Lessing, in his 'Hamburg Dramaturgy,' upon the attempts of Voltaire to imitate Shakespeare's effects without stepping out

of the classical framework, had long ago come to the notice of French readers, and forced some of them to ponder. The theories so ably set forth by A. W. Schlegel, in his famous lectures on literature and on the drama, were studied and discussed, and seen to be, on the whole, unfavorable to the classical dogma. Goethe's later works had many readers; his masterpiece, the colossal 'Faust,' was as little classical in the narrow sense as anything well could be. Unfortunately, it was at first badly translated; it was not appreciated at anything near its proper value until after 1828, when the translation by Charles Nodier appeared.

From both within and without, then, irresistible forces were sapping the foundations of the classical edifice. The sum total of their workings in the new literature which replaced it is too extensive to be more than indicated here. But it may be said that during the period of "Romantisme" French literature became more personal, more individual than ever before, and hence more varied and more vividly colored, because less restrained by rules. For this period, at least, the expression of a writer's emotions became more important than the expression of his intellectual states.

THE STRUGGLE FOR ARTISTIC FREEDOM

Yet the forces of conservatism were so strong in France at this time, the tradition of classicism had taken such firm root, that the new mode of writing, with its attendant theories, did not triumph without a hard fight, contested in almost every sphere of literary activity. In prose, as we have seen, the way had been paved by the works of Rousseau, Madame de Staël, and Chateaubriand; these books had accustomed French readers to pages of prose that fairly throbbed with the personal feelings of their author.

In lyrical poetry, the campaign was not won so easily. Here the instrument to be manipulated was far more rigid, and any departure from the lines graven by the classical writers was the more apparent. The rules formulated by Boileau in his 'Art Poétique' were still widely applied, and no distinction was made between those which were backed by sound good sense and experience, and those which were merely the outcome of prejudice, or actually prompted by Boileau's lack of the poetic temperament. Consequently, for a time the writers of the romantic school had to run the gauntlet of some very harsh and unintelligent criticism; they were often regarded as barbarians who sought to ruin French poetry by reducing its well-ordered scheme to chaos, and as all of them, good and bad, fell under this accusation, it took years before the classical critics were willing to admit the greatness of a Victor Hugo or an Alfred de Musset.

The opening note of the new poetry was sounded by Lamartine (1790–1869) in his 'Méditations Poétiques' (1820) — the musical expression of intensely spontaneous and natural feelings. It is significant that the manu-

script did not find a publisher until after it had been rejected by the great and influential house of Firmin Didot. In 1822 there appeared Alfred de Vigny's 'Poèmes Anciens et Modernes' and Victor Hugo's 'Odes.' In a short while Hugo had made himself the chief of the romantic school; its members recognized him as their standard-bearer in virtue of his inexhaustible fertility of imagination, his rich music, and his brilliant use of visual images. Later, there came upon the scene Alfred de Musset, "the spoiled child of romanticism," showing plainly the Byronic imprint, with his poignant, sometimes mocking, but often exquisitely harmonious verses.

The characteristics of the romantic poets, as a group, may be summed up thus: — All were natural singers, though each had his own particular note. They wrote poetry, not as a polite exercise, not to please a circle of acquaintances, but because it was the inevitable outpouring of what was in them. Technically, although Hugo and Musset could boast of the daring they had shown in handling the familiar Alexandrine measure, and in introducing unusual turns of expression, they were not great innovators. They used much more varied rhythms than their classical predecessors, they introduced more freely the recognized devices of "enjambement" (running a phrase over the end of one line into the next) and "dislocation" (the varying of the regular cesura or break near the middle of the line), and they discarded the old belief that some words were noble and fit for poetry, while others were ignoble and unfit. But they never tried to do away altogether with the rules for French versification that were generally accepted in their day.

THE ROMANTIC DRAMA

It was on the stage that the battle between classicists and romanticists waxed hottest. This is as we should expect, for it was in the field of the drama that the French literary tradition was most deeply intrenched. Apart from the uninspired and uninspiring experiments of Nivelle de la Chaussée and of Diderot, and the melodrama, which had grown up at Paris as something beneath the notice of critics, no serious plays had been brought out by Frenchmen since Corneille's day that were not based on the pseudo-Aristotelian canons of tragedy. The subjects, with few exceptions, were drawn from Greek and Roman history; the characters were of noble rank, and uniformly serious — the presence in a tragedy of a comic personage would not have been tolerated for a moment. The unities of action, time, and place were observed, often most slavishly and at the expense of probability. The length of the play was five acts, with the climax usually coming in the fourth. The language was well-suited to declamation, lofty, sonorous, but without familiar touches.

Against this well-established view of the tragic drama, supported by its shining examples in French literature, Corneille and Racine, the romanticists fought for greater freedom in their choice of subjects and in their treatment of

them. In 1822, Stendhal, in his 'Racine et Shakespeare,' declared the classical model to be out of date. The romanticist, according to his rather perverse view of the matter, was merely the author who wrote for the men of his day, while the classicist imitated the successes of previous generations. In 1827, Victor Hugo prefaced to his historical drama 'Cromwell' a manifesto in which he showed the futility of clinging to the rule of the unities, and other schemes for composition. "Every action," he wrote, "has its own peculiar duration and its particular place." Thus he disposed of the restriction of the play to a single spot and a period of twenty-four hours. "Let us take the hammer to the theories and poetical systems," cried Hugo. Any subject, great or small, any character, beautiful or hideous, might be called fit for artistic treatment. The 'Cromwell' preface aroused fierce opposition, and was soon followed by other romanticist pronouncements.

When Alfred de Vigny presented at the Odéon his verse translation of Shakespeare's 'Othello,' in 1829, he was enraged by the interruptions of the classicists, who cried aloud because he had called a handkerchief a handkerchief, and thus used the low word "mouchoir" in a tragic play. When he published the translation, he wrote for it an introduction in which he spoke scathingly of his hidebound critics. But the strife over the two conceptions of tragic fitness reached its culminating point when Victor Hugo's 'Hernani' was played at the Comédie Française in February 1830. On the opening night, the forces of the romantic school in art and literature filled the cheap seats, ready to applaud every violation of the classical rules; their adversaries in the pit and the boxes were equally prepared to hiss and interrupt. The scene, an extraordinary one in the annals of the stage, has been most vividly pictured for us by Théophile Gautier in his 'History of Romanticism' (1874): —

"One look at that audience was enough to show that the performance was no ordinary one, that two systems, two parties, two armies, nay two civilizations (the expression is not exaggerated), were face to face, cordially hating one another as only literary enemies can hate, asking for battle and ready to fall upon each other. The general attitude was bellicose; elbows were stuck out at an angle. It needed only the slightest friction for the quarrel to break out."

And in fact the actors were constantly interrupted by laughter and jeers from the one party and frantic applause from the other. Yet in spite of this stormy reception, perhaps partly because of it, 'Hernani' was a success, and with it the romantic drama triumphed, at least for the time being.

ROMANTIC FICTION

In the sphere of the novel, the romantic tendencies worked themselves out in two directions. First, the novel of analysis appeared, depending for its appeal to the reader upon the careful recording of the central character's various

states of mind. Benjamin Constant in 1816 published his 'Adolphe,' a romance founded upon his own experiences. Practically the only development in the book is the steady decline and death of a once-dominant love. Of a similar type are Vigny's novel 'Stello' (1832), and Sainte-Beuve's 'Volupté' (1834). 'Le Rouge et le Noir' (1831) by Stendhal is a far greater achievement than any of these; we can see into the very recesses of young Julien Sorel's mind, as he makes his selfish and calculating way in the world, to meet with disaster in the end.

At the time, however, this branch of fiction was quite overshadowed by the remarkable development of the historical novel. Spurred on by the immense popularity of Scott's tales, French writers turned to the records of their country's great past, and drew from them material which they worked into novels, some of them brilliantly successful. The initial difficulty of this kind of writing — the reconciliation of faithfulness to history with a free use of the artistic imagination — was not always taken so lightly by the French romantic novelists as it had been by Scott himself; Vigny, in his 'Cinq-Mars' (1826), seems to have gone to endless trouble to make his picture of Richelieu and those who conspired against him a correct one. Yet, after all, the permanent bias of his aristocratic views was too strong for him, and the story in places becomes almost a pamphlet in defense of those who tried to overthrow the astute cardinal. Prosper Mérimée, when he wrote his 'Chronique de Charles IX' (1829), did not allow himself to be carried away in this fashion by his interpretation of history; his pageant of the religious wars, the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, and the intrigue of Diane de Turgis and her lover is accurately presented. No philosophical ideas can be made out behind Mérimée's lively tale — the painting is clear, brilliant, and objective. Victor Hugo's vast historical novel, 'Notre-Dame de Paris' (1831), on the other hand, takes as its starting-point such a philosophical conception of the historic past. The story is made to bear this out, not told for its own sake. As a result, although 'Notre-Dame de Paris' will continue to be read for the matchless energy and coloring of its great scenes, it can hardly be called a fair presentation of the period with which it deals.

After Hugo had turned his attention to other forms of composition, the French historical novel languished for a decade, until it fell into the able hands of that prince of story-tellers, Alexandre Dumas the Elder. In his countless tales, of which the series centering about 'The Three Musketeers' (1844) is the best known, Dumas cast away all pretense of reconstructing the past as it really was. He said himself that he regarded history merely as a hook on which to hang his imaginative pictures. Thus the historical novel, after a short existence during which its exponents tried to make it fulfil the functions of both history and fiction at the same time, fell back to the safer, if less elevated, level of the tale of adventure.

THE "CÉNACLES"

During the early days of Romanticism, when the young writers who were setting forth the new conceptions of literature had to face the slashing attacks of the older critics, they drew together into groups; the most famous of these were called by a daring figure of speech the "cénacles" or communions. The first comprised, along with such romantic writers as Alfred de Vigny, Victor Hugo, Emile Deschamps and his brother Antoni, several who were only partly converted from classicism. It had as its center the brilliant, eccentric naturalist, novelist, and poet, Charles Nodier. A few years later (1828) a second grouping took place about the figure of Victor Hugo, now the undisputed leader of Romanticism. This second "cénacle" included only simon-pure romantics: Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, Gérard de Nerval, Alfred de Musset, and others. Its meetings, at which the young authors would read their works aloud or discuss literary and artistic theories, were also attended by a number of painters, sculptors, and musicians. Among these were Géricault, famous for his 'Raft of the Méduse' (1819), a terrific vision of shipwrecked sailors whose contorted bodies load a drifting raft, and Delacroix, whose painting of Dante and Virgil in Hell, when exhibited in 1822, created a tremendous sensation by its fantastic subject, rich coloring, and energy of execution.

THE DECLINE OF ROMANTICISM

By about 1840, the impulse behind Romanticism had spent itself in France. A number of significant events pointed to its exhaustion: in 1834, Lamartine, entering upon a political career, practically gave up poetry; in 1836, Delacroix saw one of his pictures rejected by the Salon, and Alfred de Musset, in a discussion of Romanticism in 'Dupuis et Cotonnet,' showed a tendency to speak satirically of it; in 1837, Alfred de Vigny, disgusted with life, withdrew into seclusion, to publish no more; and in 1840, Sainte-Beuve began his vast work on Port-Royal and Jansenism, and had no time thereafter for polemical writing. Thus the romanticists within a short period saw most of their main props withdrawn. The minor writers of their group fell back, as minor writers will, upon exaggeration and the grotesque, in order to hold their reputation for originality and shock the public into attention. Of the leaders, only Victor Hugo continued indefatigably turning out plays, novels, and poems. But the complete failure of his drama 'The Burgraves' in 1843, coupled with a tragic family loss, discouraged even his optimistic spirit, and he spent the next ten years in silence. When he reappeared before French readers, Romanticism as a living force had vanished from the literary world.

HISTORICAL EVENTS	LITERARY DATES
1805 Nelson destroys French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar. Napoleon beats the Austrians and Russians at Austerlitz	
1806 Napoleon humbles Prussia at Jena	1810–13 Madame de Staël, *On Germany*
1812 Napoleon's Russian campaign a failure	
1814 Napoleon abdicates; Louis XVIII is king	
1815 Napoleon returns, but is finally crushed at Waterloo	1816 Benjamin Constant, *Adolphe*
	1820 Lamartine, *Meditations*
1821 Napoleon dies at St. Helena	
	1822 Vigny, *Poems;* Victor Hugo, *Odes;* Stendhal, *Racine and Shakespeare*
1824 Charles X becomes king on the death of Louis XVIII	1825 Thierry, *Conquest of England*
	1826 Vigny, *Cinq-Mars*
	1827 Hugo, *Preface to Cromwell*
	1829 Hugo, *Orientales;* Mérimée, *Chronicle of Charles IX;* Balzac begins his *Human Comedy*
1830 A revolution overthrows Charles; Louis-Philippe becomes king	1830 Hugo, *Hernani*
1830–47 War with Algiers, ending in victory for France	1831 Hugo, *Notre-Dame de Paris;* Stendhal, *The Red and the Black*
	1835 De Tocqueville, *Democracy in America;* Vigny, *Military Servitude and Grandeur*
1840 Louis Napoleon lands in France, is captured, and imprisoned. He escapes in 1846	1840 Sainte-Beuve, *Port-Royal*
1848 Louis-Philippe is dethroned by a revolution; republic proclaimed	1847 Mérimée, *Carmen;* Lamartine, *History of the Girondists*

LAMARTINE

ALPHONSE DE PRAT DE LAMARTINE was born on October 21, 1790, at Mâcon, on the Saône. The country watered by this river is picturesque and fertile, and the Saône itself is a pretty stream which meets the Rhône at Lyon, and is merged into the impetuous river claimed as their own by the men of Provence. In his 'Confidences' and his 'Raphael' Lamartine gives us his autobiography; somewhat idealized, perhaps, but correct in the main. He speaks with veneration of his father, who lived long enough to see his son become an illustrious man; but he has a perfect devotion to his mother, who was beautiful, noble, and pious, and who communicated to him that sensibility, that generosity, which have inspired his poetical works. His father, however, was an austere soldier, and transmitted to his son that courage which enabled him later to quell the surging masses by his eloquence.

Lamartine's early years were free and happy; he spent some time at a Jesuit college, but when he returned home it seemed to him that in the poetry of Creation, "he read Greek and Latin verses translated by God himself into grand and living images." His favorite authors were Tasso, Dante, Petrarch, Milton, Shakespeare, Chateaubriand, and above all the poems of "Ossian."

Lamartine relates to us in his 'Confidences' his innocent love for Lucy, when both he and the young girl were sixteen years old. Then comes that most charming episode of the poet's life, his voyage to Italy and his love for Graziella, the Neapolitan fisherman's daughter. The simple girl gives her heart to the young stranger: but the latter is obliged to return to France, and a few months later he receives a letter and a small package; it is the last farewell of the dying girl, and her beautiful black locks sent as a memento. Iconoclastic critics have shown that Graziella was not a fisherman's daughter; that she was a shoemaker's daughter, and never sailed with the poet on the blue waters of the Mediterranean. What care we for the truth of Lamartine's story? The creatures of the poet's imagination are more real than any living man and woman; and on the way from Naples to Pompeii, one looks with eager eyes at the fair island of Procida, where Lamartine met Graziella and began his delightful idyl.

It is in 'Raphael' that we must look for other episodes of Lamartine's life. We see the poet at Aix, in Savoy; he saves the life of Julie, and relates this incident in his admirable 'Le Lac.' He loves Julie, and goes with her to the Charmettes, where Rousseau and Madame de Warens had lived; and he pays a just tribute to the woman who gave hospitality and glory to Rousseau, while

the author of the 'Confessions' has degraded her and "has bequeathed shame to her."

As the 'Méditations' had made Lamartine immediately famous, he married a beautiful and wealthy Englishwoman, Miss Marianne Birch, and became secretary of the French embassy at Florence. He was later appointed minister to Greece; but the Revolution of July 1830 interrupted his diplomatic career, and he undertook in 1832 a voyage to the Orient, which he has related in one of his best-written books. He traveled with princely magnificence, in company with his wife and Julia, his only child — whom he lost in the East. The 'Voyage en Orient' is a beautiful work, and may be read with interest even after Chateaubriand's 'Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem.' Lamartine's prose is almost as harmonious as his verses; and the only defect of the book is that the author has colored, with the glamor of his imagination, the description of the places which he visited.

When the 'Voyage en Orient' was published in 1835, Lamartine was already a member of the French Academy, and had written the 'Méditations' (1820), the 'Nouvelles Méditations' (1823), and the 'Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses' (1830). The first-named poems are sad and religious, but are also essentially tender; a hymn to love and the well-beloved. On reading them one feels no despondency: it is a melodious voice which speaks to us of love, of death, and of God, and reconciles us to the idea of death by the idea of God. In the 'Harmonies' we see that it is indeed the religious idea that animates the book; but it is an idea loftier and less tender sometimes than that of the 'Méditations.' The 'Harmonies' may be called a religious epic; it is in some parts the glorification of Jehovah through the marvels of Creation. Ask the oak-tree how it was born: An eagle has caught the acorn fallen from the tree, and has carried it to its nest. Soon the nest rolls along swept away by a tempest, and the acorn falls into a furrow. It is watered by the showers of spring, the seed opens, and the gigantic oak spreads its knotty and powerful boughs over the peaceful flocks in the fields. The worlds which surround us are also the work of Jehovah; and the poet, contemplating the Infinite, is touched with sadness. He asks himself what is life, what is death? and he says that one must regret, on leaving this world, only one thing — love and the woman loved.

In 'Jocelyn' (1836), however, love is conquered by duty. Jocelyn has entered a seminary in order that his sister may have a larger dowry and marry the man she loves. He is on the point of becoming a priest, when he is cast into a grotto on the top of the Alps by the storm of the Revolution. He receives into his wild abode Laurence, whom he believes to be a boy: he loves her after he has learnt who she is, and she also loves him: but he abandons the charming child to answer the call of an old priest, his benefactor. He takes the oath which binds him to God's altar, and Laurence is lost to him. He is at first in despair; but his soul is quieted, and he leads until old age the saintly life of a devoted priest.

In the mind of the poet, 'Jocelyn' was an episode of the great epic in which he intended to show in what way the human soul reaches perfection. 'La Chute d'un Ange' (1838) is the second episode of the poem; but in spite of beautiful verses, we no longer recognize in this work the tender lover of Elvire, of the 'Méditations.' 'La Chute d'un Ange' contains some horrible scenes, and the story is supernatural and uninteresting. However, if Larmartine had completed his epic, he doubtless would have shown us in another episode not the fallen angel, but man elevated by his courage and by his piety, and rising to heaven in the form of an angel. He succeeded better in the 'Last Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' and in the 'Recueillements Poétiques' (1839), where we see the last beam of that poetic sun which had guided so many thousand souls in their route toward the supreme ends — love and religion.

After the 'Recueillements' Lamartine became a historian, a man of action; and he pleaded in his 'History of the Girondists' the cause of the Revolution. His is a most eloquent plea, and his work was received with enthusiasm; although as a history it is not sufficiently based on documents, and is not reliable. The style of the book is entrancing and passionate, and it will live as a work of art, as a masterpiece of vigorous and poetic prose.

The 'History of the Girondists' appeared not long before the Revolution of. 1848; and Lamartine's depiction of the men of 1789 and 1793 exerted a great influence on the men of 1848, who established the second French republic. Such is the magic of Lamartine's style that we excuse the faults of the great Revolution, and exclaim with him: — "That history is glorious and sad, like the day after a victory and like the eve of another combat. But if that history is full of mourning, it is above all full of faith. It resembles the antique drama; where, while the narrator relates the events, the chorus of the people sings of the victory, weeps for the victims, and addresses a hymn of consolation and hope to God."

Lamartine played a very important part in the Revolution of 1848, and during the provisional government he became Minister of Foreign Affairs. During a riot in Paris he opposed the red flag of anarchy and sedition; and speaking to the people from the Hôtel de Ville, he said: — "I shall repulse unto death this flag of blood. . . . The red flag has only been dragged around the Champ de Mars in the blood of the people in '91; the tricolored flag has gone around the world with the name, the glory, and the liberty of the Fatherland!" For a short time Lamartine was the most popular man in France; he saved the country from anarchy in May 1848, and was a candidate for the presidency of the republic. He obtained very few votes, however, and disappeared almost completely from the political arena. France rejected the great poet, the orator and statesman, and elected as President Louis Napoleon, who was soon to throttle the republic and to become Napoleon III.

His political career being practically ended, Lamartine became again a writer. His 'History of the Revolution of 1848' is rather partial; but he gives

in his 'History of the Restoration' an interesting account of the literary salons of the time. During the empire the poet, who had always been prodigal, fell into poverty, and wrote for a living a great many works which have not added to his glory. We may mention, however, 'Généviève,' the 'Tailleur de Pierre de Saint-Point,' and his familiar course of literature, where are to be seen some traces of the exquisite grace of his earlier works; all these appeared in his 'Collected Works' (1860–63). 'Toussaint L'Ouverture,' a drama, has little merit; and Lamartine will remain for posterity the author of the 'Méditations,' of the 'Harmonies,' of 'Jocelyn.' He died in Paris on March 1, 1869. His works are not as popular now as in his lifetime; but he certainly deserves to be ranked among the first of French poets, with Hugo, Musset, and Vigny, and his sweet though not faultless verses will ever be a delight to discriminating readers.

ALCÉE FORTIER

TO MY LAMP

HAIL! sole companion of my lonely toil,
Dear witness once of dearer loves of mine!
My happiness is fled — thy store of oil
Still with clear light doth shine!

Thou dost recall the bright days of my life,
When in Pompeii's streets I roamed along,
Evoking memories of her brilliant strife,
Half tearful, half in song.

The sun was finishing his mighty round;
I was alone among a buried host;
And in the dust my idle glances found
The name of some poor ghost.

And there I saw thee, 'neath the ashes piled;
And near thee, almost buried with the rest,
The impress left there by some lovely child,
The outline of a breast.

Perhaps by thy light did the virgin go
To pray within the fane, now desolate,
For happiness that she should never know —
Love, ne'er to be her fate!

Within the tomb her perished beauty lies:
  Youth, maiden modesty, the dawning love
A mother's tender glance could scarce surprise,
    Fled to the heavens above!

She vanished like the lightning's sudden gleam,
  As one wave by another swiftly borne;
Or as the last hope of some wretch's dream,
    When he awakes at morn!

Beauty is not the idol of the best!
  I was a fool before her feet to lie,
Forgetting that, a stranger like the rest,
    She too must fade and die.

What matter, then, whether she smile or frown?
  My soul would seek the worship that is sure!
It needs a god to triumph, be cast down,
    And after all endure!

Yes, I would tear myself from vain desires,
  From all that perishes and is forgot;
And I would seek, to start my altar fires,
    A hope that dieth not!

The resting eagle is an eagle still:
  Though 'neath his mighty wing he hides his head,
He sees his prey, he strikes it, takes his fill —
    Perchance you thought him dead?

I pity those who thought one ivy-crowned,
  Child of the lyre, born but to touch the string,
Would die inglorious — yield the golden round,
    Live like a banished king.

Never shall weariness make me abjure
  The gifts once prized, and cherished still the same.
My dreams shall summon back the enchantress pure,
    And whisper her dear name.

Her eyes shall watch over my soul at last;
  And when, dear lamp, shall come that mournful night,
When weeping friends behold me fading fast,
    Thy flame shall burn more bright!

That flame has often filled my wondering thought;
  The sacred emblem of our transient breath,
Mysterious power, to man's dull uses brought,
    Sister of life and death!

A breath creates it, at a breath it dies;
  It blots in one brief day a city's name;
Like fate ignored, or held a peerless prize
    Like beauty or like fame.

See how it leaps up with a quick desire!
  A spirit from on high, to earth no friend;
It takes its flight as human souls aspire,
    To seek the unknown end!

All nature slowly to this end is drawn!
  'Tis but a sleep, the so-called death of men:
The fly shall have its day, the flower its dawn;
    Our clay shall wake again.

Do we the secrets of all nature know?
  The sounds of night that on the horizon fail,
The passing cloud that lays the flowers low,
    The will-o'-the-wisp of the vale?

Know we the secret of the nesting dove?
  The cradle whence the tomb has snatched its prey?
What is the mystery of grief, or love,
    Or night that follows day?

Have not the murmuring winds a voice, a mood?
  Is not the leaf a book we cannot read?
The stream that brings us harvest or a flood,
    Has not it too its screed?

Let us not strive the kindly veils to raise
  Till all that we should see, life's end shall show:
Better know naught than into mysteries gaze!
    Better believe than know!

Farewell, my lamp! Blessings upon thy flame!
  While I believe and hope, watch thou o'er me!
If ever prideful doubt my soul should claim,
    May I go out with thee!

ODE TO THE LAKE OF B——

THUS sailing, sailing on forevermore,
Still borne along, to winds and waves a prey,
Can we not, on life's sea without a shore,
Cast anchor for a day?

Dear lake! one little year has scarcely flown,
And near thy waves she longed once more to see,
Behold I sit alone upon this stone,
Where once she sat with me.

As now, thy restless waves were moaning through
The creviced rocks, where they their death did meet;
And flecks of foam from off thy billows blew
Over my dear one's feet.

One night we rowed in silence — dost recall
That night? When under all the starry sky
Was heard alone the beat of oars that fall
In cadenced harmony.

When suddenly, upon the startled ear
Accents unknown to earth melodious break;
And with these mournful words, a voice most dear
Charms all the listening lake: —

"O Time, pause in thy flight! and you, propitious hours,
Pause on your rapid ways!
Let us enjoy the springtime of our powers,
The fairest of all days!

"So many wretched souls would speed your flight,
Urge on the lingering suns,
Take with their days the canker and the blight;
Forget the happy ones!

"But all in vain I try to stay its course:
Time slips away and flies.
I say to night, Pass slowly! and the dawn
Breaks on my startled eyes.

"Let us love, then, and love forevermore!
Enjoy life while we may;
Man has no port, nor has time any shore;
It flees, we pass away!"

She paused: our hearts speak through our ardent eyes,
Half-uttered phrases tremble on the air;
And in that ecstasy our spirits rise
Up to a world more fair.

And now we cease to speak; in sweet eclipse
Our senses lie, weighed down with all love's store;
Our hearts are beating, and our clinging lips
Murmur, "Forevermore!"

Great Heaven! can then these moments of delight,
When love all happiness upon us showers,
Vanish away as swiftly in their flight
As our unhappy hours?

Eternity, the Darkness, and the Past,
What have you done with all you've made your prey?
Answer us! will you render back at last
What you have snatched away?

O lake, O silent rocks, O verdurous green! —
You that time spares, or knows how to renew —
Keep of this night, set in this lovely scene,
At least a memory true!

A memory in thy storms and thy repose,
O lake! and where thy smiling waters lave
The sunny shore, or where the dark fir grows,
And hangs above the wave.

In the soft breeze that sighs and then is gone,
In thy shores' song, by thy shores echoed still;
In the pale star whose silvery radiance shone
Above thy wooded hill!

That moaning winds, and reeds that clashing strike,
And perfumes that on balmy breezes moved,
With all we hear, we see, we breathe, alike
May say, "They loved!"

FAR FROM THE WORLD

FAR from the faithless and the wicked world,
Fly, O my soul! to some deep solitude;
Fly, shaking from our feet the weary dust
Of love, desire, hope, and carking care
Upon the threshold of these deserts wild.

Behold the rocks, the forests, and the shores,
Nature has molded with her mighty hands:
The streams alone have hollowed out these paths;
Their foam alone has touched the river banks
Where never human foot has left a trace.

There seek at last for peace within thyself;
Thy dreams of happiness have been but brief!
Drive them forever far from this retreat;
Love nothing but the blue sky that loves thee,
And of the sun alone ask happy days!

To wounded hearts, nature is ever sweet,
And solitude belongs to wretchedness.
Already peace re-enters my sad heart;
Already life takes up, without a jar,
Its course suspended by the hand of grief!

Translated by Katharine Hillard

ALFRED DE VIGNY

ALFRED VICTOR, Comte de Vigny, is represented in the voluminous literature of his country in the nineteenth century by a mere handful of books: briefly, by two volumes of poetry, 'Poésies Antiques et Modernes' and 'Les Destinées'; by a novel, 'Cinq-Mars'; a comedy, 'Quitte pour la Peur [Let Off with a Scare]; a prose epic, 'Stello'; four tales from military life, 'Military Servitude and Grandeur'; a play, 'Chatterton'; and 'The Journal of a Poet.' And in the resounding fame of great contemporaries and successors in literature, De Vigny's name and this handful of books might have been relegated to the position of a dwindling reminiscence of the past; the fate of long catalogues of successful writers and books of his day. De Vigny's name and work, however, have gained rather than lost luster by the friction of time upon them; and the eulogy pronounced by Théophile Gautier, that he was "the purest glory of the romantic school," is as fresh in its truth today as when it was penned. Of all the romanticists, he remains, to the critical eyes of today, as the most genuine, the most sincere, and the least illogical; in short, as a romanticist by blood, birth, and traditions, not by school or profession of faith.

He was born at Loches in Touraine, in 1797, the last descendant of a once wealthy and distinguished family. Through his mother, he was connected with great admirals and sea-captains; through his father, with courtiers, army officers, and princely seigneurs. Ruined by the Revolution, his parents removed to Paris, where they consecrated their life, and what fortune remained to them, to his education. On the knees of his white-haired father, an old courtier of Louis XV and a crippled veteran of the Seven Years' War, the child learned to know Louis XV, Frederick the Great, Voltaire, and the history of the great campaigns of the past century; and was taught war, he relates, by his father's wounds, by the parchments and escutcheons of his family, by the portraits in armor of his ancestors — the nobility acting the rôle of a great family of hereditary soldiers.

He was barely sixteen when the Restoration opened to him the predestined career, as he saw it, of the sons of France's nobles. He entered the household troops of the king, a company composed of young men of family, all graded as sub-lieutenants. But France, as he says, had sheathed her sword "in the scabbard of the Bourbons": with Napoleon the glory of army life had departed; only the dullness and routine of it remained. To while away the burdensome hours of ennui during his garrison life, the young officer returned to his early and precocious passion for poetry. His haversack library, consisting

of the Bible and a few classics, ministered to him as Muse. In 1822 he published the collection of these first essays in verse — 'Poems Ancient and Modern.' It contained some of his best pieces: 'Moses,' 'The Deluge,' 'The Adulterous Woman.' The following year he published his 'Eloa.' The historical novel of 'Cinq-Mars' (1826) was, however, the maker of De Vigny's reputation in literature. Based upon a fine episode of the reign of Louis XIII, its dramatic interest, the virile strength of its characters, its brilliant coloring, and the elevated purity and elegance of its style and language, insured it a success that has been prolonged until the book has won a secure reputation.

After fourteen years of pacific and inglorious service, during which he attained only to the rank of captain, De Vigny resigned from the army. In Paris he retired into what Sainte-Beuve wittily called "his ivory tower" — a life of seclusion, aristocratic and medieval in its lofty isolation. He emerged but once — in 1842, to take his seat in the French Academy. He died in 1863, leaving ready for publication a volume of poems, 'Les Destinées,' and a collection of personal notes and reflections which was published in 1867 by his literary executor as 'The Journal of a Poet.' This last volume contains some of the most exquisite passages of his writings and of his life: the long painful illness of his mother; his devotion, her death, and his grief; and afterwards, the long years of devotion to his invalid wife.

Placed chronologically by birth between Victor Hugo and Lamartine, De Vigny's intrinsic value as a poet receives its best illustration from the juxtaposition. His originality, as Sainte-Beuve says, "is distinct from both, in its inspiration and filiation: we can connect Victor Hugo and Lamartine with anterior French poetry, but in it we vainly seek the parentage of Moses, Eloa, and Dolorida."

De Vigny's earliest conception of the fatal and sublime gift of genius — condemning man to solitude and sadness, "imprisoning him in his own greatness," as it has been expressed — became his master idea through life. It appeared first in 'Moses,' and reappeared in all his writings, poetry and prose, in different reincarnations; — in the 'Maison du Berger,' idyllic, in love; in 'Stello,' tragic, in the sufferings of the modern poet; the idea reaches its culmination in moral grandeur in 'Military Servitude and Grandeur,' where self-abnegation and virile honor are depicted as the only ransom of greatness, and the price of the happiness of the common mortal.

GRACE KING

MOSES

HE said unto the Lord: — "Shall I ne'er be done?
Where wilt thou still that I my footsteps turn?
Am I to live for aye, great, powerful, and alone?
Give me, ah, give me leave to sleep the sleep of earth!
What did I to thee to be chosen thine elect?
Let now some other stand 'twixt thee and thine!
Some other curb thy wild steed, Israel!
I gladly make him heir to book and brazen rod.
Why needest thou have dried up all my hopes?
Why not have left me man in all my ignorance?
Alas! thou madest me wise among the wise:
My finger showed thy wandering race its path;
I called down fire upon the heads of kings,
And future time will kneel before my laws.

I am the Great: my feet tread nations' necks,
My hand holds generations in its will.
Alas, my Lord! I am great — I am alone:
Give me — ah, give me leave to sleep the sleep of earth!"

ELOA

ON the snowy mountain crown of the hamlet,
The Spaniard has wounded the Asturian eagle
That threatened his white bounding flock.
With bristling plumes, and raining down blood,
The bird strikes upward to heaven, quick as a flash could descend.
Gazing up at his sun! breathing it in with wide-open beak,
As if once again his life to retake from the empire of flame.
In the golden air he swims with great strokes,
Hovers a moment in rest, 'mid the bright darting rays —
But the aim of the man was too sure:
The hot ball burns like a coal in his wound:
His wing drops its shafts, his royal mantle its plumes;
Dispossessed of his heights, his weight bears him down —
He sinks into the snow of the mount, with wild heaving breast;
And the cold of the earth, with its heavy death sleep,
Shuts the eyes that held the respect of the sun.

LAURETTE, OR THE RED SEAL

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THE high road through Artois and Flanders is long and sad. It stretches out in a straight line, treeless and without ditches, through flat countryside which at all times is full of a yellow mud. In the month of March, 1815, I traveled that road, and I had an encounter which I have not forgotten since.

I was alone, I was on horseback, I had a fine white cloak, a red suit, a black helmet, pistols and a big saber. It had been pouring rain for four days and four nights of our march, and I remember that I was singing *Joconde* at the top of my voice. I was so young! The King's household in 1814 had been made up of children and old men; the Emperor seemed to have taken and killed all the others.

My comrades were ahead on the road, following King Louis XVIII; I could see their white cloaks and red suits on the horizon to the North; Bonaparte's lancers, who watched and followed our retreat step by step, from time to time showed the tricolored flame of their lances on the opposite horizon. A cast shoe had kept back my horse: he was young and strong; I urged him on to rejoin my squadron; he started at a brisk trot. I put my hand to my belt, that was comfortably filled with gold. I heard the steel scabbard of my saber ring against the stirrup. And I felt very proud and perfectly happy.

And still it rained, and still I sang. Nevertheless I soon stopped, bored with hearing only myself. And then I heard nothing more except the rain and the feet of my horse floundering in the ruts. The road was no longer paved. I sank in, and had to slow down to a walk. The outside of my big boots was thickly plastered with mud yellow as ocher; inside they were rapidly filling with rain. I looked at my brand-new gold epaulettes that were my joy and my consolation. They were all roughed up by the water. That, to me, was an affliction.

My horse hung his head. So did I. I fell to thinking, and for the first time I asked myself where I was going. I knew absolutely nothing about it. But that did not trouble me long: I was sure that my squadron being there, ahead, there also lay my duty. Because I felt a profound and unalterable calm in my heart, I gave thanks to this ineffable sense of Duty, and I tried to explain it to myself. Having seen at close quarters how unaccustomed hardships were gaily borne by heads so flaxen or so white, how a secure future was so scornfully risked by so many men of happy and worldly lives, and

taking my share in the miraculous satisfaction afforded every man by the conviction that he may slight no debt of honor, I understood that abnegation is easier and commoner than people think.

I asked myself if self-abnegation were not a sense born in us; what was this need to obey and to place one's will in other hands, like a heavy and troublesome burden; whence came the secret happiness in being rid of this load, and how it was that human pride had never revolted against it. I clearly saw this mysterious instinct everywhere binding peoples into powerful groups. But I saw nowhere so completely and redoubtably as in the Army this renunciation of actions, words, desires, and almost of thoughts. Everywhere I observed the usual possible resistance, the citizen showing in every instance a clear-sighted and intelligent obedience which inquires and may stop short. I even saw woman's tender submission cease where evil begins to be imposed upon her, and the law take her defense. But military obedience, passive and active at one and the same time, receiving orders and executing them, strikes blindly, as Destiny of old! I traced the possible consequences of this abnegation of the soldier, without recourse, without condition, and sometimes leading to sinister tasks.

Such were my thoughts as I went along at the pleasure of my horse, knowing the hour by my watch and seeing the road ever stretching out its straight line, without a tree, without a house, cutting the plain to the horizon, like a great yellow stripe on a gray cloth. There were times when the liquid stripe would run over into the liquid ground surrounding it. And when the light, growing a little less pale, would illuminate this sad expanse of country, I could see myself amid a miry sea, following a stream of slime and plaster.

While closely examining this yellow stripe of road, I noticed on it, about a quarter of a mile away, a little black dot that was moving. I was delighted; it was somebody. I did not take my eyes from it. I saw that this black dot was headed, like myself, in the direction of Lille, and that it was zigzagging, which indicated difficult going. I hastened my pace and I gained ground on this object, which lengthened a bit and grew to my sight. I started again to trot on more solid soil and I thought I recognized a sort of small black carriage. I was hungry. I hoped it might be a canteen wagon and considering my poor horse a sloop, I made it stir its oars to reach the blessed isle in this sea into which we sometimes sunk belly-deep.

A hundred paces farther, I clearly distinguished a little cart of white wood covered with three hoops and a black oilcloth. It resembled a little cradle hung on two wheels. The wheels sank in the mud to the hubs. A small mule which pulled it was led with difficulty by a man on foot who held the bridle. I approached him and considered him attentively.

He was a man of about fifty with white whiskers, strong and tall, a bit round-shouldered after the manner of old infantry officers who have carried the knapsack. He wore their uniform, and the shoulder-strap of a battalion

chief might be seen under a little, worn, short, blue cloak. His face was hardened, but good, the kind of which there are so many in the Army. He looked at me sidelong under his heavy black eyebrows, and from his cart he quickly pulled a rifle which he cocked while passing to the other side of his mule, thus making a rampart for himself. Having seen his white cockade, I contented myself with showing the sleeve of my red suit, and he put his gun back in the cart, saying:

"Ah! that's different, I took you for one of those ruffians who are running us down. Would you like to have a drop?"

"Gladly," I said, coming closer; "I have not had a drink for forty-eight hours."

Around his neck he carried a cocoanut, very well carved in the shape of a flask, with a silver neck, of which he seemed to be proud. He passed it on to me and I drank from it a little bad white wine with much good pleasure. I handed him back his flask.

"The health of the King," he said, drinking; "he made me an officer of the Legion of Honor. It is therefore right that I should follow him to the frontier. But alas! as I have nothing but my shoulder-straps for a living, I shall take back my regiment afterwards. It's my duty."

Speaking thus, and as if to himself, he started his little mule, while murmuring we had no time to lose. And being of the same mind, I continued my way a few paces from him. All the time I looked at him without questioning, for I never have liked the gossipy indiscretion quite customary among us.

For about a quarter of a mile we went on without a word. As he stopped then to rest his poor little mule which it hurt me to look at, I too stopped and tried to squeeze out the water that filled my riding-boots like two tubs in which my legs would be soaked.

"Your boots are beginning to stick to your feet," he said.

"I have not had them off for four nights," said I to him.

"Bah, in a week you'll not think of it any more," he returned in his hoarse voice; "it's something to be alone, now, in such times as we are living in. Do you know what I have in there?"

"No," I told him.

"It's a woman."

I said, "Ah!" without much astonishment and slowly continued my way. He followed me.

"That miserable barrow did not cost much," he continued, "nor the mule either. But it's all I need, though this road is a bit longer than the ordinary wig ribbon."

I offered to let him mount my horse when he should feel tired. And as I did not speak other than seriously and simply of his carriage, which he knew was grotesque, he suddenly felt more at ease and, coming close to my stirrup, he tapped me on the knee, saying:

"Oh well, you're a good boy, even though you do belong to the Reds."

I felt, from the bitter tone in which he thus designated the four Red Companies, how much hateful prejudice the luxury and the rank of this corps of officers had caused in the Army.

"However," he added, "I won't accept your offer, seeing that I don't know how to ride a horse, as that is not in my line of business."

"But, Major, the superior officers like yourself are obliged to ride."

"Bah, once a year, at inspection, and then on a hired horse. I have always been a marine, and a foot-soldier since. I don't know how to ride horseback."

He went ahead twenty paces, looking at me sideways now and then, as if awaiting a question. And as not a word came, he continued:

"You're not a bit curious, are you? What I am telling you there should astound you!"

"I'm not easily astonished," said I.

"Oh! nevertheless, if I told you how I quit the sea, we'd see whether you would be or not."

"Well," I rejoined, "why don't you try? It will warm you up, and it will make me forget that the rain is coming in at the back of my neck and does not stop till it reaches my heels."

The good battalion chief solemnly made ready for speech, with all the pleasure of a child. He readjusted the black oilcloth-covered shako on his head, and he gave that shrug of the shoulder no one can produce that has not served in the infantry, that shoulder-shrug the foot-soldier gives to his knapsack to raise it and to ease its burden for a moment. It is a soldier's habit which, when he becomes an officer, becomes a twitch. After this convulsive gesture, he drank another sip of wine from his cocoanut, gave his mule a kick in the rump for encouragement, and began.

THE MAJOR'S STORY

First you shall know, my boy, that I was born at Brest. I began by being a troop-child, earning my half-ration and my half-pay from the age of nine. My father was a soldier of the Guards. But I loved the sea. So one fine night while on leave at Brest I stowed away in the hold of a merchantman bound for India. I was not discovered till out at sea, and the captain preferred making me cabin-boy to throwing me overboard. When the Revolution came I had made headway. Having scoured the seas for fifteen years, I had, in my turn, become the captain of a small merchantman, quite a tidy one.

When the Royal Ex-Navy — good old Navy, upon my word — suddenly found itself without officers, captains were taken from the merchant marine. I had been through a few filibuster affairs — of which I might tell you later — and I was given command of a war-brig called the *Marat*.

On the 28th of *Fructidor*, 1797, I received orders to get under sail for

Cayenne. I was to take out sixty soldiers and one convict left over from the one hundred and ninety-three the frigate *La Decade* had taken aboard a few days previous. My orders were to treat this individual with consideration and the first letter from the *Directoire* enclosed a second sealed with three red seals, in the center of which was one huge one. I was forbidden to open this letter before the first degree latitude north, from 27 degrees to 28 degrees longitude, that is to say, close to the line.

The big letter had a most particular look. It was long and so tightly closed that I could read nothing under the corners nor through the envelope. I am not superstitious, but it scared me, that letter did. I put it in my cabin, under the glass of a bad little English clock nailed over my bed. That bed was a regular seaman's bed, the way you know they are. But what am I saying to you? You're barely sixteen, you can't have seen anything like that.

A queen's chamber cannot be more neatly arranged than a mariner's, and that's said without wanting to brag. Everything has its little place and its little nail. Nothing rattles around. The vessel may roll all it pleases without disarranging a thing. The furniture is made according to the shape of the vessel and the little room it's in. My bed was a chest. When opened I lay in it. When closed it was my sofa and I smoked my pipe on it. Sometimes it was my table and then you'd have to sit at it on little kegs that were in the room. My floor was waxed and polished like mahogany, and shone like a gem: a regular mirror! Oh! it was a fine little room! And my brig was worth while too. Often we'd amuse ourselves in proper style, and the voyage began pleasant enough this trip, if it were not — But let us not anticipate.

We had a fine north-northwest wind and I was busy putting that letter under the glass of my clock when my convict entered my room. He held by the hand a pretty little girl of about seventeen. He was only nineteen, he told me; a handsome fellow, though a little pale and too white for a man. But he was a man just the same, and a man who behaved, when the time came, better than many old men might have done: you shall see. He held his little wife by the arm. She was fresh and bright as a child. They looked like two turtledoves. I liked to see them, I did. I said to them:

— "Well, children! you have come to visit with the old captain; that's nice of you. I am taking you pretty far; but so much the better, we'll have time to get acquainted. I don't like receiving Madame without my coat on; but it's only because I am nailing this big rascal of a letter up there. Would you like to help me a little?"

They were really good children. The little husband took the hammer, and the little wife the nails and they passed them to me as I asked them. And she would say to me: "To the right, to the left! Captain!" laughing all the time, because the pitching made my clock toss about. I can still hear her, with her little voice: "To the right! to the left! Captain!" She was making fun of me. — "Ah!" I said, "you naughty child, I shall have your husband scold

you." Then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. They were really charming, and so we got acquainted. We were good friends at once.

We had a fine passage too. I always had weather made to order. As I had never had any but black faces on board my ship, I had the two lovers come to my table every day. That livened me up. When we had eaten our biscuit and fish, the little wife and her husband would sit looking at one another as if they had never seen each other before. Then I would burst out laughing heartily and make fun of them. They laughed with me, too. It would have made you laugh to see us like three imbeciles that did not know what was the matter with us. It was because it was truly wonderful to see them love each other like that! They were at ease everywhere. Whatever was put before them they thought all right. Yet they were on rations like the rest of us. I only added a bit of Swedish brandy when they dined with me, just a little glass to keep up my rank. They slept in a hammock, where the vessel rolled them like those two pears I have here in my wet kerchief. They were lively and content. I did as you do, I asked no questions. What business had I to know their names and their affairs — I, a water rat? I carried them to the other side of the ocean, as I would have carried two birds of paradise.

At the end of a month I regarded them as my children. Every day, when I called them, they would come and sit near me. The young man wrote on my table, that is to say, my bed. And if I cared to, he would help me make my day's reckoning: very soon he knew how as well as I. Sometimes he amazed me. The young wife would sit herself down on a little keg and start sewing.

One day when they were sitting like that, I told them:

— "Do you know, little friends, that we make a family picture the way we are here? I don't want to quiz you, but probably you have no more money than you need and you are both pretty delicate for spading and digging the way Cayenne convicts do. It is villainous country, that I can tell you with all my heart. But an old sun-dried wolf-hide like me, could live there like a lord. If you feel, as I think you do (without wishing to quiz you), more or less friendly towards me, I would quit my old brig gladly enough. It is only an old tub now, and if you would like, I would settle there with you. I have no more relatives than a dog, and I am tired of being alone. You would make a little company for me. I could help you in many ways. And I have gathered a nice little lot of contraband honestly enough. We would live on that and I would leave it to you when I turn up my toes, as we put it politely."

They kept staring at each other, all amazement, looking as if they could not believe that I was speaking seriously. And the little one ran, the way she always did, to put her arms around her husband's neck, and sat on his lap all red and tearful. He squeezed her tight in his arms, and I saw tears in his eyes, too. He gave me his hand and grew paler than usual. She whispered to him, and her long blonde hair fell loose all over his shoulder. Her chignon had become undone like a cable suddenly untwisting, because she was as lively as

a fish. If you had seen that hair! It was like gold. When they continued whispering, the young man kissing her forehead from time to time, and she crying, I grew impatient.

— "Well, does that suit you?" I said to them at last.

— "But . . . but, Captain, you are very kind," said the husband. "But it is . . . You can't live with convicts, and . . ." He lowered his eyes.

— "I don't know what you have done to be a convict, but you will tell it to me some day, or not at all, if you please. You don't look to me as if you had a very heavy conscience and I am very sure that I have done a great deal more than you in my life, you poor innocents. Just the same, as long as you are under my guard I won't let you loose, and you must not expect it. I'd rather cut off your necks like a brace of pigeons. But once my shoulder-straps are laid aside, I no longer know admiral nor anything."

— "But," he resumed, sadly shaking his brown head which was a little powdered the way it was still being done at that time. — "But I believe it would be dangerous for you, Captain, to seem to know us. We laugh because we are young. We look happy because we love each other. But I have villainous moments when I think of the future, and I don't know what will become of my poor Laure."

Again he pressed the young woman's head against his breast:

— "That is what I had to say to the Captain; is it not the same thing you would have said, child?"

I took my pipe and got up, because I began to feel my eyes getting a little wet. And I don't like that to happen.

— "Come! come!" I said, "all that will clear up presently. If the tobacco bothers Madame, her absence is necessary."

She rose, her face afire and all moist with tears, like a child that has been scolded.

— "After all," she said, looking at my clock, "you people never give it a thought — how about that letter?"

I sensed something that made an impression on me. I felt something like a pain in my hair when she told me that.

— "Good Lord! Most certainly, I had not given it a thought." Ah! my word, here was a nice to-do; if we had passed the first degree north latitude nothing would have been left for me but jump overboard. How happy I must have been to let this child remind me of the big rascal of a letter!

I quickly looked at my sea chart and when I saw we still had a week at least to go, my mind was at ease. But not my heart, and I did not know why.

— "The *Directoire* does not trifle in the matter of obedience!" I said. "Well, I am still in the running. Time has flown so swiftly that I had completely forgotten that."

Well, sir, we remained all three noses in the air looking at that letter as if it were going to speak to us. What struck me particularly was that the sun,

slanting through the skylight, lit up the glass of the clock and made the big red seal, and the other little ones, appear like the features of a face in the midst of a fire.

— "Would not you say that its eyes are popping out of its head?" I said to them to amuse them.

— "Oh! my friend," said the young woman, "they resemble spots of blood."

— "Bah! Bah!" said her husband, taking her by the arm. "You are wrong, Laure. It looks like a wedding invitation. Come and rest a bit, come. Why does this letter trouble you?"

They ran off as if a ghost were pursuing them and climbed on the bridge. I remained alone with that big letter. And I remember that I kept looking at it, smoking my pipe, as if its red eyes had fastened on mine, drawing them the way a serpent's eyes do. Its big white face, its third seal, bigger than the eyes, wide open, yawning like a wolf's mouth . . . all that put me in a bad temper. I snatched my coat and hung it over the clock, to see neither the time nor the dog of a letter any more.

I went to finish my pipe on the bridge. There I stayed till night.

We were then as far as the Cape Verde Islands. The *Marat* ran, before the wind, her ten knots without trouble. The night was the most beautiful I have seen in all my life near the tropics. The moon rose on the horizon, large as a sun. The sea cut her in two and became all white like a sheet of snow covered with tiny diamonds. I gazed at the whole scene, smoking, seated on my bench. The officer on duty and the sailors said nothing and watched, like myself, the shadow of the brig on the water. I was content to hear nothing. I love silence and order, I do. I had forbidden all noises and all lights. Nevertheless, I caught sight of a small red line almost beneath my feet. I might well have flown into a rage about that right away. But as it was my little convicts, I wanted to make sure what they were doing before getting angry. All I had to do was to bend down and I could see, through the big hatch, into their little room. And I looked.

The young wife was on her knees saying her prayers. There was a little lamp shining on her. She was in her nightrobe. I could see, from above, her bare shoulders, her little naked feet, and her long blonde hair all dishevelled. I thought of drawing back, but I said to myself: — Bah! an old soldier, what does it matter? And I kept looking.

Her husband was sitting on a little trunk, his head on his hands, and watched her praying. She lifted her head as if to heaven and I saw her big blue eyes were moist like a Magdalene's. While she prayed he took the ends of her long hair and kissed them without making a noise. When she was finished she made the sign of the cross and smiled with a look as though entering Paradise. I saw that he, like her, made a sign of the cross, but as if he were ashamed of it. As a matter of fact it is a strange thing for a man to do.

She stood upright, embraced him, and stretched out first in the hammock, in which he laid her without a word, the way a child is laid into a swinging cradle. It was suffocatingly hot. She felt herself pleasantly rocked by the motion of the vessel and seemed already to be falling asleep. Her little white feet were crossed and raised on a level with her head and all her body was wrapped in her long white gown. She was very lovely.

— "My dear," she said drowsily, "aren't you sleepy? It is very late, you know."

He remained, his head buried in his hands, without answering. That troubled her a bit, good little thing, and she stuck her pretty head outside the hammock, like a bird out of its nest, and looked at him with half open mouth, not daring to say more.

Finally he said to her:

— "My dear Laure, the closer we come to America, the less can I help becoming sad. I don't know why. It seems to me that the happiest time of our life shall have been the time of this crossing."

— "So it seems to me," she said. "I would like never to arrive at all."

He looked at her, clenching his hands, with a rapture you cannot imagine.

— "And yet, my angel, you always weep when you pray to God," he said. "That grieves me a great deal, for well I know of whom you are thinking, and I fancy you regret what you have done."

— "I? Regret?" she said with a pained look. "I regret having followed you, dear! Do you believe that for having belonged to you so little, I have loved you less? Is one not a woman, does one not know her duties at seventeen? Did not my mother and my sisters say it was my duty to follow you to Guiana? Did they not say that there was nothing surprising in that? I only wonder that you have been touched by it, dear; it is all so natural. And now I don't know how you can believe that I regret a thing, when I am with you to help you live, or to die with you when you die."

All this she said in a voice so sweet that you would have believed it was music. I was greatly moved by it, and I said to myself:

— "You fine little woman!"

The young man fell to sighing and tapping with his foot while kissing the beautiful hand and the bare arms she stretched out to him.

— "Oh! Laurette, my Laurette!" he said, "when I think that, had we delayed our wedding four days, I would have been arrested alone and would have left all alone, I cannot forgive myself!"

Then the little beauty leaned out of the hammock, both her pretty white arms bare to the shoulder, and caressed his forehead, his hair and his eyes, enfolding his head as if to take it in her breast. She smiled like a child, and crooned a lot of little woman talk to him, the like of which I had never heard. She closed his mouth with her fingers in order to speak alone. Cuddling him and taking her long hair for a kerchief to wipe his eyes, she said:

—"Isn't it much better to have a woman with you who loves you, dear? I am very glad to go to Cayenne. I will see savages, and cocoanut-trees like those of 'Paul and Virginia,' won't I? We will each plant our own. We will see who is the better gardener. We will build us a tiny house for two. I shall work all day and all night, if you want me to. I am strong. Look, see my arms; look, I could almost lift you. Don't make fun of me. I can embroider very well, besides. And is there not a town somewhere there where embroiderers are needed? I will give drawing and music lessons too, if people want them. And if people can read there, you will write."

I recall that the poor boy was so desperate that he cried out loud when she said that.

—"Write!" he cried. "Write!"

And he clutched his right hand with the left one, squeezing it at the wrist.

—"Ah! write! why have I ever been able to write! Writing! why, it's a fool's job! . . . I believed in their liberty of the press! Where was my mind? And why? Just to print five or six poor, mediocre enough ideas, read only by those who care for them, flung into the fire by those who hate them, and no good except to have us persecuted! Personally it matters little! But you, beautiful angel, become a woman barely four days before! What had you done? Explain to me, I beg of you, how I have permitted you to be good to the extent of following me here? Do you even know where you are, poor little thing? And where you are going, do you know? Very soon, dear child, you will be thousands of miles away from your mother and your sisters . . . and for me! All for me!"

She hid her face in the hammock for a moment. And I, from above, I could see that she was crying. But he down below did not see her face. And when she peeped out of the cloth, it was smilingly, to give him cheer.

—"True, we are not rich right now," she said, bursting out laughing. "Look, my purse, I have only a single louis left. And you?"

He, too, began to laugh like a child: —"My word, I had a crown left, but I gave it to the little boy who carried your trunk."

—"Ah, bah! What does it matter?" she said, snapping her little white fingers like castanets; "people are never gayer than when they have nothing. And have I not in reserve two diamond rings my mother gave me? Those are good anywhere you wish. Moreover, I believe that good captain fellow does not just talk of his good intentions towards us, and that he knows very well what is in the letter. It is sure to be a recommendation for us to the Governor of Cayenne."

—"Perhaps," he answered; "who knows?"

—"Surely it is," cried his little wife; "you are so good that I am sure the Government has exiled you for a little while, but holds nothing against you."

She had said that so well, calling me that good captain fellow, that I was completely moved and softened by it. And in my heart, I even rejoiced over

what she had perhaps rightly guessed about the sealed letter. They began to embrace each other again. I stamped my foot impatiently on the deck to make them stop.

I shouted at them:

— "Here! look you, my young friends, orders are to put out all lights on the ship. Blow out your lamp, if you please."

They blew out the lamp, and I heard them laugh and chatter very softly in the shadows like school children. I resumed my walking alone on my deck, smoking my pipe. All the stars of the tropics were at their posts, big as little moons. I gazed at them, breathing the air, which smelled fresh and good.

I kept telling myself that those good little ones surely had guessed the truth, and I was all cheered up about it. It was safe to bet that one of the five *Directeurs* had thought better of it and recommended them to me. I did not exactly explain to myself why, because there are affairs of State that I have never understood. But anyway that was what I believed, and without knowing why, I was content.

I descended to my cabin and went to look at the letter under my old uniform. It had another face. It seemed to me it was laughing and its seals appeared rose-colored. I no longer doubted its good-will and I made a little sign of friendship at it.

Nevertheless, I replaced my uniform coat over it. It annoyed me.

We forgot to look at it for several days, and we were gay. But when we neared the first degree latitude, we began to stop talking.

One fine morning I woke quite astonished at feeling no motion of the ship at all. I really never sleep except with one eye, as the saying goes, and as the rolling could not be felt, I opened both eyes. We had struck a dead calm, and it was under the first degree north latitude and at 27 degrees longitude. I stuck my nose out on the bridge. The sea was smooth as a bowl of oil. All the spread sails fell glued to the masts like collapsed balloons. I said right away: — "I will have time to read you all right," looking across in the direction of the letter. I waited till evening, at sundown. Yet I had to come to it. I opened the clock and I quickly drew from it the sealed letter. Well, dear sir, I kept it in my hand for a quarter of an hour; I could not yet read it. Finally I told myself: — "This is too silly!" and I broke the three seals with one stroke of my thumb. And the big red seal I crushed to dust. After having read, I rubbed my eyes, believing I was mistaken.

I reread the letter entirely. I read it again. I started all over, beginning at the last line and going up to the first. I did not believe it. My legs wobbled a bit under me; I sat down. There was a kind of twitching in the skin of my face. I rubbed my cheeks a little with rum. I put some in the hollow of my hands. I pitied myself to be as silly as all that. But that was only for an instant. I went up to take the air.

Laurette was so beautiful that day that I would not go near her: she wore a little white dress, very simple, arms bare to the neck, and her splendid thick hair fell the way she always wore it. She amused herself by dipping in the seas her other dress at the end of a rope, laughing as she tried to get hold of the wrack, a seaweed resembling bunches of grapes, which floats on the waters in the Tropics.

— "Come and look at the grapes! Come quickly!" she cried. And her husband leaned on her, and bent over, and never looked at the water, because he gazed at her with a deep tenderness.

I signalled the young man to come and talk to me on the quarter-deck. She turned around. I don't know how my face looked, but she dropped her rope. She grabbed him violently by the arm, and said to him:

— "Oh! don't go to him, he is so pale."

That might well be; there was reason for looking white. Nevertheless, he came to me on the quarter-deck. She looked at us, leaning against the main mast. We walked back and forth a long time without talking. I was smoking a cigar which tasted bitter, and I spat it out into the water. His eyes followed me. I took his arm. I was choking, on my word of honor, choking!

— "Ah well!" I said to him at last. "Tell me now, my young friend, tell me a little of your history. What the devil have you been doing to those dogs of lawyers who sit back there like a king cut into five? It seems they are very angry with you! It's queer!"

He shrugged his shoulders and hung his head (with such a gentle air, poor boy!) and said to me:

— "Oh, my God! Captain, nothing much really: three vaudeville ditties on the *Directoire,* that's all."

— "Not possible!" said I.

— "Oh, my Lord! yes! The verses were not very good at that. I was arrested on the fifteenth of *Fructidor* and brought to Court, tried on the sixteenth, and condemned to death first, and then to be deported, as a favor."

— "It's queer," said I. "The *Directeurs* are very touchy fellows. For the letter you know of orders me to shoot you."

He did not answer, and smiled, putting up a pretty good front for a chap of nineteen. He only looked at his wife, and wiped his forehead, from which rolled drops of sweat. I had as many on my face, I had — and other drops in my eyes.

I resumed:

— "It seems that those citizens did not care to do for you on land. They must have thought that out here it would not seem so much. But it is very sad for me. For no matter what a fine youngster you are, I cannot excuse myself from the orders. The death-warrant is there, all regular, and the order of execution, signed, sealed and delivered. There is nothing missing."

He saluted me most politely, and blushed.

— "I ask nothing, Captain," he said with a voice as mild as usual. "I

would be distressed to have you fail of your duties. Only I would like to talk a little with Laure, and beg of you to protect her in case she should survive me, which I don't believe."

— "Oh, as to that, you are right, my boy," I told him. "If it does not displease you, I will take her back to her family upon my return to France, and I shall only leave her when she will not want to see me any more. But, to my mind, you may be certain that she will never recover from the blow. Poor little woman!"

He took both my hands, pressed them, and said to me:

— "My dear Captain, you are suffering more than I from the task that lies before you. I can easily see that. But what can we do about it? I count on you to keep for her what little belongs to me, to protect her, to see that she receives what her old mother might leave her. May I? To guard her life, her honor, and also that her health is always taken care of. Look," he added more softly, "I must tell you that she is very delicate. Her lungs are often affected so that she may swoon several times a day. She must keep warmly covered always. In short, you will take the place of her father, of her mother and of myself as much as possible, won't you? If she might keep the rings her mother gave her, I would like it very much. But if it is necessary to sell them for her, it will have to be done. My poor Laurette! Look how beautiful she is!"

Now as our conversation commenced to grow tender it bothered me. I began to pucker my eyebrows. I had been talking to him in a light vein so as not to weaken myself. But I could not keep it up any longer. — "Come, enough of that," I told him. "Between brave men all that is understood. Go talk to her, and let us hurry."

I pressed his hand in a friendly manner. And as he did not let go of mine and kept looking at me strangely: — "Ah now! if I may give you a hint," I added, "don't talk to her about that. We will arrange all without her knowing about it, nor you either, for that matter. That is my business."

— "Ah, that's different," he said; "I did not know . . . that will be better, indeed. Moreover, the farewells, the farewells! they weaken."

— "Yes, yes," I told him; "don't be a baby, that will be best. Don't embrace her, my friend, don't embrace her if you can help it, or you are lost."

I gave him another firm handshake and let him go. Oh, it was hard on me, all that was.

Upon my word, it seemed to me that he kept the secret well. For they walked together, arm in arm, along the edge of the deck, and picked up the rope and the dress one of the cabin-boys had fished up.

Suddenly night came. It was the moment I had decided to take. But that moment has lasted for me until this day and I shall drag it through all my life like a ball and chain.

Here the old Major was compelled to stop. I took care not to talk, for fear of interrupting his thoughts. Striking his breast he resumed:

That moment, I tell you, I cannot yet understand it. I felt anger raising my hair and at the same time I don't know what it was that made me obey and drove me to it. I called the officers and told one of them:

—"Come on, lower a boat . . . for we are hangmen now! You'll put that woman in it, and you'll take her out to sea until you hear rifle shots. Then you'll come back." To obey a piece of paper! For it was only that after all! There must have been something in the air that egged me on. I could see this young fellow from afar . . . oh! it was horrible to see! . . . kneeling before his Laurette, and kissing her knees and her feet. Don't you think I was in an awful plight?

I yelled like a madman: —"Separate them . . . we are all scoundrels! Separate them! . . . The miserable Republic is a dead body! *Directeurs, Directoire,* they are the vermin on it! I quit the sea! I am not afraid of all your lawyers. Tell them what I am saying! What do I care?" Ah! I did worry a lot about them, that's a fact! I would have liked to have them in my power. I would have had them shot, all five of them, the rascals! Oh, I would have done it. I worried about my life no more than that water falling there, see . . . I worried a lot. . . . A life like mine . . . Bah! . . .

And the voice of the Major fell lower and lower and became as uncertain as his words. And he walked along biting his lips and puckering his eyebrows in terrible and ferocious distraction. He made little convulsive motions and beat his mule with the scabbard of his saber as if he meant to kill it. What amazed me was to see the yellow hide of his face grow a deep red. He unbuttoned and violently threw open his coat, baring his breast to the wind and rain. We continued walking like this amid a deep silence. I could see that he would talk no more of his own accord, and that I would have to make up my mind to question him.

"I understand," I said to him as if he had finished his story, "that after such a cruel adventure one's profession becomes a horror."

"Oh! the profession! Are you crazy?" he flung at me brusquely. "It is not the profession! Never shall a ship captain be obliged to be an executioner unless Governments of thieves and murderers are come, that take advantage of the habit a poor fellow has of blindly obeying, always obeying, obeying like a miserable machine, in spite of his heart."

At the same moment he pulled from his pocket a red handkerchief in which he burst out sobbing like a child. I stopped a moment to fix my stirrup, and remaining behind the cart, I went on in the rear for a while, feeling that he would be humiliated if I saw his abundant tears too plainly.

I had guessed rightly, for after about a quarter of an hour he too fell in behind his poor carriage, and asked me if I had no razors in my portmanteau. To which I simply answered that having no beard as yet, razors would be quite useless to me. He did not insist; it had been merely to talk of something

else. But I noticed with satisfaction that he came back to his story, for all at once he said to me:

"You have never seen a ship in your life, have you?"

"I have not seen any except in the Panorama at Paris," I answered, "and I have no great faith in the maritime knowledge I have gathered from that."

"Then you don't know what the bowsprit is, do you?"

"I have not an idea," I replied.

"It is a sort of beam projecting in front of the vessel, from which the anchor is thrown into the sea. When a man is shot, he is usually stood there," he added more softly.

"Ah, I understand, because from there he will fall into the sea."

He did not answer and began to describe all the kinds of boats a brig may carry and their disposition about the ship. And then, without order in his ideas, he continued his tale with this assumed callousness, which long service infallibly imparts, because it is necessary to show to his inferiors one's scorn of danger, one's scorn of men, one's scorn of life, the scorn of death and the scorn of oneself. And all this hides under a hard covering, almost always a profound sensitiveness. The hardness of the fighting man is like an iron mask on a noble face, like a stone cell which holds a royal prisoner.

"The lowering of the boat took six men," he resumed. "They flung themselves into it and carried Laure along, before she had the time to cry out or talk. Oh! this is a business no honest man can console himself about when he has been the cause of it. No use talking, such a thing cannot be forgotten! . . . Ah! what beastly weather this is! What devil has made me tell all this! When I tell it, I cannot stop myself, I am gone. It is a story that makes me drunk like the wine of Jurançon. Ah, what rotten weather this is! My cloak is soaked through.

"I was talking to you of this little Laurette, I believe! The poor woman! There are such clumsy people in the world! The officer was fool enough to take the boat in front of the brig. After all, though, it can be truthfully said that everything cannot be foreseen. I had counted on the night to hide the business and I did not think of the flash of the twelve rifles fired in salvo. And, upon my word, from the boat she saw her husband drop into the sea, shot!

"If there is a God above, He knows how the thing I am going to tell you came about. I do not. But it was seen and heard as I see you and hear you. At the moment of fire she put her hand to her head as if a bullet had struck her on the forehead, and sat down in that boat without swooning, without crying, without speaking, and came back to the brig when they wanted and the way they wanted. I went to her, and I talked to her long and as best I could. She seemed to listen to me and looked me in the face, rubbing her forehead. She did not understand, and her forehead was all red and her face all white. She trembled in all her limbs as if she were afraid of everybody. She

has remained that way. She is still the same, the poor little thing! An idiot, or like an imbecile, or crazy, whatever you please. Never a word has been dragged from her, unless it be that she says to take away what she has in her head.

"From that moment on I became as sad as she and I sensed something inside of me which told me: '*Stand by her till the end of your days, and watch over her.*' I have done that. When I came back to France, I requested to be transferred, with my rank, to the land troops. For I had come to hate the sea, because I had spilled innocent blood into it. I searched for Laure's relatives. Her mother had died. Her sister, to whom I brought the insane girl, would have nothing to do with her, and offered to put her in the mad-house at Charenton. I turned my back upon them, and kept her with me."

He paused:

"Ah! my God! if you want to see her, comrade, you have only to say so."

"Could she be inside there?" I asked him.

"Surely! Look! Wait! Whoa, whoa! You mule. . . ."

And he stopped his poor mule, which seemed delighted at my having put this question. At the same time he lifted the oilcloth off his little cart, as if to fix the straw which almost filled it, and I saw something very sad. I saw two blue eyes, huge eyes, beautifully shaped, set in a pale face, wasted and long, over which streamed blond hair, all matted. I really saw only those eyes that were all that remained of this poor woman, for the rest of her was dead. Her forehead was red. Her cheeks, hollow and white, showed bluish cheekbones. She crouched in the straw, so completely covered by it that her knees could only just be seen. She was playing dominoes on them all by herself. She looked at us a moment, trembled a long time, smiled at me a little, and resumed her game. It seemed to me that she was trying to understand how her right hand should beat her left.

"You see, she has been playing that game for a month," the battalion chief told me. "Tomorrow it may be perhaps another game which will last a long time. Queer, is it not?"

Meanwhile he began to replace the oilcloth on his shako, which the rain had mussed up a little.

"Poor Laurette!" I said. "You have lost the game for good!"

Translated by Frances Wilson Huard

MUSSET

THE reader who turns from the poetry of Byron to that of Alfred de Musset, the "enfant terrible" of French romanticism, will inevitably be struck by the similarities of tone between the two. In part this resemblance is due to a deliberate imitation on the part of the French poet, especially in his early poems; in part, however, it is the result of an actual affinity of temperament. The side of Byron's perverse genius which led him to delight in shocking the staid and commonplace minds of many of his compatriots is seen reflected over and over again in Musset. Each was intensely passionate and sensitive, while assuming a pose of aloofness and icy control; each had a marked satirical gift and was ready to laugh at his own foibles as well as those of others; each was frequently slipshod in his versification. Here the resemblance ends: Musset had a purer, more concentrated lyrical gift than Byron; he showed no inclination to launch out into philosophical disquisitions as Byron did; and for the drama he had an aptitude which Byron never acquired.

Born at Paris in 1810, Alfred de Musset came naturally by his literary propensities. His father, M. de Musset-Pathay, was a well-known man of letters, who edited the works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau with much taste and judgment. Alfred early gave evidence of possessing a highly-strung nervous temperament. He was easily led astray, but extraordinarily sensitive to beauty. At school he showed himself a brilliant student, precocious even for a French lad of his time; at the age of eighteen he was already frequenting the romantic "cénacle" of Nodier, and had become the spoiled child of the group. The charming verses, written in 1843, 'Le Salon de l'Arsenal,' recall Musset's pride and pleasure at figuring in the gatherings presided over by Nodier, and later by Victor Hugo.

When a Dijon newspaper published one of his poems, 'The Dream,' it was naturally received with warm praise by Musset's brother poets, and he eagerly entered upon a literary career. In 1830 there appeared his first book, a collection of tales and fantasies in verse, entitled 'Tales of Spain and Italy.' Here many of the qualities characteristic of Romanticism rub shoulders with others peculiar to the author. The traces of Byron are plain in such poems as 'Mardoche,' with its cynical ending, and the taste for rich semi-oriental coloring which had been initiated by Victor Hugo shows itself in Musset's descriptions of Venice and Madrid, though with a certain restraint. But Alfred de Musset alone could have written the whimsical 'Ballad to the Moon,' where the romantic tendency to rhapsodize over nature is exaggerated and parodied in a good-natured fashion.

At the end of 1832, Musset brought out a second volume of poetry, to which he gave the name 'Spectacle dans un Fauteuil,' or 'Arm-chair Show.' The same qualities appear as in the earlier collection, but we have besides a foretaste of what Musset was to accomplish in the field of the drama. 'The Cup and the Lip' is a grim story in dramatic form, showing by some of its swift glimpses of a stormy nature how Musset had been affected by a reading of the Ossianic poems. It lacks the deftness of touch to which is due so much of the charm of his later plays, but shows real tragic power in the handling of Belcolore, the fierce sensual creature whose love for the hero brings about the catastrophe. Another dramatic experiment is 'A Quoi Rêvent les Jeunes Filles' [What Young Girls Dream of], an exquisite little piece of pure imagination, breathing the very spirit of youth.

Shortly after the publication of this book, Musset fell in love with George Sand, the novelist, and the two enacted together a typical story of romantic passion. A visit to Venice, which at first threw both writers into raptures, ended unhappily, and although the lovers were afterwards reconciled, the breach soon widened again, and in 1835 the relations between them came to an end. There can be no doubt that Musset suffered keenly during the affair, but he did not suffer in silence. Besides recounting the whole story under the disguise of fiction in his 'Confession of a Child of the Century' (1836), he filled the numerous poems composed about this time with laments and despairing meditations. It must be said for Musset, however, that he is never noisy and discordant in his grief and disappointment: the four 'Nights,' written between 1835 and 1837, are full of a profound sense of the shaping power exercised by pain upon human character, they are nobly conceived and expressed, and display the gradual calming and clarifying of the passion which produced them. "Nothing makes us so great as a great sorrow," cries Musset in his 'May Night,' and in the 'October Night' he thus sets forth the same conviction, "To live and to feel man has need of tears." To this group of works, perhaps the poet's finest achievement, must be attached the 'Souvenir' of 1841, its natural pendant and conclusion. Here the resignation is complete, and has about it a religious tone, something that Musset had studiously avoided in his youthful writings.

During this period of his life, too, he set forth his complete alienation from the romantic school in a series of satirical sketches in prose, the 'Letters of Dupuis and Cotonet' (1836–1837), the main point of which was that no one could really make out what the various groups of romanticists were driving at.

From 1841 to the year of his death, Musset wrote comparatively little; a few short poems, stories, and plays are the scant harvest of what might have been his richest season. But the fact was that Musset had lived a dissipated life, had presumed upon his early vitality and powers of recovery, and was now paying the price. A kind of intellectual sterility descended upon him, and those acquaintances who had been attached to him only on account of his

literary reputation naturally found little to attract them in the moody, capricious, and exacting man he had become. A few good friends, however, were able to recognize the essential warmth and beauty of his nature; these remained true to him up the time when, prematurely worn out, he died in May, 1857. He was buried in Père Lachaise, and in accordance with his own request, a willow was planted above his tomb.

Yet if these last years of Musset's life were not productive of any extended work of literary genius, they at least saw the recognition of his ability as a playwright. Musset, as we have seen, had tried his hand at the drama very early in his career. Besides the pieces printed in his first volumes of poetry, in 1830 he had brought out at the Odéon a comedy called 'The Venetian Night'; this, largely because of an unfortunate accident to the scenery, was a failure, and its rejection by the public so offended Musset that he vowed never again to write for the theater. The plays he composed after this, in both verse and prose, were mostly published in the Revue des Deux Mondes, where they attracted little attention. Even when the comedies were collected and brought out in 1840, their reception was a chilly one. An accident, however, brought Musset his due. In 1847 a French actress, Mme. Allan-Despréaux, while at Petrograd saw 'A Caprice' played in a Russian translation; she was so taken with it that she determined to add it to her repertory when acting before the Imperial Court. Received with applause by the Russians, the comedy was brought back to Paris in the same year, and immediately obtained a striking success. After this, nearly all Musset's plays were produced and received with enthusiasm. He even went so far as to forget his youthful resolve, and to write two or three especially for the stage. The best-known today are the drama 'Lorenzaccio' (1834), and the delightful comedies, 'The Caprices of Marianne' (1833), 'Fantasio' (1834), 'No Playing with Love' (1834), 'Barberine' (1835), and 'A Caprice' (1837).

As an author of comedies, his chief merits were the ease and gracefulness of his expression, the delicacy with which he analyzed love, in which respect he recalled Marivaux, and the innocent charm of his girl characters. Since most of the plays were written without an eye to their production on the stage, they are free from the hackneyed theatrical devices which fill the scenes of a Scribe. The typical Musset comedy — and they are still highly popular at Paris — is light but not frothy; it comes closest to the high comedy of Shakespeare of anything written in French during the romantic period. Its effects are achieved by a skilful blending of wit and pathos; of the more robust humor of the English playwright Musset has hardly a trace.

Musset's 'Lorenzaccio' is a prose drama based on the history of Florence in her decline; the central character resembles Hamlet in his lack of resolution, but in Lorenzaccio this arises from the knowledge that he is so far gone in vice that nothing he can do can redeem him. The Florentine background is admirably touched in, and altogether the play is one of Musset's masterpieces.

It was not produced, however, until 1896, and even then in an abbreviated and modified form.

As the writer of several short stories Musset achieved a moderate success, but he had not the peculiar gift that made Gautier and Mérimée masters in this field. His 'Croisilles,' 'Mimi Pinson,' 'The Patch,' and half a dozen others are still pleasant reading; the prose style in which they are composed is admirably restrained and direct.

There can be no question that it is as a lyrical poet that Musset will chiefly be remembered. Even his delightful comedies must yield the place of honor to such superb achievements as the four 'Nights,' the 'Stanzas to La Malibran,' and the lines 'To the Evening Star' from 'The Willow.' It is interesting to note that the last-mentioned lyric is largely a paraphrase of a passage from Macpherson's 'Ossian'; but a glance at the original will show how immeasurably Musset has improved upon it. Musset's outstanding poetical qualities are his energy and passion, his rich color and variety, and the haunting melody of his lines. He wrote as he felt, and his poetry reflects every turn of his supple spirit. A certain carelessness as to detail, an unwillingness to polish his lines, may be traced to the belief, common in the romantic period, that care expended on such minutiae would injure the flow of inspiration. But when he rises to the heights of which his nature is capable, these defects vanish, and his utterance becomes equal in harmonious beauty to the finest France has produced.

A. Smillie Noad

VERGISS MEIN NICHT

From 'Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Alfred de Musset.' Copyright 1870, by Hurd & Houghton

REMEMBER! when the morn with sweet affright
Opens her portals to the king of day;
Remember! when the melancholy night
All silver-veiled pursues her darkling way;
Or when thy pulses wake at pleasure's tone:
When twilight shades to gentle dreams invite,
List to a voice which from the forest lone
Murmurs, Remember!

Remember! When inexorable fate
Hath parted finally my lot from thine,
When absence, grief, and time have laid their weight
With crushing power on this heart of mine —

Think of my love, think of my last farewell;
Absence nor time can constancy abate:
While my heart beats, its every throb shall tell,
Remember!

Remember! When beneath the chilling ground
My weary heart has found a lasting sleep,
And when in after time, above the mound,
The pale blue flower its gentle watch doth keep —
I shall not see thee more; but ever nigh,
Like sister true my soul will hover round:
List to a voice which through the night will sigh,
Remember!

FROM 'TO A COMRADE'

THE joy of meeting makes us love farewell;
We gather once again around the hearth,
And thou wilt tell
All that thy keen experience has been
Of pleasure, danger, misadventure, mirth,
And unforeseen.

And all without an angry word the while,
Or self-compassion — naught dost thou recall
Save for a smile;
Thou knowest how to lend good fortune grace,
And how to mock whate'er ill luck befall
With laughing face.

But friend, go not again so far away;
In need of some small help I always stand,
Come whatso may;
I know not whither leads this path of mine,
But I can tread it better when my hand
Is clasped in thine.

FROM 'ON A SLAB OF ROSE MARBLE'

YET, despite myself, I trow
Other destiny was thine:
Far away from cloudy France,
Where a warmer sun doth shine,
Near some temple, Greek or Latin;
The fair daughters of the clime,
With the scent of heath and thyme
Clinging to their sandaled feet
Beating thee in rhythmic dance,
Were a burden far more sweet
Than court ladies shod with satin.
Could it be for this alone
Nature formed thee in the earth,
In whose beauteous virgin stone
Genius might have wrought a birth
Every age had joyed to own? . . .
There should have come forth of thee
Some new-born divinity.
When the marble-cutters hewed
Through thy noble block their way,
They broke in with footsteps rude
Where a Venus sleeping lay,
And the goddess's wounded veins
Colored thee with roseate stains.
Alas! and must we hold it truth
That every rare and precious thing
Flung forth at random without ruth
Trodden under foot may lie?
The crag where, in sublime repose,
The eagle stoops to rest his wing,
No less than any wayside rose,
Dropped in the common dust to die?
Can the mother of us all
Leave her work, to fullness brought,
Lost in the gulf of chance to fall,
As oblivion swallows thought?
Torn away from ocean's rim
To be fashioned by a whim,
Does the briny tempest whirl
To the workman's feet the pearl?

Shall the vulgar, idle crowd
For all ages be allowed
To degrade earth's choicest treasure
At the arbitrary pleasure
  Of a mason or a churl?

FROM 'THE WILD MARE IN THE DESERT'

OFT in the waste, the Arab mare untamed,
After three days' wild course awaits the storm
To drain the rain-drops from the thirsty palms;
The sun is leaden, and the silent palms
Droop their long tresses 'neath a fiery sky.
She seeks her well amid the boundless wilds:
The sun has dried it; on the burning rock
Lie shaggy lions growling low in sleep.
Her forces fail; her bleeding nostrils wide
Plunge eager in the sand — the thirsty sand
Drinks greedily her life's discolored stream.
Then stretches she at length, her great eyes film,
And the wan desert rolls upon its child
In silent folds its ever moving shroud.
She knew not, she, that when the caravan
With all its camels passed beneath the planes,
That, would she follow, bowing her proud neck,
In Bagdad she would find cool stable-stalls,
With gilded mangers, dewy clover turf,
And wells whose depths have never seen the sky.

TO PÉPA

PÉPA! when the night has come,
And mamma has bid good-night,
By thy light, half-clad and dumb,
As thou kneelest out of sight;

Laid by, cap and sweeping vest
  Ere thou sinkest to repose,
At the hour when half at rest
  Folds thy soul as folds a rose;

When sweet Sleep, the sovereign mild,
  Peace to all the house has brought —
Pépita! my charming child!
  What, O, what is then thy thought?

Who knows? Haply dreamest thou
  Of some lady doomed to sigh;
All that Hope a truth deems now,
  All that Truth shall prove, a lie.

Haply of those mountains grand
  That produce — alas! but mice;
Castles in Spain; a prince's hand;
  Bon-bons, lovers, or cream-ice.

Haply of soft whispers breathed
  'Mid the mazes of a ball;
Robes, or flowers, or hair enwreathed;
  Me; — or nothing, dear! at all.

JUANA

AGAIN I see you, ah, my queen —
  Of all my old loves that have been,
  The first love and the tenderest;
Do you remember or forget —
Ah me, for I remember yet —
  How the last summer days were blest?

Ah, lady, when we think of this —
The foolish hours of youth and bliss,
  How fleet, how sweet, how hard to hold!
How old we are, ere spring be green!
You touch the limit of eighteen,
  And I am twenty winters old.

My rose, that mid the red roses
Was brightest, ah, how pale she is!
  Yet keeps the beauty of her prime;
Child, never Spanish lady's face
Was lovely with so wild a grace;
  Remember the dead summer-time.

Think of our loves, our feuds of old,
And how you gave your chain of gold
  To me for a peace-offering;
And how all night I lay awake
To touch and kiss it for your sake —
  To touch and kiss the lifeless thing.

Lady, beware, for all we say,
This Love shall live another day,
  Awakened from his deathly sleep:
The heart that once has been your shrine
For other loves is too divine;
  A home, my dear, too wide and deep.

What did I say — why do I dream?
Why should I struggle with the stream
  Whose waves return not any day?
Close heart, and eyes, and arms from me;
Farewell, farewell! so must it be,
  So runs, so runs, the world away.

The season bears upon its wing
The swallows and the songs of spring,
  And days that were, and days that flit:
The loved lost hours are far away;
And hope and fame are scattered spray
For me, that gave you love a day,
  For you that not remember it.

Translated by Andrew Lang

THE FALSE LOVER

From 'No Trifling with Love'

[Perdican, the youthful and fascinating hero of the play, has been refused by his cousin Camille, who feels so strong a vocation for the cloister that she will not trust herself to secular life and to its possible disappointments. In pique, Perdican cruelly makes love to a simple and credulous village girl,

Rosette, and decides to play the lover before the very eyes of Camille, as a spur to her jealousy and hoping to change her decision.]

Scene: The spring in the wood. Enter Camille *and the* Peasant.

PEASANT. I was taking a letter up to the house for you, miss: shall I give it to you, or carry it to the kitchen, as Lord Perdican told me?

Camille. Give it to me.

Peasant. If you would rather I'd take it to the house, I'll carry it there without more ado.

Camille. Give it to me, I tell you.

Peasant. Just as you like. [*Gives her the letter.*]

Camille. There, that's for your trouble.

Peasant. Thank you kindly: I suppose I may go now.

Camille. If you will be so good.

Peasant. I'm going, I'm going. [*Exit.*]

Camille [*reading*]. Perdican begs me to meet him at the little spring, where I told him to come yesterday to bid me good-by before I go. What can he have to say? Here's the spring, and I am greatly minded to wait. Ought I to give him this second meeting? Ah! here comes Perdican with my foster-sister, Rosette. [*She hides behind a tree.*] I suppose he will send her away; I'm glad not to seem to be here before him. [*Enter* Perdican *and* Rosette; *Camille remains hidden.*] What does this mean? He makes her sit down beside him. Did he ask me to meet him here that he might come and make love to somebody else? I should like to know what he is saying.

Perdican [*loud enough to be heard by Camille*]. I love you, Rosette! You are the one person in the world who has not forgotten the dear old times; you alone remember the past. Share the future with me, dear child; give me your heart: take this as a token of our love. [*Clasps his chain around her neck.*]

Rosette. Do you give me your gold chain?

Perdican. See this ring. Stand up and come to the edge of the spring. Do you see us both reflected in the water, leaning upon one another? Look at your bright eyes near mine, your hand in mine; now see it all disappear! [*Drops the ring into the water.*] See how the image has vanished: now watch it come back by degrees; the ruffled water is growing smooth again, but it trembles still, and great circles are spreading over the surface: have patience and we shall see ourselves again; I can make out your arm linked in mine, already; in another minute there will not be a wrinkle on your pretty face — see there! It was a ring Camille gave me.

Camille. He has thrown my ring into the water!

Perdican. Do you know what love is, Rosette? Listen: the wind is hushed, the morning's shower is rolling in great diamonds off the leaves, which are

reviving in the sunshine. I love you! You love me too, do you not? Your youth has not been dried up; nobody has infused the dregs of their veins into your rosy life current. *You* don't want to be a nun; here you are, fresh and lovely, with a young man's arm around you! O Rosette, do you know what love is?

Rosette. Alas, your Lordship is very learned; but I will love you as well as I know how!

Perdican. Yes, as well as you know how; and learned as I am, and rustic as you are, you will love me better than one of those pale statues manufactured by the nuns, with a head instead of a heart, who issue from their cloisters to poison the vital air with the damp reek of their cells. You don't know anything; you can't read the prayer your mother taught you, which she learned from her mother before her; you don't even understand the words you repeat as you kneel at your bedside: but you understand that you are praying, and that is all God requires.

Rosette. How your Lordship talks!

Perdican. You don't know how to read; but you know the language of these woods and meadows, these warm banks, yon fair harvest-fields, and of all this glorious young Nature! You know them for your thousand brothers, and me for one of them. Come, let us go; you shall be my wife, and we will strike root into the genial heart of omnipotent creation.

[*Exit with Rosette.*]

Scene: Camille's *apartment. Enter* Camille *and* Dame Pluche.

Camille. You say he took my letter?

Dame Pluche. Yes, dear, he said he would post it.

Camille. Be good enough to go to the drawing-room, Dame Pluche, and tell Perdican that I wish to speak to him here. [*Exit Dame Pluche.*] He has undoubtedly read my letter; that scene in the wood was revenge, and so is all his love-making to Rosette. He wished to convince me that he loved somebody else, and to hide his mortification under a show of indifference. Does he love me after all, I wonder? [*She raises the tapestry.*] Is that you, Rosette?

Rosette [*as she enters*] Yes: may I come in?

Camille. Listen to me, my dear: has not Lord Perdican been making love to you?

Rosette. Alas, yes!

Camille. What do you think of what he said this morning?

Rosette. This morning? Why, where?

Camille. Don't be a hypocrite. This morning at the spring in the wood.

Rosette. Then you saw me!

Camille. Poor little innocent! No, I did not see you. He made all sorts of fine speeches, didn't he? I would wager he promised to marry you.

Rosette. Why, how do you know?

Camille. Never mind: do you believe his promises, Rosette?

Rosette. How can I help it? He wouldn't deceive me. Why should he?

Camille. Perdican does not mean to marry you, my child.

Rosette. Alas, perhaps not!

Camille. You love him, you poor girl. He does not mean to marry you, and I will give you the proof: hide behind this curtain; you have nothing to do but to listen, and come when I call you.

[*Exit Rosette.*]

Camille. I thought to do an act of vengeance, but may it not be one of humanity? The poor child has lost her heart. [*Enter* Perdican.] Good-morning, cousin; sit down.

Perdican. How beautifully you are dressed, Camille! On whom have you designs?

Camille. On you, perhaps. I am very sorry that I could not meet you as you asked: had you anything to say?

Perdican [*aside*]. Upon my word, that's rather a big fib for a spotless lamb! I saw her under the trees. [*Aloud.*] I had nothing to say but good-by, Camille, —I thought you were going; but your horse is in the stable, and you do not seem to be dressed for traveling.

Camille. I am fond of discussion, and I am not sure that I did not wish for another quarrel with you.

Perdican. What object can there be in quarreling when there is no possibility of making up? The pleasure of disputes is in making peace.

Camille. Are you so sure I wouldn't make peace?

Perdican. Don't jest: I am not equal to answering you.

Camille. I want to be made love to! I don't know whether it is because I have on a new gown, but I wish to be amused. You proposed our going to the village: well, I am ready. Let us row; I should like to dine on the grass, or to ramble in the forest. Will it be moonlight this evening? How odd! you have not on the ring I gave you.

Perdican. I lost it.

Camille. So I found it: here it is, Perdican.

Perdican. Is it possible! Where did you find it?

Camille. You are looking to see whether my hands are wet? To tell the truth, I spoiled my convent dress in getting this trinket out of the spring. That is why I put another on, and I tell you it has changed me; so put that ring upon your finger.

Perdican. You got this out of the water at the risk of falling in, Camille? Am I dreaming? Here it is again, and you put it on my finger. O Camille, why do you give me back this sad relic of my lost happiness? Tell me, you foolish and fickle girl, why you go away? Why do you stay? Why do you change every hour like this stone in each new light?

Camille. Do you know woman's heart, Perdican? Are you convinced of her inconstancy, and that she really changes her mind whenever she changes her mood? Some say not. Undoubtedly we are often forced to play a part, even to tell lies — I am frank, you see; but are you sure that everything in a woman lies when her tongue lies? Have you ever reflected on the nature of this weak and undisciplined creature, and on the severity with which she is judged, and the part that she is compelled to play? Who knows whether, constrained by the world to continual deceit, the head of this brainless being may not finally learn to take a certain pleasure in it; may she not tell lies for amusement sometimes, as she is so often forced to tell them for necessity?

Perdican. I understand none of this; I never lie; I love you, Camille, and that is all I know.

Camille. You say you love me, and that you never lie?

Perdican. Never!

Camille. Yet here's somebody who says that accident befalls you occasionally. [*She raises the tapestry, and shows Rosette fainting in a chair.*] What will you say to this child, Perdican, when she asks you to account for your words? If you never lie, why has she fainted on hearing you say that you love me? I leave her with you: try and bring her to life. [*Is about to go.*]

Perdican. One moment, Camille! Hear me!

Camille. What have you to say to *me?* It is to Rosette you must answer. *I* do not love you; I did not seek this hapless child in her cottage to use her as a toy, a foil; I did not recklessly repeat to her the burning words I had addressed to others; I did not feign to cast to the winds the tokens of a cherished attachment, for her sake; I did not put my chain round her neck; I did not promise to marry her!

Perdican. Listen to me! listen to me!

Camille. I saw you smile just now when I said I had not been able to go to the fountain. Yes, I was there and heard it all; but God is my witness that I would not have done as you did. What will you do with that girl now, when, with your kisses still burning on her lips, she weeps and points to the wound you have dealt her? You wished to revenge yourself upon me, did you not, for a letter I wrote to my convent? You were bent on piercing my soul at any cost, not caring whether your poisoned dart wounded this child, if it but struck me through her. I had boasted of having made you love me, and of causing you regret. Did that wound your noble pride? Well then, hear me say it — you love me, but you will marry that girl or you are a poor creature.

Perdican. Yes, I will marry her.

Camille. You will do well.

Perdican. Very well, and much better than if I married you. What excites you to such a degree, Camille? The child has fainted; we can easily bring her to — we only need a smelling-bottle. You wish to convict me of having

lied once in my life, and you have done so; but I think you are rather self-confident in deciding when. Come, help me to restore Rosette. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene: An oratory. Enter Camille, *and throws herself at the foot of the altar.*

Camille. O my God, hast thou abandoned me? Thou knowest that I came hither faithful to thee; when I refused to take another spouse, thou knowest that I spoke in all sincerity before thee and my own soul; thou knowest it, O Father! and wilt thou no longer accept me? Oh, wherefore hast thou made truth itself to lie? Why am I so weak? Ah, wretched girl! I cannot even pray.

Enter Perdican

Perdican. Pride, most fatal of all the counselors of humanity, why have you come between me and this girl? See her, pale and distraught, pressing her face and breast against these senseless stones. She could have loved me, and we were born for one another. O pride! what brought you to our lips when our hands were ready to be joined?

Camille. Who has followed me? Whose voice do I hear beneath this vault? Is it you, Perdican?

Perdican. Fools that we are! We love each other! What have you been dreaming, Camille? What futile speech, what wretched folly has swept between us like a blast from the tombs? Which of us tried to deceive the other? Alas, when life itself is such a painful dream, why seek to fill it with worse ones of our own? O God! happiness is a pearl so rarely found in this stormy sea! Thou hadst given it to us, thou hadst rescued this treasure from the abyss for us; and like spoiled children as we are, we treated it as a plaything. The green path which led us toward each other sloped so gently, and was so strewn with flowers, it vanished in such a calm horizon — needs was that words, and vanity, and anger should hurl their shapeless crags across this celestial path, which would have led us to thee in an embrace! Needs was that we should wrong and wound each other, for we are human! O fools! and we love each other! [*He clasps her in his arms.*]

Camille. Yes, Perdican, we love each other! Let me feel it on your heart. The God who sees us will not be angry: he wills that I should love you; he has known it these fifteen years.

Perdican. Dearest being, you are mine! [*He kisses her; a shriek is heard from behind the altar.*]

Camille. My foster-sister's voice!

Perdican. How came she here? I left her on the staircase when you sent for me. She must have followed me without my knowledge.

Camille. Come this way: the cry came from here.

Perdican. What do I fear? My hands seem bathed in blood.

Camille. The poor child must have overheard us, and she has fainted again: come and help her! Ah, it is all too cruel!

Perdican. No, I cannot go — I am numb with mortal terror. Go, Camille, and try to help her. [*Exit Camille.*] O God, I beseech thee, make me not a murderer! Thou seest our hearts: we are two senseless children who have been playing with life and death. God of justice, do not let Rosette die! I will find her a husband, I will repair the evil I have done; — she is young, she shall be rich and happy. Oh, do not refuse me this, my God! thou canst bless four of thy children! [*Re-enter Camille.*] Well, Camille?

Camille. She is dead. Farewell, Perdican.

From 'Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Alfred de Musset.'
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VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR MARIE HUGO, always mentioned as Victor Hugo, is unquestionably the greatest literary figure of nineteenth-century France. By almost universal consent he is recognized as the greatest French poet; he is one of the greater poets of the world.

He was born in 1802 at Besançon, an old town and fortress of the East of France. His father, Joseph Léopold Sigisbert Hugo, had been a major in the service of the Republic, and later rose to the rank of general; accompanied Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, first to Naples and then to Madrid, when Joseph reluctantly gave up the crown of Naples for the title of King of Spain; and died in the year 1828, a lieutenant-general in the armies of Louis XVIII, King of France. The son was by that time already famous, and was ardently defended and as ardently attacked as the foremost leader in that literary and artistic revolution which has received the name of Romanticism.

He was still very young, only twenty-six, but his name had been before the public for six years — his first volume of verse, 'Odes and Diverse Poems,' having appeared in 1822. From the beginning, readers had been struck by the passionate fervor, the dazzling color, the splendid imagery, and the magnificent rhythm of his lyric utterances. Most of these were qualities that French poetry had not known before, at least till the publications of Lamartine's first 'Meditations' in 1820. While Lamartine at thirty mainly sang of his loves, and turned every sigh of his heart into a harmonious stanza, Hugo at twenty attempted to give to the French people lessons in political philosophy — the man of thirty had lived and suffered, the youth of twenty had merely followed with intelligent and passionate interest the downfall of Napoleon and the coming of the Bourbons.

The small collection published in 1822 grew little by little until 1827, when it appeared in the form and with the title it has preserved ever since: four books of Odes and one of Ballads being collected under the title of 'Odes and Ballads.' The growth of the book is the growth of the man. The author of the first Odes — of 'Moses on the Nile,' for instance — was hardly more than a child; the poet of 1827 was a man, who several times already, conscious of bringing to France a new kind of poetry, had assumed in the prefaces in which he explained and justified it a tone of authority.

The same year that witnessed the completion of the 'Odes and Ballads' saw also the publication of Hugo's first drama, 'Cromwell.' The poet had begun the work with the intention of having the title part acted by the great tragedian Talma, who had accepted it. But Talma died before the drama was

ready, and Hugo then determined to pay no attention to the requirements of the stage, and to make his drama a work for the reading public. In the preface, at once accepted as a manifesto of the Romantic school, he attacks the dramatic system then in vogue, which consisted of a slavish adherence to the rules followed by Corneille and Racine, after the reasons for these rules had long ceased to exist. He especially assailed the rule of the "three unities" — of place, time, and action — affirming his allegiance only to the third rule, unity of action; and at the same time he advocated introducing into the plays what soon came to be called "local color," and invited young dramatic writers to study Shakespeare rather than the masters of the French classical stage.

In novel-writing also, in which Hugo later greatly distinguished himself, he had already manifested his activity. In 1825 he published his novel 'Hans of Iceland,' a weird story; which had been preceded by a tale of San Domingo, full of descriptions of violent passions, 'Bug Jargal.' These two works are to be remembered only as the forerunners of Hugo's great novels of later years, 'Notre-Dame de Paris,' 'Les Misérables,' and 'Ninety-three.'

All this work Hugo had achieved when twenty-six years of age.

In 1829 there came out his second collection of lyrics, 'Les Orientales.' Almost all these poems deal with the East, the bright colors of which he was fond of reproducing. Throughout appears his passionate enthusiasm for the cause of Greek freedom, his fiery lines often under the direct inspiration of Byron. The book created a great deal of discussion, and was warmly defended by its author in the brilliant prefaces to successive editions.

But Hugo was then thinking of the stage more than of anything else. The Romantic school, of which he was now the acknowledged head, was, in spite of some successes won by Alfred de Vigny and Alexandre Dumas, taunted with being unable to produce any dramatic masterpiece. The publication of 'Cromwell,' the performance of which its author himself admitted to be impossible, seemed to justify the taunt. Hugo had to take up the challenge and answer it. This he did in the most striking fashion. The first work he prepared for the stage was his drama, 'Marion Delorme.' It was accepted by the Comédie Française, and was about to be performed, when the ministers of King Charles X bethought themselves that the character of his ancestor Louis XIII was presented in the drama in a way not calculated to increase the public respect for royalty. The performance was forbidden. The manager was almost heartbroken. But within a few weeks, under the excitement produced by the royal government's arbitrary act, the poet wrote his immortal drama of 'Hernani'; full of the passions of love and honor, one of the great poems of youthful enthusiasm for what is lovable and beautiful.

'Hernani' was performed on February 25, 1830, on the last day of the poet's twenty-eighth year. The date is considered one of the great dates in the history of French literature. It is known as the "Battle of Hernani." The advocates of the old and new schools met, determined to give decisive battle

to each other. Applause and hissing mingled; more direct arguments were used; blows even were given and received. On each night the fight was renewed, with this result: that the applause grew stronger every time the play was given, until criticism was finally silenced and drowned under the majestic flow of poetry that came from the lips of Hernani and Doña Sol, Don Carlos and Ruy Gomez de Silva.

'Hernani' presents to us a struggle between a bandit and a king, both in love with the same woman. The king experiences within his own heart a struggle of no mean importance, in which his better nature finally triumphs, when by his election as Emperor he is called to higher responsibilities. The girl who is loved by him and by Hernani, Doña Sol, is also loved by an old uncle, a pattern of nobility and loftiness, and none the less passionate because of his years; so that we have the contrast not only of king and bandit, but also of old age and youth. The poet carries us through the phases best calculated to set off his scenes of love and his contests of passions: the castle of Silva, Charlemagne's tomb, the illuminated palace of the former bandit, now "Don Juan of Aragon," on the night of his bridal feast. But more than any of the features of the plot, which after all is hardly more than a very skilfully constructed melodrama, what caused the success of the play, and makes it one of the masterpieces of literature, is the enchanting poetry of all the love passages. All the joys and all the torments, all the hopes and all the doubts, the triumph and the despair of this eternally young passion, find there melodious expression which remains forever in the mind and ear of readers and spectators. When Hernani and Doña Sol, dying of poison, say — one had almost written *sing* — "Toward new and brighter lights we shall expand our wings. With even flight we set forth towards a better world," we envy their happiness; and in their final embrace, Death disappears under the tread of all-conquering Love.

It need hardly be said that in the construction of his play Hugo departed entirely from the old classical system: there was no unity of time, no unity of place. But he is, it must be admitted, still further away from Shakespeare than from Racine and Corneille. Nothing differs more from the Shakespearean style than Hugo's majestic, harmonious, and dazzlingly rhetorical, metaphorical dodecasyllabic lines. Indeed, the beauties of this play are decidedly more lyrical than dramatic. But the fact remained that a French play which is a masterpiece had been written in a system different from the old one; and the victory had been won for the "new school."

The triumph of 'Hernani' was nothing less than a literary revolution. It was soon followed by a political revolution. In July 1830, the government of the Bourbons, which had been reinstated in France by the victorious foreigners after the defeat and fall of Napoleon, was brought to an end by a rising of the Paris population, enthusiastically applauded by the whole of France. Hugo, who had been in youth a stanch supporter of the Bourbons, had like

many others been estranged, little by little, by the contempt which the Bourbons and the court circles showed for the glorious soldiers of the Revolution and the Empire, and by a succession of arbitrary measures which showed that the spirit of the *ancien régime* was far from dead and still threatened the dearly bought liberty of France. He shared the popular enthusiasm for the Revolution of 1830, hailed it as a promise of greatness for France and of enfranchisement for the people, and returned to his literary labors with a faith in his own powers increased by the ever growing applause of the public.

The thirteen years that followed may be called Hugo's happy years. They were years of remarkable productiveness. In 1831 he published his first great novel, 'Notre-Dame de Paris.' The same year witnessed the first performance of 'Marion Delorme'; and six other dramas — three in prose, 'Marie Tudor,' 'Lucrèce Borgia,' and 'Angelo,' and three, much greater, in verse, 'Le Roi s'Amuse' [The King's Diversion], 'Ruy Blas,' and 'Les Burgraves' — followed each other between 1832 and 1843. In the same period appeared four collections of lyrics, in no way inferior to those that had preceded them: 'Les Feuilles d'Automne' [Autumn Leaves], 'Les Chants du Crépuscule' [Twilight Songs], 'Les Voix Intérieures' [Inner Voices], and 'Les Rayons et les Ombres' [Sunbeams and Shadows]. This alone would suffice for the glory of a great writer. It is only a small part, and assuredly not the highest, of Hugo's magnificent production.

Perhaps the most successful of these works was 'Notre-Dame de Paris,' the great novel often bearing the English title 'The Hunchback of Notre-Dame' — a title to some extent misleading. Quasimodo the hunchback, though undoubtedly a very important character, is certainly not the center of the novel. The bewitching gipsy girl, Esmeralda, plays as important a part in it as he does; and perhaps the same may be said of the terrible priest, Claude Frollo. In Hugo's mind the center of the novel was the church of Notre-Dame itself, as it had been the center of medieval Parisian life: everybody, king and poet, priest and Bohemian, the knight clad in brilliant armor and Clopin Trouillefou the hideous *truand,* Quasimodo the hunchback and La Sachette the bestialized lunatic — in whom there still survives the saintliest feeling of mankind, maternal love — move in and around the majestic building whose uplifted towers carry up to heaven the prayer and lamentation of suffering humanity. The central character is the relentless force under which every human destiny bends: the Fate of the ancients, whose Greek name, Anankè, deciphered by the poet on an old forgotten wall, is taken as title for one of the most astonishing chapters of this prodigious work.

The dramas were not all equally successful. 'Marion Delorme' did not win, and did not deserve, the same popularity as 'Hernani.' 'Le Roi s'Amuse' — the plot of which has become so popular with opera-goers in Verdi's 'Rigoletto,' and with theater-goers under its English name of 'The Fool's Revenge' — was taken from the boards after its first performance, by order of the gov-

ernment, which declared it to be an immoral play. The real reason was that an immoral part in it is ascribed to a king of France, Francis I; a sign that though crowned by a revolution, King Louis-Philippe the citizen king cared more for his crown than for the liberal aspirations to which he owed it.

'Ruy Blas' was a decided success, and with 'Hernani' and 'Les Burgraves' represents the best work that Hugo has done as a dramatist. Like 'Hernani,' 'Ruy Blas' is a Spanish play; that is, the action takes place in Spain, and the characters are Spanish. But there is this difference between the two dramas: that while in 'Hernani' Hugo drew everything from his imagination, in 'Ruy Blas' he made use of a great deal of historical material. The plot itself — the story of the lackey who under an assumed name rises to the highest dignities of the State, and who, filled with the purest love and reverence for the unhappy queen, is rewarded by the gift of her heart — is entirely imaginary; but the picture of the court of Spain under Charles II is in many respects a historical picture. 'Ruy Blas' is perhaps a better constructed drama than 'Hernani,' and yet it does not hold the spectator so powerfully as its predecessor. The reason is that while the love passages are supremely poetical, the situation is too impossible to be made credible. But with all its shortcomings, 'Ruy Blas' remains a beautiful drama, which may perhaps share with 'Hernani' the honor of remaining on the stage long after the other dramas of Hugo shall be known only by the reading public. 'Les Burgraves,' first performed in 1843, was a failure, and though never revived, is a favorite with Hugo's greatest admirers; every year some of its scenes are successfully presented in France by the young men and women who are preparing to enter the dramatic profession.

But for the highest poetical outpourings of Victor Hugo between 1830 and 1843 we must turn to his collection of lyrics. They cover as wide a range of private and public events as anything a poet ever wrote. All the qualities for which Hugo has been praised appear in them, carried to the highest degree. His poems on childhood, a theme which no poet ever treated more felicitously, are especially notable. Later in life, in 1877, he published a volume of verse entirely devoted to children, 'L'Art d'Être Grand-père' [The Art of Grandfatherhood], the heroes of which were his grandchildren George and Jeanne. In the earlier book the children were his own children, Charles and François-Victor, Adèle and Léopoldine — fated all to precede him to the grave save one, whose vanished reason was sadder than death itself. But the greatest poems undoubtedly are those that deal with themes of public interest. On December 15, 1840, under a dazzling sky and through the crispest and coldest air Paris ever knew, the remains of the great Napoleon, given back to France by England, were laid under the dome of the Invalides, giving fulfilment at last to the wish of the Emperor: "I wish to rest on the banks of the Seine, among those Frenchmen whom I have loved so much!" No writer so constantly and fervently joined, or rather led, in this Napoleonic worship as Victor Hugo. The greatness of the man, the greatness of the events, the

contrast between the height of power to which he attained and the depth of misery which succeeded the splendor of his triumphs — all these elements admirably blended with the love of the gigantic, the admiration for contrast and antithesis, the gorgeous imagery which distinguished Hugo's muse.

For nearly ten years after 1843 Hugo, though he wrote indefatigably, published very little. In that year his oldest daughter, Léopoldine, but a few months the wife of a young man of great promise, M. Charles Vacquerie, was with her husband drowned in the Seine, at Villequier. The effect of this calamity was to destroy in the poet, so happy till then, that joy of life which some natures need as much as the air which they breathe. Hugo sought diversion from his grief in the study of public questions and in political activity. Louis-Philippe made him a peer of France; and the people, after the fall of Louis-Philippe and the establishment of the Republic (1848), made him a member of the National Assembly.

There Hugo for a while hesitated between the Conservatives and the Democrats. The savage measures which, after the socialistic insurrection of June 1848, were adopted and enforced by the victorious *bourgeoisie* against the deluded, rebellious, but thoroughly honest and moreover starving working-men of Paris, put a stop to his hesitations. He cast in his lot with the party of mercy, that is, with the advanced Republicans. In their camp he soon became one of the leaders. He early discerned in Louis Bonaparte an ambition which foreboded evil to the republic of which he had been elected president, and in a memorable and fiery oration dubbed him Napoleon the Little.

The military *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, by which the republican constitution was violently destroyed, found Hugo among the citizens most energetically determined to resist by force the violation of the supreme law. He risked his life in defending the rights of the people against the imperial usurper, and after the final defeat of the Constitutionalists had to flee from the country, swearing not to return as long as liberty itself remained an exile from France.

His exile lasted longer than he had expected, but was not an unfruitful one. During the eighteen years 1853–1870 — which he spent first in Brussels, whence he was soon expelled by the Belgian government; then in the Channel Islands, Jersey and Guernsey, where he finally bought an estate, Hauteville House, which became to him a real home — he published a political pamphlet, 'Napoleon the Little,' four great collections of verse — 'Les Châtiments' [The Chastisements], 'Les Contemplations,' 'La Légende des Siècles' [The Legend of the Ages], 'Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois' [Songs of the Streets and Woods]; and three novels, of which 'Les Misérables' is considered one of the masterpieces of the century, the other two being 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer' [The Toilers of the Sea], and 'L'Homme Qui Rit' [The Man Who Laughs].

The chief beauty of 'The Chastisements,' the most perfect production of Hugo's poetical genius, lies in the incredible variety of the book. It is not all political invective against Napoleon the Little: it contains superb pieces of pure narrative poetry, like the 'Memory of the Night of the Fourth,' the simple story of the death and burial of a child killed by a stray bullet of Napoleon's soldiers; comic songs; pieces of poetical fancy, like the 'Imperial Mantle'; weird and severe dialogues between man and his conscience, like 'The Seaside'; humorous dialogues, like 'The Three Horses'; and amid this profusion of minor pieces one composition of truly epic grandeur, 'L'Expiation,' where the greatness of the first Napoleon is contrasted with the unworthiness of his successor.

'Contemplations,' which followed in 1856, is a very different work. The book contains pieces belonging to various and widely distant years of the poet's life. Some pieces are dated 1834, some 1854. It is a record of the poet's inner being. A whole division of the work, 'Pauca Meæ,' consists of pieces devoted to the memory of his dead daughter. Hugo never wrote anything finer, purer, more touching. And in another part of the book we find an 'Answer to an Impeachment,' which is an admirably witty (we had almost said saucy), poetical, and lucid explanation of what he had considered his literary mission to be.

In 1859 he published the 'Legend of the Ages,' or rather a volume containing a number of the pieces which now form, in the complete collection of his writings, a much larger work by the same title. The finest pieces of the 'Legend of the Ages'—'The Consecration of Woman,' 'The First Meeting of Christ at the Tomb,' 'Roland's Marriage,' 'The Little King of Galicia,' 'Aymerillot the Satyr'—belong to the collection of 1859. It is of this book alone that Théodore de Banville, a poet himself, was thinking when he said that nothing finer in French poetry has been written than the 'Legend of the Ages.' Hugo's purpose had been to select in the historical and imaginative life of mankind a number of episodes sketching out the development of the race in the past, and opening some vistas into the farthest distant future. The Bible both in the Old and New Testaments, the traditions of classical Greece, the medieval poems, the heroic deeds of the great discoverers and *conquistadores* of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, provided him with themes, the treatment of which affords a singularly striking combination of his personal gifts with the spirit of his sources of inspiration. In the 'Legend of the Ages' his power of verbal invention and arrangement is almost beyond belief, while yet the expression is always as pellucid as the waters of the purest mountain spring.

The universal applause with which the 'Legend of the Ages' was received was still audible when in quick succession, between April 3 and June 30, 1862, appeared the five parts of Hugo's longest work, his novel 'Les Misérables.' The success of the work was astounding. For the great mass of the reading

public it has a decided superiority over all the other productions of Hugo, in that it is entertaining. Even for one who does not care for Hugo's magnificence of style, or for his striking way of presenting humors and social problems, or for the stream of poetry that runs through everything he wrote, the story told in 'Les Misérables' is as fascinating as anything written by that greatest of amusers, Alexandre Dumas. Jean Valjean — who appears at the beginning of the work as a kind of ticket-of-leave man, who has just served his term in a penitentiary where he had been sent for a theft committed under stress of starvation; who several times builds up anew for himself the modest edifice of a small social position, which each time is thrown ruthlessly down when his antecedents are discovered — passes through so many strange adventures that he who does not want to think need not think, while simply looking upon the succession of incidents. He has no time to be bored. But if he wishes to think, he has social problems placed before him that may well occupy his mind. Are these people, whom society cannot but declare law-breakers, really guilty? Are they responsible for their deeds, or does the responsibility belong elsewhere? Is the real offender the man who performs the deed, or the man who places him in a position where he can hardly escape sinning against the social and moral order? Above all, are not those people to be pitied — that is, miserable, in the full etymological sense of the word?

The other works published by the master during his exile — a collection of verse, 'Songs of the Streets and the Woods,' and two novels, 'The Toilers of the Sea' and 'The Man Who Laughs' — were only indifferently successful, and did not add much to his fame; although there are a few charming poems in the first, some beautiful pages in the second, and in the last a curious idea — that of the man whose disfigured features take the appearance of laughter as soon as he opens his mouth, while he never raises his voice save for the defense of the noblest and loftiest ideas.

A short time after settling in the Channel Islands, the poet's younger son, François-Victor, had determined to undertake a complete French translation of Shakespeare's works. For this translation, which the son carried to completion, and which is a remarkable piece of work, the father wrote an introduction intended to set forth his view of the great English poet's genius, a very brilliant and suggestive performance, which shows how high he might have risen as a literary critic.

Hugo returned to Paris as soon as France was again a republic (September 5, 1870). He spent there the five months of the siege; and at the close of the war the Parisians rewarded him for his stanch opposition to the government of Napoleon III by a triumphant election to the National Assembly, which met at Bordeaux in February 1871, with the sad mission of making peace with the conquerors on the best obtainable terms. He did not stay there long. That Assembly, which was strongly royalist, was hostile to nearly all the ideas which he defended. He was listened to with but scant respect, and he soon resigned

his seat. Before he had time to return to Paris, a terrible domestic affliction added to the sadness which was then, on public grounds, so deep in every French heart. His eldest son, Charles, suddenly dropped dead of heart disease (March 13, 1871). He carried the body back to Paris, there to bear it to the grave on the very day when the insurrection of the Commune broke out (March 18).

He was soon again on foreign soil, but for a few weeks only, witnessing with an aching heart the terrible events in which not a few people thought that the French nation was disappearing forever. What he felt during all these months of public and private suffering he has recorded in a powerful book of poems, 'L'Année Terrible' [The Terrible Year].

Victor Hugo was then nearly seventy years old, but he had become so used to regular work and he preserved such remarkable health that he could not think of rest. He lived about fourteen years longer, and during these fourteen years added no less than ten works to the already long list of his productions. The first to appear was also the most remarkable of the list: his historical romance of 'Ninety-three,' in which, by simply narrating an imaginary incident of the wars of the Revolution against the royalist insurrections in the West of France, he revives again the spirit of that grand and terrible epoch. 'Ninety-three' is certainly a far from unworthy successor to 'Notre-Dame de Paris' and 'Les Misérables.'

The most surprising of these later books was certainly his 'Art of Grandfatherhood'; entirely composed during this period of his life, it shows no decay whatever of his remarkable powers. A collection of poems, it is a glorification of childhood. The book is full of simplicity and sincerity, and equal to the best of the 'Autumn Leaves,' though written more than forty years later. This cannot be said of the second part of the 'Legend of the Ages,' of 'The Pope,' of 'Supreme Mercy,' or even of 'The Four Winds of the Mind'; though the fourth part of the last-named work, the Epic Book representing the statues of Henry IV, Louis XIII, and Louis XIV face to face with the scaffold of Louis XVI, contains some of the most striking passages Hugo ever wrote.

The last works he published were a drama written many years before, 'Torquemada,' and the third part of the 'Legend of the Ages.'

He died on May 22, 1885. His last years had been surrounded by universal admiration, amounting almost to worship. As soon as the republican constitution had been adopted, the city of Paris had elected him one of its senators. The street in which he lived had had its name changed to Avenue Victor Hugo. On February 27, 1881, his entrance upon his eightieth year had been celebrated almost as a national holiday. His death caused national mourning. It was decided to give him obsequies such as no Frenchman had ever had. His coffin was placed under Napoleon's Triumphal Arch, draped in black, and for the first time in nearly seventy-five years Soufflot's Pantheon, again turned into

a kind of French Westminster Abbey, opened its doors for the reception of the illustrious dead.

But though dead, the indefatigable worker had not ceased to produce. His literary executors discovered an enormous mass of unpublished manuscripts almost equal in bulk to that which he had published during his life, and at intervals something new has been added to the list of Victor Hugo's posthumous works: 'The Theater at Liberty' (1886), 'The End of Satan' (1886), 'Things Seen' (1887–1900), and especially 'God' (1891), a remarkable book of poems, are among the works published shortly after his death. There is a definitive edition, prepared by P. Meurice and G. Simon (Ollendorff, 23 vols., 1912); four volumes of correspondence have been published up to the present, in 1896, 1901, and 1909. A number of sketches of travel, collected under the title 'En Voyage,' came out in 1906 and 1910.

ADOLPHE COHN

POOR CHILDREN

From 'The Art of Grandfatherhood'

TAKE heed of this small child of earth;
He is great: he hath in him God most high.
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light bitter world of wrong
They come; God gives us them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering tongue,
And His forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes.
Alas! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power.
Ah! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs,

When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends us clothed about with wings,
And finds them ragged babes that weep!

Translated by Algernon Charles Swinburne

ECSTASY

From 'Songs of the Orient'

I WAS alone beside the sea, upon a starry night,
And not a cloud was in the sky, and not a sail in sight;
Beyond the limits of the world far stretched my raptured eye,
And the forests and the mountains, and nature all around,
Seemed to unite in questioning, in vast and mingled sound,
The billows of the ocean, and the splendor of the sky.

And the golden stars of heaven, in their unnumbered crowd,
With harmonies ten thousand, with voices clear and loud,
Replied, as low they bended down their radiant crowns of flame —
And the blue floods that nought has power to govern or arrest,
Replied, as low they bended down, the foam upon their crest —
'The Lord, our great Creator, His glory we proclaim!'

CHILDREN

From 'Autumn Leaves'

HOW beautiful the child! its smile how sweet!
Its trust unshaken, voice with charms replete,
Brief tears soon changed to bliss;
Gazing around with wondering raptured sight,
The young soul reaching out to life and light,
The lips to meet our kiss.

O Lord, preserve me, and preserve all those
I love — friends, brothers, kin, and e'en my foes
On whom blind fate has smiled —
From seeing summer without flowers arrive,
Cage with no bird, and without bees the hive,
The house without the child.

TO THE COLUMN

From 'Songs of Twilight'

ALAS! alas! keep thy lone tomb,
And keep thy barren sea-splashed rock,
Where thou didst dash thee like a bomb,
To fall with fiery smoking shock!
Thy rugged St. Helena keep,
Where, of thy fortune's proudest steep,
The dazed eye sees the sad reverse;
Keep the still shade thy grave receives,
Beneath thy willow tree, whose leaves
Are scattered through the universe.

There, free from outrage, dost thou sleep,
And, oft aroused thou near dost feel
Those who from rage and sorrow weep —
The red-clad soldiers o'er thee kneel.
There thou, if e'er thou earth reseek,
Shalt see from some commanding peak,
Upon the world of waters pale,
Bound for the rocky sea-girt hearth,
As the true center of the earth,
Ships of each clime, and realm, and sail.

THE TOMB SAID TO THE ROSE

From 'Inner Voices'

THE Tomb said to the Rose,
With the dews thy leaves enclose
What dost thou, Love's own flower?
The Rose said to the Tomb,
Tell me what is the doom
Of hosts thy depths devour?

Said the Rose, of every drop
That in my blooms doth stop
Sweet perfume I distil.
Said the Tomb, I make the souls
My dreaded reign controls,
Angels that heaven fill.

ALL THE WINGED CREATURES I HAVE LOVED

From 'Sunbeams and Shadows'

ALL the winged creatures I have ever loved!
And when, a child, I 'neath the thicket roved,
I from their nests the little birds conveyed —
At first, of reeds I cages for them made,
Where, mid green mosses, I to tame them tried.
Later, I used to leave the windows wide:
They flew not off, or if the woods their choice,
Still they returned whene'er they heard my voice.
A dove and I long lived in friendliness!
Now I the art of taming souls possess.

SINCE SUNK THE JUST WITHIN THE ABYSS

From 'Chastisements'

SINCE sunk the just within the abyss,
The crown to crime delivered is;
Since right and law they all efface,
Since now the boldest silent stand,
Since the dishonor of the land,
In placards, on the walls they place:

Republic! by our fathers wrought,
Pantheon vast with glories fraught,
Thou golden dome in freedom's blue,
Great temple of immortal shades,
Since villainy now escalades
Thy walls the Empire there to glue;

Since all with weakness are beset,
Since they can cringe, since they forget
The true, the pure, the great, the brave,
The indignant voice of history,
Honor, fame, right, nobility,
And those now resting in the grave:

Grief, Exile! — yes, I cherish them.
Mourning be thou my diadem;
Proud poverty my humor fits.
  I love my door, which tempests smite,
  And that grave statue, sorrow hight,
Which haunts my steps, and by me sits.

I cling to my unhappiness —
The gloom wherein I repossess
You, whom my heart and spirit prize —
  Honor, faith, virtue unavowed,
  Thou! liberty! the exile proud;
Thou! great proscribed, self-sacrifice.

I love this island, lone and wild,
Jersey, where England, freedom's child,
'Neath its old flag doth right maintain;
  The gloomy billows, spreading far,
  The ships, that wandering chariots are,
The ocean, that mysterious plain.

Thy gulls, O thou deep sea! I like,
Who, with their sad-hued pinions, strike
Thy waves, and briny pearl-drops throw;
  Who plunge beneath thy giant surge,
  And from the yawning jaws emerge,
As a soul issues from its woe.

I like that solemn rock and drear
Whence the eternal plaint I hear,
Like vain regrets, for aye re-born:
  That each successive night awakes,
  As on the rock the billow breaks,
As mothers for their children mourn.

THE WORST TREASON

From 'Chastisements'

THE deepest infamy man can attain,
  Is or to strangle Rome, or France enchain;
  Whate'er the place, the land, the city be,
'Tis to rob man of soul and liberty —

'Tis with drawn sword the senate to invade,
And murder law, in its own court betrayed.
To enslave the land is guilt of such black dye,
It is ne'er quitted by God's vengeful eye;
The crime once done, the day of grace expires,
Heaven's punishment, which, howe'er slow, ne'er tires,
Begins to march, and comes serene and calm,
With her steel knotted whip beneath her arm.

OUR LIFE TOGETHER

From 'Contemplations'

WHEN we our life together led
On the hillside, now long ago
Where waved the trees, and waters sped,
Where the house hugged the wood below —

She was ten years — thrice ten was I,
I was the universe to her.
How sweet the grass, how clear the sky
Beneath the thick green woods of fir.

My lot she glad and happy made,
My labors light, and blue my sky;
When she "My father!" to me said,
My full heart would "My God!" reply.

'Mid thousand dreams, by fancy wrought,
I heard her prattle, fond and bright;
My forehead shadowed o'er with thought,
Her merry glance o'erflowed with light.

And when her little hand I took,
Like a princess she proudly trod,
And always would for flowers look
And for the poor upon the road.

As others steal she gave her store,
Then would from observation flit.
O! the fine little frock she wore!
Ah, me! do you remember it?

Each evening she beside my light
  Prattled in low melodious strain,
While out of doors the moths of night
  Struck up against the window-pane.

She was like angels of the skies —
  How charmingly she greeted you!
Heaven's grace had placed within her eyes
  The look that could not be untrue.

I was so young when she was born
  To shine upon my destiny;
She was the child of my glad morn,
  The star of dawn that lit my sky.

And when the moon shone calm and clear
  In heaven, in those past days so good,
How did we wander far and near,
  Or in the plain or in the wood!

Then toward the isolated light,
  Which, star-like, in our cottage burned,
By the vale hastening through the night,
  The corner of the wall we turned.

When home regained, with hearts inflamed,
  We told heaven's glories o'er and o'er:
I that young spirit shaped and framed,
  As bees concoct their honey store.

And then how glad she was — how gay,
  Sweet angel, with unspotted mind!
But all these things are passed away —
  Gone like a shadow, or the wind!

VENI, VIDI, VICI

From 'Contemplations'

I HAVE lived long enough, since in my grief
  I walk, nor any arm to help is found;
  Since I scarce laugh at the dear children round,
Since flowers, henceforth, can give me no relief.

Since in the Spring, when God makes Nature brave,
  I see with joyless soul that love so bright;
  Since reached the hour when man avoids the light,
And knows the bitterness that all things have.

Since from my soul all hope has passed away;
  Since, in this month of fragrance and the rose,
  My child! I wish to share thy dark repose;
Since, dead my heart, too long in life I stay.

From earth's set task I never sought to fly:
  Plowed is my furrow, and my harvest o'er.
  Cheerful I lived, and gentle more and more —
Erect, yet prone to bow toward mystery.

I've done my best: with work and watching worn,
  I've seen that many mocked my grieving state;
  And I have wondered at their causeless hate,
Having much sorrow and much labor borne.

In this world's jail, where all escape is vain,
  Unmurmuring, bleeding, prostrate 'neath the shock,
  Silent, exhausted, jeered by felon mock,
I've dragged my link of the eternal chain.

Now my tired eyes are but half open kept,
  To turn when I am called is all I can,
  Wearied and stupefied, and like a man
Who rises e'er the morn, and ne'er has slept.

Idle through grief, I neither deign nor care
  Notice to take of envy's noisome spite.
  O Lord! now open me the gates of night,
That I may get me gone, and disappear.

Translations of Henry Carrington

THE CONSPIRACY

From 'Hernani'

[The scene is the crypt that incloses the tomb of Charlemagne, under the cathedral of Aix-le-Chapelle. It is night. Great arches in Lombardian architecture, with capitals of birds and flowers. At the right of the stage is a small bronze door, low and curved. A single lamp in the gloom, suspended

from the stone ceiling, shows the inscription "CAROLVS MAGNVS." One cannot see to the end of the succeeding vaults, in the intricacy of arches, steps, and columns in shadow. Don Carlos of Spain, aware of the meeting of the conspiring league, of which the outlawed Hernani is a member, has decided (at the risk of assassination) to overhear the plot and to surprise the plotters; not only in their own council but at the moment when he is likely, in spite of their cabal, to be announced as elected Emperor by the firing of three cannon at the command of the electoral college. This extract abridges his somber monologue, giving the beginning and concluding passage.]

DON CARLOS [*alone*]. Forgive me, Charlemagne! Oh, this lonely vault
Should echo only unto solemn words.
Thou must be angry at the babble vain
Of our ambition at your monument.
Here Charlemagne rests! How can the somber tomb
Without a rifting spasm hold such dust!
And art thou truly here, colossal power,
Creator of the world? And canst thou now
Crouch down from all thy majesty and might?
Ah, 'tis a spectacle to stir the soul —
What Europe was, and what by thee 'twas made.
To govern this — to mount so high if called,
Yet know myself to be but mortal man!
To see the abyss — if not that moment struck
With dizziness bewildering every sense.
Oh, moving pyramid of states and kings
With apex narrow — woe to timid step!
What shall restrain me? If I fail when there
Feeling my feet upon the trembling world,
Feeling alive the palpitating earth,
Then when I have between my hands the globe
Have I alone the strength to hold it fast,
To be an Emperor? O God! 'twas hard
And difficult to play the kingly part.
Certes, no man is rarer than the one
Who can enlarge his soul to duly meet
Great Fortune's smiles and still increasing gifts.
But I! — Who is it that shall be my guide,
My counselor, and make me great?
[*Falls on his knees before the tomb.*]
'Tis thou,
O Charlemagne! And since 'tis God for whom

All obstacles dissolve, who takes us now
And puts us face to face — from this tomb's depths
Endow me with sublimity and strength.
Let me be great enough to see the truth
On every side. Show me how small the world
I dare not measure — me this Babel show
Where, from the hind to Cæsar mounting up,
Each one, complaisant with himself, regards
The next with scorn that is but half restrained.
Teach me the secret of thy conquests all,
And how to rule. And show me certainly
Whether to punish or to pardon be
The worthier thing to do.
Is it not fact
That in his solitary bed sometimes
A mighty shade is wakened from his sleep,
Aroused by noise and turbulence on earth;
That suddenly his tomb expands itself,
And bursts its doors — and in the night flings forth
A flood of light? If this be true indeed,
Say, Emperor! what can after Charlemagne
Another do! Speak, though thy sovereign breath
Should cleave this brazen door. Or rather now
Let me thy sanctuary enter lone!
Let me behold thy veritable face,
And not repulse me with a freezing breath.
Upon thy stony pillow elbows lean,
And let us talk. Yes, with prophetic voice
Tell me of things which make the forehead pale,
And clear eyes mournful. Speak, and do not blind
Thine awe-struck son, for doubtlessly thy tomb
Is full of light. Or if thou wilt not speak,
Let me make study in the solemn peace
Of thee, as of a world; thy measure take,
O giant! for there's nothing here below
So great as thy poor ashes. Let them teach,
Failing thy spirit. [*He puts the key in the lock.*]
Let us enter now. [*He recoils.*]
O God, if he should really whisper me!
If he be there and walks with noiseless tread,
And I come back with hair in moments bleached!
I'll do it still.
[*Sound of footsteps.*]

Who comes? who dares disturb
Besides myself the dwelling of such dead!

[*The sound comes nearer.*]

My murderers! I forgot! Now enter we.

[*He opens the door of the tomb, which shuts upon him.*]

[*Enter several men* (Conspirators) *walking softly, disguised by large cloaks and hats. They take each other's hands, going from one to another and speaking in a low tone.*]

First Conspirator [*who alone carries a lighted torch*].
Ad augusta.
Second Conspirator. Per angusta.
First Conspirator. The Saints
Shield us.
Third Conspirator. The dead assist us.
First Conspirator. Guard us, God!

[*Noise in the shade.*]

First Conspirator.
Who's there?
A Voice. Ad augusta.
Second Conspirator. Per angusta.

[*Enter fresh* Conspirators — *noise of footsteps.*]

First Conspirator to Third.
See! there is some one still to come.
Third Conspirator. Who's there?
Voice (*in the darkness*).
Ad augusta.
Third Conspirator. Per angusta.

[*Enter more* Conspirators, *who exchange signs with their hands with the others.*]

First Conspirator. 'Tis well.
All now are here. Gotha, to you it falls
To state the case. Friends, darkness waits for light.

[*The Conspirators sit in a half-circle on the tombs. The First Conspirator passes before them, and from his torch each one lights a wax taper which he holds in his hand. Then the First Conspirator seats himself in silence on a tomb a little higher than the others, in the center of the circle.*]

Duke of Gotha [*rising*].
My friends! This Charles of Spain, by mother's side
A foreigner, aspires to mount the throne
Of Holy Empire.
First Conspirator. But for him the grave.
Duke of Gotha [*throwing down his light and crushing it with his foot*].
Let it be with his head as with this flame.
All. So be it.
First Conspirator. Death unto him.
Duke of Gotha. Let him die.
All. Let him be slain.
Don Juan de Haro. German his father was.
Duke de Lutzelbourg.
His mother Spanish.
Duke of Gotha. Thus you see that he
Is no more one than other. Let him die.
A Conspirator.
Suppose th' Electors at this very hour
Declare him Emperor!
First Conspirator. Him! oh, never him!
Don Gil Tellez Giron.
What signifies? Let us strike off the head,
The crown will fall.
First Conspirator. But if to him belongs
The Holy Empire, he becomes so great
And so august, that only God's own hand
Can reach him.
Duke of Gotha. All the better reason why
He dies before such power august he gains.
First Conspirator.
He shall not be elected.
All. Not for him
The Empire.
First Conspirator. Now, how many hands will't take
To put him in his shroud?
All. One is enough.
First Conspirator.
How many strokes to reach his heart?
All. But one.
First Conspirator.
Who, then, will strike?
All. All! All!
First Conspirator. The victim is

A traitor proved. They would an Emperor choose,
We've a high priest to make. Let us draw lots.

[*All the Conspirators write their names on their tablets, tear out the leaf, roll it up, and one after another throw them into the urn on one of the tombs. Afterwards the First Conspirator says:* —]

Now let us pray.

[*All kneel; the First Conspirator rises and says:* —]

Oh, may the chosen one
Believe in God, and like a Roman strike —
Die as a Hebrew would, and brave alike
The wheel and burning pincers, laugh at rack
And fire and wooden horse, and be resigned
To kill and die. He might have all to do.

[*He draws a parchment from the urn.*]

All. What name?
First Conspirator [*in low voice*].
Hernani!

Hernani [*coming out from the crowd of Conspirators*].

I have won — yes, won!
I hold thee fast! Thee I've so long pursued
With vengeance.
Don Ruy Gomez [*piercing through the crowd and taking Hernani aside*].
Yield — oh yield this right to me.
Hernani. Not for my life! O Signor, grudge me not
This stroke of fortune — 'tis the first I've known.
Don Ruy Gomez.
You nothing have! I'll give you houses, lands,
A hundred thousand vassals shall be yours
In my three hundred villages, if you
But yield the right to strike to me.
Hernani. No — no.
Duke of Gotha.
Old man, thy arm would strike less sure a blow.
Don Ruy Gomez.
Back! I have strength of soul, if not of arm.
Judge not the sword by the mere scabbard's rust.
[*To Hernani*].
You do belong to me.

Hernani. My life is yours,
As his belongs to me.
Don Ruy Gomez [*drawing the horn from his girdle*].
I yield Her up,
And will return the horn.
Hernani [*trembling*]. What, life! my life
And Doña Sol! No, I my vengeance choose.
I have my father to revenge — yet more,
Perchance I am inspired by God in this.
Don Ruy Gomez.
I yield thee Her — and give thee back the horn!
Hernani. No!
Don Ruy Gomez.
Boy, reflect.
Hernani. O Duke, leave me my prey!
Don Ruy Gomez.
My curses on you for depriving me
Of this my joy.
First Conspirator [*to Hernani*].
O brother! ere they can
Elect him — 'twould be well this very night
To watch for Charles.
Hernani. Fear naught: I know the way
To kill a man.
First Conspirator. May every treason fall
On traitor, and may God be with you now.
We counts and barons, let us take the oath
That if he fall, yet slay not, we go on
And strike by turn unflinching till Charles dies.
All [*drawing their swords*].
Let us all swear.
Duke of Gotha [*to First Conspirator*].
My brother, let's decide
On what we swear.
Don Ruy Gomez [*taking his sword by the point and raising it above his head*]. By this same cross —
All [*raising their swords*]. And this —
That he must quickly die impenitent.

[*They hear a cannon fired afar off. All pause and are silent. The door of the tomb half opens, and* Don Carlos *appears at the threshold. A second gun is fired, then a third. He opens wide the door, and stands erect and motionless without advancing.*]

Don Carlos.
Fall back, ye gentlemen — the Emperor hears.

[*All the lights are simultaneously extinguished. A profound silence. Don Carlos advances a step in the darkness, so dense that the silent, motionless Conspirators can scarcely be distinguished.*]

Silence and night! From darkness sprung, the swarm
Into the darkness plunges back again!
Think ye this scene is like a passing dream,
And that I take you, now your lights are quenched,
For men's stone figures seated on their tombs?
Just now, my statues, you had voices loud.
Raise, then, your drooping heads, for Charles the Fifth
Is here. Strike. Move a pace or two and show
You dare. But no, 'tis not in you to dare.
Your flaming torches, blood-red 'neath these vaults,
My breath extinguished; but now turn your eyes
Irresolute, and see that if I thus
Put out the many, I can light still more.

[*He strikes the iron key on the bronze door of the tomb. At the sound all the depths of the cavern are filled with soldiers bearing torches and halberts, At their head the* Duke d'Alcala, *the* Marquis d'Almuñan, *etc.*]

Come on, my falcons! I've the nest — the prey.
[*To Conspirators*].
I can make blaze of light; 'tis my turn now —
Behold!
[*To the Soldiers*].
Advance — for flagrant is the crime.
Hernani [*looking at the Soldiers*].
Ah, well! At first I thought 'twas Charlemagne —
Alone he seemed so great — but after all
'Tis only Charles the Fifth.
Don Carlos [*to the Duke d'Alcala*]. Come, Constable
Of Spain,
[*To Marquis d'Almuñan*].
And you, Castilian Admiral,
Disarm them all.

[*The Conspirators are surrounded and disarmed.*]

Don Ricardo [*hurrying in and bowing almost to the ground*].
Your Majesty!

Don Carlos. Alcadé
I make you of the Palace.
Don Ricardo [*again bowing*]. Two Electors,
To represent the Golden Chamber, come
To offer to your Sacred Majesty
Congratulations now.
Don Carlos. Let them come forth.
[*Aside to Don Ricardo*].
The Doña Sol.

[*Ricardo bows, and exit.*]

[*Enter with flambeaux and flourish of trumpets the* King of Bohemia *and the* Duke of Bavaria, *both wearing cloth of gold and with crowns on their heads, and with numerous followers. German nobles carrying the banner of the Empire, the double-headed Eagle, with the escutcheon of Spain in the middle of it. The soldiers divide, forming lines between which the* Electors *pass to the Emperor, to whom they bow low. He returns the salutation by raising his hat.*]

Duke of Bavaria. Most Sacred Majesty
Charles, of the Romans King, and Emperor,
The Empire of the world is in your hands—
Yours is the throne to which each king aspires!
The Saxon Frederick was elected first,
But he judged you more worthy, and declined.
Now then receive the crown and globe, O King:
The Holy Empire doth invest you now;
Arms with the sword, and you indeed are great.
Don Carlos.
The College I will thank on my return.
But go, my brother of Bohemia,
And you, Bavarian cousin.—Thanks; but now
I do dismiss you—I shall go myself.
King of Bohemia.
O Charles, our ancestors were friends. My sire
Loved yours, and their two fathers were two friends—
So young! exposed to varied fortunes! Say,
O Charles, may I be ranked a very chief
Among thy brothers? I cannot forget
I knew you as a little child.
Don Carlos. Ah, well—
King of Bohemia, you presume too much.

[*He gives him his hand to kiss, also the Duke of Bavaria; both bow low.*]

Depart. [*Exeunt the two Electors with their followers.*]
The Crowd. LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR!
Don Carlos [*aside*]. So 'tis mine!
All things have helped, and I am Emperor —
By the refusal, though, of Frederick
Surnamed the Wise!

[*Enter* Doña Sol, *led by Ricardo.*]

Doña Sol. What, soldiers! — Emperor! —
Hernani! Heaven, what an unlooked-for chance!
Hernani. Ah! Doña Sol!
Don Ruy Gomez [*aside to Hernani*].
She has not seen me.

[*Doña Sol runs to Hernani, who makes her recoil by a look of disdain.*]

Hernani. Madam!
Doña Sol [*drawing the dagger from her bosom*].
I still his poniard have!
Hernani [*taking her in his arms*]. My dearest one!
Don Carlos.
Be silent all.
[*To the Conspirators*].
Is't you remorseless are?
I need to give the world a lesson now,
The Lara of Castile, and Gotha, you
Of Saxony — all — all — what were your plans
Just now? I bid you speak.
Hernani. Quite simple, sire,
The thing, and we can briefly tell it you.
We 'graved the sentence on Belshazzar's wall.
[*He takes out a poniard and brandishes it.*]
We render unto Cæsar Cæsar's due.
Don Carlos.
Silence!
[*To Don Ruy Gomez*].
And you! you too are traitor, Silva!
Don Ruy Gomez.
Which of us two is traitor, sire?
Hernani [*turning towards the Conspirators*]. Our heads
And Empire — all that he desires he has.
[*To the Emperor*].
The mantle blue of kings incumbered you;
The purple better suits — it shows not blood.

Don Carlos [*to Don Ruy Gomez*].
Cousin of Silva, this is felony,
Attainting your baronial rank. Think well,
Don Ruy — high treason!
Don Ruy Gomez. Kings like Roderick
Count Julians make.
Don Carlos [*to the Duke d'Alcala*].
Seize only those who seem
The nobles; for the rest — !

[Don Ruy Gomez, *the* Duke de Lutzelbourg, *the* Duke of Gotha, Don Juan de Haro, Don Guzman de Lara, Don Tellez Giron, *the* Baron of Hohenbourg, *separate themselves from the group of Conspirators, among whom is Hernani. The Duke d'Alcala surrounds them with guards.*]

Doña Sol [*aside*]. Ah, he is saved!
Hernani [*coming from among the Conspirators*].
I claim to be included!
[*To Don Carlos*]. Since to this
It comes, the question of the axe: that now
Hernani, humble churl, beneath thy feet
Unpunished goes, because his brow is not
At level with thy sword — because one must
Be great to die — I rise. God, who gives power,
And gives to thee the scepter, made me Duke
Of Segorbe and Cardona, Marquis too
Of Monroy, Albaterra's Count, of Gor
Viscount, and lord of many places, more
Than I can name. Juan of Aragon
Am I, Grand Master of Avis — the son
In exile born, of murdered father slain
By king's decree, King Charles, which me proscribed.
Thus death 'twixt us is family affair;
You have the scaffold — we the poniard bold.
Since heaven a duke has made me, and exile
A mountaineer — since all in vain I've sharpened
Upon the hills my sword, and in the torrents
Have tempered it, [*He puts on his hat.*]
[*To the Conspirators*].
Let us be covered now —
Us, the Grandees of Spain. [*They cover.*]
[*To Don Carlos*]. Our heads, O King,
Have right to fall before thee covered thus.
[*To the prisoners*].

Silva and Haro, Lara — men of rank
And race — make room for Juan of Aragon.
Give me my place, ye dukes and counts — my place.
[*To the courtiers and guards*].
King, headsmen, varlets — Juan of Aragon
Am I. If all your scaffolds are too small,
Make new ones. [*He joins the group of nobles.*]

Doña Sol. Heavens!

Don Carlos. I had forgotten quite
This history.

Hernani. But they who bleed remember
Far better. Th' evil that wrong-doer thus
So senselessly forgets, forever stirs
Within the outraged heart.

Don Carlos. Therefore, enough
For me to bear this title, that I'm son
Of sires whose power dealt death to ancestors
Of yours!

Doña Sol [*falling on her knees before the Emperor*].
Oh, pardon — pardon! Mercy, sire;
Be pitiful, or strike us both, I pray:
For he my lover is, my promised spouse;
In him it is alone I live — I breathe;
O sire, in mercy us together slay.
Trembling, O Majesty! I trail myself
Before your sacred knees. I love him, sire,
And he is mine — as Empire is your own.
Have pity.
[*Don Carlos looks at her without moving.*]
Oh, what thought absorbs you?

Don Carlos. Cease.
Rise, Duchess of Segorbe, Marchioness
Of Monroy, Countess Albaterra, and —
[*To Hernani*].
Thine other names, Don Juan?

Hernani. Who speaks thus?
The King?

Don Carlos. No, 'tis the Emperor.

Doña Sol. Just Heaven!

Don Carlos [*pointing to her*].
Duke Juan, take your wife.

Hernani [*his eyes raised to heaven, Doña Sol in his arms*].
Just God!

Don Carlos [*to Don Ruy Gomez*]. My cousin,
I know the pride of your nobility,
But Aragon with Silva well may mate.
Don Ruy Gomez [*bitterly*].
'Tis not a question of nobility.
Hernani [*looking with love on Doña Sol and still holding her in his arms*].
My deadly hate is vanishing away.
[*Throws away his dagger.*]
Don Ruy Gomez [*aside, and looking at them*].
Shall I betray myself? Oh, no — my grief,
My foolish love would make them pity cast
Upon my venerable head. Old man
And Spaniard! Let the hidden fire consume,
And suffer still in secret. Let heart break
But cry not; — they would laugh at thee.
Doña Sol [*still in Hernani's arms*]. My Duke!
Hernani. Nothing my soul holds now but love!
Doña Sol. Oh, joy!
Don Carlos [*aside, his hand in his bosom*].
Stifle thyself, young heart so full of flame;
Let reign again the better thoughts which thou
So long hast troubled. Henceforth let thy loves,
Thy mistresses, alas! be Germany
And Flanders — Spain. [*Looking at the banner.*]
The Emperor is like
The Eagle his companion — in the place
Of heart, there's but a 'scutcheon.
Hernani. Cæsar you.
Don Carlos.
Don Juan, of your ancient name and race
Your soul is worthy, [*Pointing to Doña Sol.*]
Worthy e'en of her.
Kneel, Duke.

[*Hernani kneels. Don Carlos unfastens his own Golden Fleece and puts it on Hernani's neck.*]

Receive this collar.

[*Don Carlos draws his sword and strikes him three times on the shoulder.*]

Faithful be;
For by St. Stephen now I make thee Knight.
[*He raises and embraces him.*]
Thou hast a collar softer and more choice —

That which is wanting to my rank supreme —
The arms of loving woman, loved by thee.
Thou wilt be happy — I am Emperor.
[*To the Conspirators*].
Sirs, I forget your names. Anger and hate
I will forget. Go — go — I pardon you.
This is the lesson that the world much needs.

The Conspirators.
Glory to Charles!

Don Ruy Gomez [*to Don Carlos*].
I only suffer, then!

Don Carlos.
And I!

Don Ruy Gomez. But I have not like Majesty
Forgiven!

Hernani. Who is't has worked this wondrous change?

All — Nobles, Soldiers, Conspirators.
Honor to Charles the Fifth, and Germany!

Don Carlos [*turning to the tomb*].
Honor to Charlemagne! Leave us now together.
[*Exeunt all.*]

Don Carlos [*alone*]. [*He bends towards the tomb.*]
Art thou content with me, O Charlemagne?
Have I the kingship's littleness stripped off?
Become as Emperor another man?
Can I Rome's mitre add unto my helm?
Have I the right the fortunes of the world
To sway? Have I a steady foot that safe
Can tread the path, by Vandal ruins strewed,
Which thou hast beaten by thine armies vast?
Have I my candle lighted at thy flame?
Did I interpret right the voice that spake
Within this tomb? Ah, I was lost — alone
Before an Empire — a wide howling world
That threatened and conspired! There were the Danes
To punish, and the Holy Father's self
To compensate — with Venice — Soliman,
Francis, and Luther — and a thousand dirks
Gleaming already in the shade — snares — rocks;
And countless foes; a score of nations, each
Of which might serve to awe a score of kings.
Things ripe, all pressing to be done at once.
I cried to thee — with what shall I begin?
And thou didst answer — Son, by clemency!

THE CHAIN-GANG FOR THE GALLEYS

From 'Les Misérables.' Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Copyright 1887, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

JEAN VALJEAN'S inclination led him, as we have seen, to the least frequented spots, to solitary nooks, to forgotten places. There then existed, in the vicinity of the barriers of Paris, a sort of poor meadows, which were almost confounded with the city, where grew in summer sickly grain, and which in autumn, after the harvest had been gathered, presented the appearance of having been not reaped, but peeled. Jean Valjean loved to haunt these fields. Cosette was not bored there. It meant solitude to him and liberty to her. There she became a little girl once more: she could run and almost play; she took off her hat, laid it on Jean Valjean's knees, and gathered bunches of flowers. She gazed at the butterflies on the flowers, but did not catch them; gentleness and tenderness are born with love, and the young girl who cherishes within her breast a trembling and fragile ideal has mercy on the wing of a butterfly. She wove garlands of poppies, which she placed on her head, and which, crossed and penetrated with sunlight, glowing until they flamed, formed for her rosy face a crown of burning embers.

Even after their life had grown sad, they kept up their custom of early strolls.

One morning in October, therefore, tempted by the serene perfection of the autumn of 1831, they set out, and found themselves at break of day near the Barrière du Maine. It was not dawn, it was daybreak; a delightful and stern moment. A few constellations here and there in the deep, pale azure, the earth all black, the heavens all white, a quiver amid the blades of grass, everywhere the mysterious chill of twilight. A lark, which seemed mingled with the stars, was caroling at a prodigious height, and one would have declared that that hymn of pettiness calmed immensity. In the East, the Val-de-Grâce projected its dark mass on the clear horizon with the sharpness of steel; Venus, dazzlingly brilliant, was rising behind that dome, and had the air of a soul making its escape from a gloomy edifice.

All was peace and silence; there was no one on the road; a few stray laborers, of whom they caught barely a glimpse, were on their way to their work along the side paths.

Jean Valjean was sitting in a cross-walk, on some planks deposited at the gate of the timber-yard. His face was turned towards the highway, his back towards the light; he had forgotten the sun, which was on the point of rising; he had sunk into one of those profound absorptions in which the mind becomes concentrated, which imprison even the eye, and which are equivalent to four walls. There are meditations which may be called vertical; when one is at

the bottom of them, time is required to return to earth. Jean Valjean had plunged into one of these reveries. He was thinking of Cosette, of the happiness that was possible if nothing came between him and her, of the light with which she filled his life — a light which was but the emanation of her soul. He was almost happy in his revery. Cosette, who was standing beside him, was gazing at the clouds as they turned rosy.

All at once Cosette exclaimed, "Father, I should think some one was coming yonder." Jean Valjean raised his eyes.

Cosette was right. The causeway which leads to the ancient Barrière du Maine is a prolongation, as the reader knows, of the Rue de Sèvres, and is cut at right angles by the inner boulevard. At the elbow of the causeway and the boulevard, at the spot where it branches, they heard a noise which it was difficult to account for at that hour, and a sort of confused pile made its appearance. Some shapeless thing which was coming from the boulevard was turning into the road.

It grew larger; it seemed to move in an orderly manner, though it was bristling and quivering; it seemed to be a vehicle, but its load could not be distinctly made out. There were horses, wheels, shouts; whips were cracking. By degrees the outlines became fixed, although bathed in shadows. It was a vehicle, in fact, which had just turned from the boulevard into the highway, and which was directing its course towards the barrier near which sat Jean Valjean; a second of the same aspect followed, then a third, then a fourth: seven chariots made their appearance in succession, the heads of the horses touching the rear of the wagon in front. Figures were moving on these vehicles, flashes were visible through the dusk as though there were naked swords there, a clanking became audible which resembled the rattling of chains; and as this something advanced, the sound of voices waxed louder, and it turned into a terrible thing such as emerges from the cave of dreams.

As it drew nearer it assumed a form, and was outlined behind the trees with the pallid hue of an apparition; the mass grew white; the day, which was slowly dawning, cast a wan light on this swarming heap which was at once both sepulchral and living, the heads of the figures turned into the faces of corpses, and this is what it proved to be: —

Seven wagons were driving in a file along the road. The first six were singularly constructed. They resembled coopers' drays; they consisted of long ladders placed on two wheels and forming barrows at their rear extremities. Each dray, or rather let us say, each ladder, was attached to four horses harnessed tandem. On these ladders strange clusters of men were being drawn. In the faint light, these men were to be divined rather than seen. Twenty-four on each vehicle, twelve on a side, back to back, facing the passers-by, their legs dangling in the air — this was the manner in which these men were traveling; and behind their backs they had something which clanked, and which was a chain, and on their necks something which shone, and which was an iron collar.

Each man had his collar, but the chain was for all; so that if these four-and-twenty men had occasion to alight from the dray and walk, they were seized with a sort of inexorable unity, and were obliged to wind over the ground with the chain for a backbone, somewhat after the fashion of centipedes. In the back and front of each vehicle, two men armed with muskets stood erect, each holding one end of the chain under his foot. The iron necklets were square. The seventh vehicle, a huge rack-sided baggage wagon, without a hood, had four wheels and six horses, and carried a sonorous pile of iron boilers, cast-iron pots, braziers, and chains, among which were mingled several men who were pinioned and stretched at full length, and who seemed to be ill. This wagon, all latticework, was garnished with dilapidated hurdles, which appeared to have served for former punishments. These vehicles kept to the middle of the road. On each side marched a double hedge of guards of infamous aspect, wearing three-cornered hats, like the soldiers under the Directory, shabby, covered with spots and holes, muffled in uniforms of veterans and the trousers of undertakers' men, half gray, half blue, which were almost hanging in rags, with red epaulets, yellow shoulder-belts, short sabers, muskets, and cudgels; they were a species of soldier blackguards. These myrmidons seemed composed of the abjectness of the beggar and the authority of the executioner. The one who appeared to be their chief held a postilion's whip in his hand. All these details, blurred by the dimness of dawn, became more and more clearly outlined as the light increased. At the head and in the rear of the convoy rode mounted gendarmes, serious and with sword in fist.

This procession was so long that when the first vehicle reached the barrier, the last was barely debouching from the boulevard. A throng, sprung it is impossible to say whence, and formed in a twinkling, as is frequently the case in Paris, pressed forward from both sides of the road and looked on. In the neighboring lanes the shouts of people calling to each other, and the wooden shoes of market gardeners hastening up to gaze, were audible.

The men massed upon the drays allowed themselves to be jolted along in silence. They were livid with the chill of morning. They all wore linen trousers, and their bare feet were thrust into wooden shoes. The rest of their costume was a fantasy of wretchedness. Their accoutrements were horribly incongruous; nothing is more funereal than the harlequin in rags. Battered felt hats, tarpaulin caps, hideous woolen nightcaps, and side by side with a short blouse, a black coat broken at the elbow; many wore women's headgear, others had baskets on their heads; hairy breasts were visible, and through the rents in their garments tattooed designs could be descried — temples of Love, flaming hearts, Cupids; eruptions and unhealthy red blotches could also be seen. Two or three had a straw rope attached to the cross-bar of the dray, and suspended under them like a stirrup, which supported their feet. One of them held in his hand and raised to his mouth something which had the appearance of a black stone, and which he seemed to be gnawing: it was

bread which he was eating. There were no eyes there which were not either dry, dulled, or flaming with an evil light. The escort troop cursed, the men in chains did not utter a syllable; from time to time the sound of a blow became audible as the cudgels descended on shoulder-blades or skulls. Some of these men were yawning. Their rags were terrible; their feet hung down, their shoulders oscillated, their heads clashed together, their fetters clanked, their eyes glared ferociously, their fists clenched or fell open inertly like the hands of corpses. In the rear of the convoy ran a band of children screaming with laughter.

This file of vehicles, whatever its nature was, was mournful. It was evident that tomorrow, that an hour hence, a pouring rain might descend, that it might be followed by another and another, and that their dilapidated garments would be drenched, that once soaked these men would not get dry again, that once chilled they would not again get warm, that their linen trousers would be glued to their bones by the downpour, that the water would fill their shoes, that no lashes from the whips would be able to prevent their jaws from chattering, that the chain would continue to bind them by the neck, that their legs would continue to dangle; and it was impossible not to shudder at the sight of these human beings thus bound and passive beneath the cold clouds of autumn, and delivered over to the rain, to the blast, to all the furies of the air, like trees and stones.

Blows from the cudgel were not omitted even in the case of the sick men, who lay there knotted with ropes and motionless on the seventh wagon, and who appeared to have been tossed there like sacks filled with misery.

Suddenly the sun made its appearance; the immense light of the Orient burst forth, and one would have said that it had set fire to all those ferocious heads. Their tongues were unloosed; a conflagration of grins, oaths, and songs exploded. The broad horizontal sheet of light severed the file into two parts, illuminating heads and bodies, leaving feet and wheels in the obscurity. Thoughts made their appearance on these faces: it was a terrible moment; visible demons with their masks removed, fierce souls laid bare. Though lighted up, this wild throng remained in gloom. Some, who were gay, had in their mouths quills through which they blew vermin over the crowd, picking out the women; the dawn accentuated these lamentable profiles with the blackness of its shadows; there was not one of these creatures who was not deformed by reason of wretchedness; and the whole was so monstrous that one would have said that the sun's brilliancy had been changed into the glare of the lightning. The wagon-load which headed the line had struck up a song, and were shouting at the top of their voices, with a haggard joviality, a potpourri by Desaugiers, then famous, called 'The Vestal'; the trees shivered mournfully; in the cross-lanes, countenances of bourgeois listened in idiotic delight to these coarse strains droned by specters.

All sorts of distress met in this procession as in chaos: here were to be found

the facial angles of every sort of beast, old men, youths, bald heads, gray beards, cynical monstrosities, sour resignation, savage grins, senseless attitudes, snouts surmounted by caps, heads like those of young girls with corkscrew curls on the temples, infantile visages, and by reason of that, horrible thin skeleton faces, in which death alone was lacking. In the first cart was a negro, who had been a slave in all probability, and who could make a comparison of his chains. The frightful leveler from below, shame, had passed over these brows; at that degree of abasement, the last transformations were suffered by all in their extremest depths, and ignorance converted into dullness was the equal of intelligence converted into despair. There was no choice possible between these men, who appeared to the eye at the level of the mud. It was evident that the person who had had the ordering of that unclean procession had not classified them. These beings had been fettered and coupled pell-mell, in alphabetical disorder probably, and loaded haphazard on those cars. Nevertheless, horrors, when grouped together, always produce their result in the end; all additions of wretched men give a sum total: each chain exhaled a common soul, and each dray-load had its own physiognomy. By the side of the one where they were singing, there was one where they were howling; a third where they were begging; one could be seen in which they were gnashing their teeth; another load menaced the spectators, another blasphemed God; the last was as silent as the tomb. Dante would have thought that he beheld his seven circles of hell on the march; the march of the damned to their tortures, performed in sinister wise, not in the formidable and flaming chariot of the Apocalypse, but what was more mournful than that, in the gibbet cart.

One of the guards, who had a hook on the end of his cudgel, made a pretense from time to time of stirring up this mass of human filth. An old woman in the crowd pointed them out to her little boy five years old, and said to him, " Rascal, let that be a warning to you! "

As the songs and blasphemies increased, the man who appeared to be the captain of the escort cracked his whip, and at that signal a fearful dull and blind flogging, which produced the sound of hail, fell upon the seven dray-loads: many roared and foamed at the mouth; which redoubled the delight of the street urchins who had hastened up, a swarm of flies on these wounds.

Jean Valjean's eyes had assumed a frightful expression. They were no longer eyes; they were those deep and glassy objects which replace the glance in the case of certain wretched men, which seem unconscious of reality, and in which flames the reflection of terrors and of catastrophes. He was not looking at a spectacle, he was seeing a vision. He tried to rise, to flee, to make his escape: he could not move his feet. Sometimes a sight will seize upon you and hold you fast. He remained nailed to the spot, petrified, stupid, asking himself through his confused and inexpressible anguish what this sepulchral persecution signified, and whence had come that pandemonium which was pursuing him. All at once he raised his hand to his brow — a gesture habitual to those

whose memory suddenly returns: he remembered that this was in fact the usual itinerary; that it was customary to make this detour in order to avoid all possibility of encountering royalty on the road to Fontainebleau, and that five-and-thirty years before he had himself passed through that barrier.

Cosette was no less terrified, but in a different way. She did not understand; what she beheld did not seem to her to be possible: at length she cried: —

"Father! what are those men in those carts?"

Jean Valjean replied, "Convicts."

"Whither are they going?"

"To the galleys."

At that moment the cudgeling, multiplied by a hundred hands, became zealous, blows with the flat of the sword were mingled with it, it was a perfect storm of whips and clubs; the convicts bent before it, a hideous obedience was evoked by the torture, and all held their peace, darting glances like chained wolves.

Cosette trembled in every limb; she resumed: —

"Father, are they still men?"

"Sometimes," answered the unhappy man.

It was the chain-gang, in fact, which had set out before daybreak from Bicêtre, and had taken the road to Mans in order to avoid Fantainebleau, where the King then was. This caused the horrible journey to last three or four days longer; but torture may surely be prolonged with the object of sparing the royal personage a sight of it.

Jean Valjean returned home utterly overwhelmed. Such encounters are shocks, and the memory that they leave behind them is like a thorough shaking-up.

MINOR POETS AND DRAMATISTS

JEAN-PIERRE DE BÉRANGER

ABOUT the year 1830, the most popular poet of France was certainly Béranger, who was much more widely read and enjoyed than even Victor Hugo. His verses appealed to the average middle-class citizen, who liked rollicking ballads, with not too much thought behind them, and a generous introduction of sentiment every now and then. Since that time his reputation has declined; he now seems to be fairly estimated as a vigorous homely singer, exploiting the familiar veins of conviviality, patriotism, and domestic affection, with excursions into the field of political satire. The "chansonnier" of the modern Parisian cabaret is his lineal descendant.

Born in 1780, Béranger early began to write verse, and continued to do so while employed in his father's bank. His 'King of Yvetot,' which was written in 1813, is an amusing satire on Napoleon's reign; it circulated widely in manuscript and won fame for its author. After the Restoration, Béranger was continually in hot water, and twice suffered fines and imprisonment, as a result of his free criticism of the government. The popular feeling in his favor was so strong that in 1828 a fine of ten thousand francs was paid for him by public subscription.

In 1834, he sold all his works, past and future, to a publisher for an annuity of eight hundred francs, later increased by the purchaser to four thousand francs. On this small income Béranger lived contentedly until his death in 1857.

THE KING OF YVETOT

THERE was a king of Yvetot.
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days a-bed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass,
  That four lusty meals made he;
And step by step, upon an ass,
  Rode abroad, his realms to see;
And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
        Why, an old cur.
    Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
    That's the kind of king for me.

If e'er he went into excess,
  'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless,
  Odd's fish! — must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot
        At least a pot.
    Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
    That's the kind of king for me.

To all the ladies of the land
  A courteous king, and kind, was he —
The reason why, you'll understand,
  They named him Pater Patriæ.
Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then
        Marched back again.
    Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
    That's the kind of king for me.

Neither by force nor false pretense,
  He sought to make his kingdom great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence)
  "Live and let live" his rule of state.
'Twas only when he came to die,
That his people who stood by
        Were known to cry.
    Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
    That's the kind of king for me.

The portrait of this best of kings
  Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
  Famed in the country for good wine.

The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him,
Singing "ha, ha, ha!" and "he, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me."

THE GARRET

WITH pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where in my youth I weathered it so long,
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song;
Making a mock of life, and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun:
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes; 'tis a garret — let him know't who will —
There was my bed — full hard it was and small;
My table there — and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun:
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one!

And see my little Jessy, first of all;
She comes with pouting lips and sparkling eyes:
Behold, how roguishly she pins her shawl
Across the narrow casement, curtain-wise:
Now by the bed her petticoat glides down,
And when did women look the worse in none?
I have heard since who paid for many a gown,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears;
We rise — we join in the triumphant strain —
Napoleon conquers — Austerlitz is won —
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone — the place is sad and strange —
  How far, far off, these happy times appear!
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
  For one such month as I have wasted here —
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
  From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour:
  Give me the days when I was twenty-one.

Versions of W. M. Thackeray

MADAME DESBORDES-VALMORE

MARCELINE-FÉLICITÉ-JOSÉPHINE DESBORDES, perhaps the most distinguished of France's poetesses, was born at Douai in 1786. Entering upon the career of an actress, she appeared with success at Lille and Rouen, then came to Paris, where she took "ingénue" parts at the Opéra-Comique and the Odéon. In 1823, not long after her marriage to a well-known actor, whose assumed name, "Valmore," she added to her own, she gave up the stage, and devoted herself to the cares of a family, and to writing poetry. While her verses are not marked by much depth of thought, and sometimes err on the side of sentimentality, Madame Desbordes-Valmore had the true singer's note, besides a delicate beauty of expression. Sainte-Beuve, in a number of sympathetic articles, has paid his tribute to her memory. Madame Desbordes-Valmore died in 1859.

Her chief published works are: 'Poems' (1818); 'Tears' (1833); 'Poor Flowers' (1839); and 'Bouquets and Prayers' (1843). She also brought out several novels.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH IT?

YOURS was my heart,
  To me yours given:
  Heart for a heart,
'Twas heaven for heaven!

Yours is returned,
And I have none:
Yours is returned,
But mine has gone!

Leaf and blossom
And fruitage too,
Leaf and blossom,
Perfume and hue.

What have you done,
Lord of my fate?
What have you done
With gift so great!

Like a poor child
Motherless left,
Like a poor child
Of friends bereft,

You leave me there
In bitter gall;
You leave me there,
And God sees all!

Know you some day
Man lone will be?
Know you some day
He love will see?

Then you will call,
None will reply:
You'll think of all
The days gone by.

Dreaming you'll come,
Knock at my door,
Dreaming you'll come,
Friend as before.

To you they'll say:
"She's dead and gone."
This they will say:
Pity you? — None.

THE ROSES OF SAADI

ROSES today I wished to bring to you;
But I so many through my girdle drew
The tightened knots could not them all contain.

The knots are burst: the roses all have flown,
And on the wind they to the sea are blown;
They like the water ne'er will come again.

Red and on fire, with them, the wave appears;
My robe this evening still their fragrance bears . . .
Breathe the sweet perfumes that with me remain.

Translated by Minnie H. D. Nutt

JEAN FRANÇOIS CASIMIR DELAVIGNE

THIS once-celebrated lyric poet and dramatist was born at Le Havre in 1793 and brought up at Paris, was awarded a prize by the French Academy in 1811, elected a member of that body in 1825, and died in 1843. Possessed of a lively imagination, and a facile yet sober pen, he early hit upon a poetical form which brought him fame. In a series of odes entitled the 'Messéniennes' (1818–1819) he described and lamented the disasters through which his country had been passing, choosing the name in allusion to the chants in which the defeated Messenians are supposed to have sung of the hardships inflicted on them by the Spartans. These odes show clearly enough by their subjects why they were eagerly read at the time, and obtained a reputation a good deal above their deserts: — 'The Battle of Waterloo'; 'The Spoliation of the Museum' (a reference to the removal of pictures and sculpture from the Louvre); 'Joan of Arc'; and so on. They gave clear, graceful expression to emotions then agitating the minds of nearly all Frenchmen.

Delavigne had the added merit of trying to maintain, during the interregnum between Beaumarchais and Augier, the dignified tradition of high comedy in France. Such pieces as 'The School of Old Age' (1823) show ingenuity, a certain amount of realism, and much delicacy of style. His serious plays, the first of which, 'The Sicilian Vespers' (1819), was warmly received by the public, show a tendency to reconcile the classical tragedy with the

new romantic drama, by introducing unexpected turns to the plot and scenes of violence. They are nearly forgotten today.

The short poem translated below may have given Swinburne the idea and some of the comparisons for his 'Garden of Proserpine.'

LIMBO

LIKE the morn's last fleeting dreams,
Like the fall of distant streams,
Or a scent whose fragrance seems
Both faint and nigh,
This empire stretches, dimly lighted
By a toneless day, whose frighted
Beams are ever dying, blighted,
Yet never die.

The half-day hangs on every hand
As the sad hush o'er the land
Of a summer evening, and
As the drear
Gleam that bids the fays begone
From their circle on the lawn,
When the night is dead, and dawn
Not yet here.

Nor blue, nor red is in that sky
Where no sun shines out cheerily;
No breezes blow (so heavily
Doth Nature sleep)
About the sluggish lake and river
To make their leaden surface shiver
With flash of breaking waves — but ever
Silence deep.

From flowers that blow but half, among
The sultry airs, no sweets are flung,
But white the lilies stand, and young
In purity.
Above their wan breast floats a bird
From whom no twittering tune is heard;
Sky, lake, and forest are not stirred
By any cry.

Here, far from God, the spirits come
Where they have passed beyond the tomb —
Though they be many, there is room
In the pale wood.
Calm is their life as winter lakes:
They know no grief, no longing shakes
Their heart, for pain's or pleasure's aches
Alike their mood.

The Past and Future sink away.
They talk not of the happy day
To come, nor with the memory play
Of joy awhile;
No sob the still air ever hears,
Its peace is never broke by tears,
The laugh uncertainly appears —
'Tis but a smile!

How faint those features are, how white!
No more the throbbing colors light
The cheeks that once seemed to invite
Caresses hot;
Their eyes are mild, but listlessly
They turn, and never shine with glee —
That gleam, though death it cannot be,
Life it is not.

No flood of burning bliss can rend
Their joyless calm, as without end,
Gently their somber heads they bend
With flowers crowned;
They speak, but no clear accent rings,
They walk, but not as happy things,
They fly, but from their flagging wings
We hear no sound.

Translated by A. Smillie Noad

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN

THE subdued, delicate talent of Maurice de Guérin has been made more familiar to English readers, through the praise accorded it by Matthew Arnold in his 'Essays in Criticism,' than the genius of many of his greater contemporaries. He and his equally well-known sister

Eugénie were born in Languedoc, came to Paris, and spent their time chiefly in writing and meditation. Maurice died at the early age of twenty-nine in 1839. His 'Journal' is strongly tinged with a rather morbid spirit of introspection. The 'Centaur,' a sort of poem in prose form, appeared in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' in 1840.

THE THOUGHTS OF MACAREUS

From 'The Centaur,' by Maurice de Guérin

I HAD my birth in the caves of these mountains. Like the stream of this valley, whose first drops trickle from some weeping rock in a deep cavern, the first moment of my life fell in the darkness of a remote abode, and without breaking the silence. When our mothers draw near to the time of their delivery, they withdraw to the caverns, and in the depth of the loneliest of them, in the thickest of its gloom, bring forth, without uttering a plaint, offspring silent as themselves. Their puissant milk makes us surmount without weakness or dubious struggle the first difficulties of life; and yet we leave our caverns later than you your cradles. The reason is, that we have a doctrine that the early days of existence should be kept apart and enshrouded, as days filled with the presence of the gods.

Nearly the whole term of my growth was passed in the darkness where I was born. The recesses of my dwelling ran so far under the mountain that I should not have known on which side was the exit, had not the winds, when they sometimes made their way through the opening, sent fresh airs in, and a sudden trouble. Sometimes too my mother came back to me, having about her the odors of the valleys, or streaming from the waters which were her haunt. Her returning thus, without a word said of the valleys or the rivers, but with the emanations from them hanging about her, troubled my spirit, and I moved up and down restlessly in my darkness. "What is it," I cried, "this outside world whither my mother is borne; and what reigns there in it so potent as to attract her so often?" At these moments my own force began to make me unquiet. I felt in it a power which could not remain idle; and betaking myself either to toss my arms, or to gallop backward and forward in the spacious darkness of the cavern, I tried to make out, from the blows which I dealt in the empty space or from the transport of my course through it, in what direction my arms were meant to reach or my feet to bear me. Since that day I have wound my arms round the busts of centaurs, and round the bodies of heroes, and round the trunks of oaks; my hands have essayed the rocks, the waters, plants without number, and the subtlest impressions of the air — for I uplift them in the dark and still nights to catch the breaths of wind, and to draw signs whereby I may augur my road;

my feet — look, O Melampus, how worn they are! And yet, all benumbed as I am in this extremity of age, there are days when in broad sunlight on the mountaintops I renew these gallopings of my youth in the cavern, and with the same object, brandishing my arms and employing all the fleetness which is left to me. . . .

O Melampus, thou who wouldst know the life of the centaurs, wherefore have the gods willed that thy steps should lead thee to me, the oldest and most forlorn of them all? It is long since I have ceased to practise any part of their life. I quit no more this mountain summit, to which age has confined me. The point of my arrows now serves me only to uproot some tough-fibered plant; the tranquil lakes know me still, but the rivers have forgotten me. I will tell thee a little of my youth; but these recollections, issuing from a worn memory, come like the drops of a niggardly libation poured from a damaged urn.

The course of my youth was rapid and full of agitation. Movement was my life, and my steps knew no bound. One day when I was following the course of a valley seldom entered by the centaurs, I discovered a man making his way up the stream-side on the opposite bank. He was the first whom my eyes had lighted on: I despised him. "Behold," I cried, "at the utmost but the half of what I am! How short are his steps! and his movement how full of labor! Doubtless he is a centaur overthrown by the gods, and reduced by them to drag himself along thus." . . .

Wandering along at my own will like the rivers, feeling wherever I went the presence of Cybele, whether in the bed of the valleys or on the height of the mountains, I bounded whither I would, like a blind and chainless life. But when Night, filled with the charm of the gods, overtook me on the slopes of the mountain, she guided me to the mouth of the caverns, and there tranquilized me as she tranquilizes the billows of the sea. Stretched across the threshold of my retreat, my flanks hidden within the cave and my head under the open sky, I watched the spectacle of the dark. The sea gods, it is said, quit during the hours of darkness their palaces under the deep; they seat themselves on the promontories, and their eyes wander over the expanse of the waves. Even so I kept watch, having at my feet an expanse of life like the hushed sea. My regards had free range, and traveled to the most distant points. Like sea-beaches which never lose their wetness, the line of mountains to the west retained the imprint of gleams not perfectly wiped out by the shadows. In that quarter still survived, in pale clearness, mountain summits bare and pure. There I beheld at one time the god Pan descend, ever solitary; at another, the choir of the mystic divinities; or I saw pass some mountain nymph charm-struck by the Night. Sometimes the eagles of Mount Olympus traversed the upper sky, and were lost to view among the far-off constellations, or in the shade of the dreaming forests.

Thou pursuest after wisdom, O Melampus, which is the science of the will

of the gods; and thou roamest from people to people like a mortal driven by the Destinies. In the times when I kept my night watches before the caverns, I have sometimes believed that I was about to surprise the thought of the sleeping Cybele, and that the mother of the gods, betrayed by her dreams, would let fall some of her secrets; but I have never made out more than sounds which faded away in the murmur of night, or words inarticulate as the bubbling of the rivers.

"O Macareus," one day said to me the great Chiron, whose old age I tended, "we are both of us centaurs of the mountain; but how different are our lives! Of my days all the study is (thou seest it) the search for plants; thou, thou art like those mortals who have picked up on the waters or in the woods, and carried to their lips, some pieces of the reed pipe thrown away by the god Pan. From that hour these mortals, having caught from their relics of the god a passion for wild life, or perhaps smitten with some secret madness, enter into the wildness, plunge among the forests, follow the course of the streams, bury themselves in the heart of the mountains, restless and haunted by an unknown purpose. The mares beloved of the winds in the farthest Scythia are not wilder than thou, nor more cast down at nightfall, when the North Wind has departed. Seekest thou to know the gods, O Macareus, and from what source men, animals, and the elements of the universal fire have their origin? But the aged Ocean, the father of all things, keeps locked within his own breast these secrets; and the nymphs who stand around sing as they weave their eternal dance before him, to cover any sound which might escape from his lips half opened by slumber. The mortals dear to the gods for their virtues have received from their hands lyres to give delight to man, or the seeds of new plants to make him rich; but from their inexorable lips, nothing!"

. . . . . .

Such were the lessons which old Chiron gave me. Waned to the very extremity of life, the centaur yet nourished in his spirit the most lofty discourse. . . .

For me, O Melampus, I decline into my last days, calm as the setting of the constellations. I still retain enterprise enough to climb to the top of the rocks, and there I linger late, either gazing on the wild and restless clouds, or to see come up from the horizon the rainy Hyades, the Pleiades, or the great Orion; but I feel myself perishing and passing quickly away, like a snow-wreath floating on the stream; and soon shall I be mingled with the waters which flow in the vast bosom of Earth.

Translated by Matthew Arnold

AUGUSTIN EUGÈNE SCRIBE

AFTER the spirited comedy of Beaumarchais came a lull in dramatic production in France. The public yawned over long dull plays, or applauded mediocre work for its cheap reflection of popular sentiment. Then Eugène Scribe came to the rescue, having gradually found out what the public taste craved. He had learned this through perhaps a dozen failures, when his shrewd instinct guided him to seize upon vaudeville, and dignify it to the rank of laugh-provoking comedy. His plot, as ingeniously contrived as a Chinese puzzle, was a frame upon which he hung clever dialogue, catchy songs, puns, popular allusions, and manifold witticisms.

For about forty years, until shortly before his death in 1861, he was the master playwright of France. He grew more and more cunning in estimating his audience, flattering their foibles, and reflecting contemporary interests. He was strictly unmoral, and offered no problems. His light frothy humor required no mental effort; he diverted without fatiguing. So Paris loved Scribe, paid him a fortune, made him a great social as well as literary light, and in 1836 admitted him to the Academy. From his father, a prosperous silk merchant in Paris, where he himself was born in 1791, he inherited decided business talent. Perhaps no author has ever received fuller measure of pecuniary success.

After 1840 Scribe partially deserted the clever buffoonery of his vaudeville, and attempted serious five-act dramas. Of these, two of the best—'Adrienne Lecouvreur' and 'Bataille de Dames' [When Women Strive]—were written with Legouvé; and in translation are familiar to American play-goers.

Although most of his plays, once so cordially liked, are now obsolete, Scribe has a lasting claim to remembrance in that his mastery of stage technic has guided greater dramatists than himself to more effective expression. Perhaps no one ever lived with a stronger sense of scenic requirements. His plays could not drag. Although often superficial in his effort to sketch lightly contemporary life, and in his preoccupation with everyday general human interests, Scribe anticipated the drama of realism.

GUSTAVE IS PERSUADED

From 'Bataille de Dames,' Act III, Scene 2.

[The Countess d'Autreval is concealing the young political refugee, Henri de Flavigneul, in her household. She wishes to induce Gustave de Grignon, a molly-coddle admirer of hers, to help her in getting Henri safely out of the way.]

DE GRIGNON *enters to the* COUNTESS *on tiptoe, with an air of mystery.*

De Grignon. Here I am, madam, faithful to the appointment you made with me. [*He sits down.*]

Countess [*kindly*]. I was waiting for you.

De Grignon [*joyously*]. You were waiting for me!

Countess. And while waiting for you, I was dreaming—

De Grignon. Of whom?

Countess. Of you.

De Grignon. Is it possible!

Countess. Yes, of your chivalrous character, and the desire for danger which causes you such tortures.

De Grignon. You're quite right about that.

Countess. And as nothing is more contagious than the imagination, and as, thanks to the Baron de Montrichard [*a police officer*], I have my mind filled with conspirators and arrests, I was sitting there building castles in the air . . . catastrophes . . . I was imagining a poor political refugee condemned to death. . . .

De Grignon. And you were the refugee.

Countess. No, on the contrary. It was I he was seeking shelter with.

De Grignon. That's, however, also . . .

Countess. He was telling me he had a mother, a sister . . .

De Grignon. How true that is.

Countess. And suddenly, soldiers surrounded the chateau and ordered me to give up my guest.

De Grignon. Give him up? Never!

Countess. How we understand one another! They were threatening me with death, almost.

De Grignon. What does death matter? Especially if she whom you love is there to give you her encouragement, her blessing . . . Ah, Countess, when I dream of such events, with you there as witness, my heart beats, my mind is uplifted . . .

Countess [*smiling*]. Perhaps because it's all a dream.

De Grignon. What! You doubt that in reality . . . But what must I do to convince you? This morning, for you, I all but jumped into the midst of the flames — This evening, I should like to see you in mortal peril, to be able to save you from it, or share it with you.

Countess. What warmth!

De Grignon. Ah, you don't know this adoring heart of mine; you don't realize of what sacrifices, of what devotion love could render it capable. Yes, I make but the one prayer to Heaven — that it will send me an opportunity of dying for you!

Countess. Well, Heaven has heard your prayer.

De Grignon. What?

Countess. It has sent you that opportunity you have been imploring.

De Grignon. Eh?

Countess. Charles, my valet, whom you saw arrested, is not Charles; he is M. Henri de Flavigneul.

De Grignon. What's that?

Countess. M. Henri de Flavigneul, condemned to death as a conspirator.

De Grignon. Good heavens!

Countess. And you can save him.

De Grignon. How?

Countess. By taking his place.

De Grignon. To be shot!

Countess. Oh no, it wouldn't go that far; but just for a few minutes, you must consent to pass for him.

De Grignon. Ah, allow me, madam; allow me. I said "anything" for you . . . But for an unknown, an utter stranger —

Countess. For a refugee!

De Grignon. Yes, I know.

Countess. Whose accomplice I am — whose life I must defend at the peril of my own . . . And you hesitate?

De Grignon. Not at all! Not at all! Surely you understand that if I tremble — for I do tremble — it is for you, entirely for you. As for myself — it's a matter of the utmost indifference.

Countess. Ah, I knew it. And so I can count on your heroism — and on myself. I shall try to manage it without exposing you to danger.

De Grignon. Without any danger?

Countess. I think I can answer for that.

De Grignon. Without any danger! [*Enthusiastically*]. But danger is just what *I* want. I want to brave it for you. Tell me, what must I do?

Countess. Put on that livery over there.

De Grignon [*intrepidly*]. I'll do it — and then?

Countess. Take the lines and drive me . . .

De Grignon. I'll drive you — and then?

Countess. To a place a couple of hundred yards from here, where some gendarmes will jump out upon us . . .

De Grignon [*beginning to show the white feather*]. Gendarmes!

Countess. And will arrest you.

De Grignon [*frightened*]. Me, De Grignon!

Countess. No, not you, De Grignon — but you, Henri de Flavigneul. And whatever they say to you, whatever they do to you . . .

De Grignon. Whatever they do to me . . .

Countess. You are to admit, you are to maintain that you are Henri de Flavigneul. They'll put you in prison . . .

De Grignon. Me, De Grignon?

Countess. You, De Flavigneul. And meanwhile the real Flavigneul will cross the frontier, saved by you, by your heroism.

De Grignon. And I, meanwhile?

Countess. You? Oh, in prison, as I said.

De Grignon. In prison! [*Aside*] Irons — dungeons! [*Aloud*] Allow me . . .

Countess. I'll explain it all to you. Some one's coming! Quick, quick, there's the livery!

De Grignon. Yes, madam, I'm going . . .

Countess. Well, where *are* you going?

De Grignon. I'm going to get the livery.

Countess. It isn't that way!

De Grignon. You're right — that's the sitting-room.

Countess. Here, this way.

De Grignon. Oh, yes! I don't know what I'm doing.

Countess. Wait.

De Grignon. What is it?

Countess. Take this letter.

De Grignon. Why?

Countess. To put in your coat.

De Grignon. The livery coat?

Countess. Of course.

De Grignon. For what purpose?

Countess. You'll find out. But go on.

De Grignon. Yes, madam.

Countess. Be ready to appear.

De Grignon. In livery!

Countess. Naturally. — Here they come! Go, go, quick!

De Grignon [*exit left*]. Yes, madam. Oh, Father, Oh, Mother! What a mess you have got me into!

Translated by A. Smillie Noad

MARIE-HENRI BEYLE (STENDHAL)

MARIE-HENRI BEYLE, French novelist and man of letters, who is better known under his bizarre pseudonym of Stendhal, is a somewhat unusual figure among French writers. He was curiously misappreciated by his own generation, whose literary movements he in turn confessedly ignored. He is recognized today as an important link in the development of modern fiction, and is even discussed concurrently with Balzac, in the same way that we speak of Dickens and Thackeray.

There is nothing dramatic in Stendhal's life, which, viewed impartially, is a simple and somewhat pathetic record of failure and disillusion. He was six years older than Balzac, having been born January 23, 1783, in the small town of Grenoble, in Dauphiné, which, with its narrow prejudices and petty formalism, seemed to him in after years "the memory of an abominable indigestion." He early developed an abnormal sensibility, which would have met with ready response had his mother lived, but which a keen dread of ridicule taught him to hide from an unsympathetic father and a still more unkind aunt — later his stepmother, Séraphie Gagnon. He seemed predestined to be misunderstood — even his school companions finding him odd, and often amusing themselves at his expense. Thus he grew up with a sense of isolation in his own home, and when, in 1800, he had the opportunity of going to some distant relatives in Paris, the Daru family, he seized it eagerly. The following year he accompanied the younger Darus to Italy, and was present at the battle of Marengo. This was the turning-point of Stendhal's career. He was dazzled by Napoleon's successes, and fascinated with the beauty and gaiety of Milan, where he found himself for the first time in a congenial atmosphere, and among companions animated by a common cause. His consequent sense of freedom and exaltation knew no bounds. Henceforth Napoleon was to be his hero, and Italy the land of his election; two lifelong passions which furnish the clue to much that is enigmatic in his character.

During the ensuing years, while he followed the fortunes of Napoleon throughout the Prussian campaign and until after the retreat from Moscow, Italy was always present in his thoughts, and when Waterloo ended his political and military aspirations he hastened back to Milan, declaring that he "had ceased to be a Frenchman," and settled down to a life of tranquil Bohemianism, too absorbed in the paintings of Correggio and in the operas of Rossini to be provident of the future. The following years, the happiest of his life, were also the period of Stendhal's chief intellectual growth —

due quite as much to the influence exerted on him by Italian art and music as by his contact with men like Manzoni, Monti, and Silvio Pellico. Unfortunately, his relations with certain Italian patriots aroused the suspicions of the Austrian police, and he was abruptly banished. He returned to Paris, where to his surprise life proved more than tolerable, and where he made many valuable acquaintances, such as Benjamin Constant, Destutt de Tracy, and Prosper Mérimée. The revolution of July brought him a change of fortune; for he was in sympathy with Louis-Philippe, and did not scruple to accept the consulship offered him at Cività Vecchia. He soon found, however, that a small Mediterranean seaport was a poor substitute for his beloved Milan, while its trying climate undoubtedly shortened his life. In 1841 failing health forced him to abandon his duties and return to Paris, where he died of apoplexy on March 23, 1842.

So much at least of Stendhal's life must be known in order to understand his writings; all of which, not excepting the novels, belong to what that great academic critic, Ferdinand Brunetière, stigmatized as "personal literature." Indeed, the chief interest of many of his books lies in the side-lights they throw upon his curious personality. He was a man of violent contrasts, a puzzle to his best friends; one day making the retreat from Moscow with undaunted zeal, the next settling down contentedly in Milan, to the very *vie de café* he affected to despise. He was a strange combination of restless energy and philosophic contemplation; hampered by a morbid sensibility which tended to increase, but which he flattered himself that he "had learned to hide under an irony imperceptible to the vulgar," yet continually giving offense to others by his caustic tongue. He seemed to need the tonic of strong emotions, and was happiest when devoting himself heart and soul to some person or cause, whether a Napoleon, a mistress, or a question of philosophy. His great preoccupation was the analysis of the human mind, an employment which in later years became a positive detriment. He was often led to attribute ulterior motives to his friends, a course which only served to render him morbid and unjust; while his equally pitiless dissection of his own sensations often robbed them of half their charm. Even love and war, his favorite emotions, left him disillusioned, asking "Is that all it amounts to?" He always had a profound respect for force of character, regarding even lawlessness as preferable to apathy; but he was implacable towards baseness or vulgarity. Herein lies, perhaps, the chief reason for Stendhal's ill success in life; he would never stoop to obsequiousness or flattery, and in avoiding even the semblance of self-interest, allowed his fairest chances to pass him by. "I have little regret for my lost opportunities," he wrote in 1835. "In place of ten thousand, I might be getting twenty; in place of Chevalier, I might be Officer of the Legion of Honor: but I should have had to think three or four hours a day of those platitudes of ambition which are dignified by the name of politics; I should have had to commit

many base acts": a brief but admirable epitome of Stendhal's whole life and character.

Aside from his works of fiction, Stendhal's books may be conveniently grouped as biographies — 'Lives of Haydn, Mozart, and Metastasio' (1814–17), 'Life of Napoleon' (posthumously published in 1876), 'Life of Rossini' (1824); literary and artistic criticism, — 'History of Painting in Italy' (1817), 'Racine and Shakespeare' (1823–25), 'Literary and Artistic Miscellanies'; travels — 'Rome, Naples, and Florence' (1817), 'Walks in Rome' (1829), 'Memoirs of a Tourist' (1838); and one volume of sentimental psychology, his 'Essay on Love' (1822), to which Bourget owes the suggestion of his 'Physiology of Modern Love.' Many of these works merit greater popularity, being written in an easy, fluent style, and relieved by his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and personal reminiscence. His books of travel, especially, are charming *causeries,* full of a sympathetic spontaneity which more than atones for their lack of method; his 'Walks in Rome' is more readable than two-thirds of the books since written on that subject.

Stendhal's vogue during the closing decades of the last century, however, was due primarily to his novels, to which he owed the almost literal fulfilment of his prophecy that he would not be appreciated until 1880. Before that date they had been comparatively neglected, in spite of Balzac's spontaneous and enthusiastic tribute to the 'Chartreuse de Parme,' and the appreciative criticism of Taine and Prosper Mérimée. The truth is that Stendhal was in some ways a generation behind his time, and often has an odd, old-fashioned flavor suggestive of Marivaux and Crébillon *fils.* On the other hand, his psychological tendency is distinctly modern, and not at all to the taste of an age which found Chateaubriand or Madame de Staël eminently satisfactory. But he appeals strongly enough to the speculating, self-questioning spirit of a later day, and Zola and Bourget in turn were glad to claim kinship with him.

It would be unfair, however, to conclude, as Zola did, that Stendhal was one for whom the outside world did not exist; he was not insensible to the beauties of nature, only he looked upon them as a secondary consideration. After a sympathetic description of the Rhône valley, he had to add, "But the interest of a landscape is insufficient; in the long run, some moral or historical interest is indispensable." Yet he recognized explicitly the influence of climate and environment upon character, and seems to have been sensible of his own shortcomings as an author. "I abhor material descriptions," he confesses in 'Souvenirs d'Égotisme': "the *ennui* of making them deters me from writing novels." Nevertheless, aside from his short 'Chroniques' and 'Nouvelles,' and the posthumous 'Lamiel' which he probably intended to destroy, Stendhal has left four stories which deserve detailed consideration: 'Armance,' 'Le Rouge et le Noir,' 'La Chartreuse de Parme,' and the fragmentary novel 'Lucien Leuwen.'

The heroes of the four books are essentially of one type, and all more or less faithful copies of the author himself; having in common a need of activity, a thirst for love, a keen sensibility, and an unbounded admiration for Napoleon — and differing only by reason of the several settings in which he has placed them. The first of these, 'Armance,' appeared in 1827. The hero, Octave, is the most exaggerated of all Stendhal's young men; a mysterious somber being, "a misanthrope before his time"; coupling with his pride of birth a consciousness of its vanity: — "Had heaven made me the son of a manufacturer of cloth, I should have worked at my desk from the age of sixteen, while now my sole occupation has been luxury. I should have had less pride and more happiness. Ah, how I despise myself!" The book is distinctly inferior to his later efforts, and has few readers today.

Very different was his next book, 'Le Rouge et le Noir' [The Red and the Black], the Army and the Priesthood, which appeared in 1830, and is now recognized as Stendhal's masterpiece. As its singular name is intended to imply, it deals with the changed social conditions which confronted the young men of France after the downfall of Napoleon — the reaction against war and military glory in favor of the Church; a topic which greatly occupied Stendhal, and which is well summed up in the words of his hero Julien: — "When Bonaparte made himself talked about, France was afraid of invasion; military merit was necessary and fashionable. Today one sees priests of forty with appointments of a hundred thousand francs, three times that of Napoleon's famous generals"; and he concludes, "The thing to do is to be a priest."

The 'Chartreuse de Parme,' although written the same year as the 'Rouge et Noir,' was not published uptil 1839, two years before his death, and was judged his best effort. "He has written 'The Modern Prince,'" declared Balzac, "the book which Machiavelli would have written if he had been living exiled from Italy in the nineteenth century." The action takes place at Parma; and as a picture of court life in a small Italian principality, with all its jealousies and intrigues, the book is certainly a masterpiece. But it is marred by the extravagance of its plot. The hero, Fabrice, is the younger son of a proud and bigoted Milanese nobleman, the Marquis del Dongo, who "joined a sordid avarice to a host of other fine qualities," and in his devotion to the House of Austria was implacable towards Napoleon. Fabrice, however, is "a young man susceptible of enthusiasm," and on learning of Napoleon's return from Elba, hastens secretly to join him, and is present at the battle of Waterloo. This escapade is denounced by his father to the Austrian police, and on his return Fabrice is forced to take refuge in Swiss territory. About this time his aunt Gina, the beautiful Countess Pietranera, goes to live at Parma; and to conceal a love affair with the prime minister Mosca marries the old Duke of Sanseverina-Taxis, who obligingly leaves on his wedding-day for a distant embassy. Gina has always shown a strong interest in Fabrice, which later ripens into a passion. It is agreed that Fabrice shall study for the priest-

hood, and that Count Mosca will use his influence to have him made Archbishop of Parma, an office frequently held in the past by Del Dongos. Unfortunately Fabrice is drawn into a quarrel with a certain Giletti, a low comedy actor, whom he kills in self-defense. Ordinarily the killing of a fellow of Giletti's stamp by a Del Dongo would have been considered a trifling matter; but this offense assumes importance owing to the efforts of a certain political faction to discredit the minister through his protégé. The situation is further complicated by the Prince, Ernest IV, who has come under the spell of Gina's beauty, and furious at finding her obdurate, is glad of an opportunity to humiliate her. Fabrice is condemned to ten years' imprisonment in the Farnese tower, the Prince treacherously disregarding his promise of pardon. From this point the plot becomes fantastic. From his window in the tower, Fabrice overlooks that of Clélia, daughter of General Fabio Conti, governor of the prison. It is a case of mutual love at first sight, and for months the two hold communication by signs above the heads of the passing sentries. After his fabulous escape, effected by the help of his aunt, Fabrice is inconsolable, and at length returns voluntarily to the tower in order to be near Clélia. It is not until after the death of the Prince that the Duchess obtains Fabrice's pardon from his son and successor. At last Clélia dies, and Fabrice enters the neighboring monastery, the Chartreuse of Parma.

The remaining novel, 'Lucien Leuwen,' was left in an unfinished state, and thus published after the author's death, under the title of 'Le Chasseur Vert.' But it has been republished, under the name of 'Lucien Leuwen,' with additional material which the editor, Jean de Mitty, claims to have deciphered from almost illegible manuscripts found in the library at Grenoble. But even without these additions there is enough to show that 'Lucien Leuwen' would have been one of his best efforts, second only, perhaps, to the 'Rouge et Noir.'

FREDERIC TABER COOPER

PRINCESS SANSEVERINA'S INTERVIEW

From 'La Chartreuse de Parme'

WHILE Fabrice was gone a-hunting after love adventures in a small village close by Parma, the Fiscal General, Rassi, unaware that he was so near, continued to treat his case as though he had been a Liberal. The witnesses for the defense he pretended that he could not find, or rather that he had frightened them off; and finally, after nearly a year of such sharp practice, and about two months after Fabrice's last return to Bologna, on a certain Friday, the Marquise Raversi, intoxicated with joy, stated publicly in her salon that on the following day " the sentence which had just

been passed upon that little Del Dongo would be presented to the Prince for signature, and would be approved by him." Shortly afterwards the Duchess learned these remarks of her enemy.

"The Count must be very poorly served by his agents," she said to herself: "only this morning he was sure that sentence could not be passed inside of a week: perhaps he would not be sorry to have my young Grand Vicar removed from Parma some day. But," she added, "we shall see him come back, and he shall be our Archbishop." The Duchess rang.

"Summon all the servants to the waiting-room," she said to her valet-de-chambre, "even the cooks; go and obtain from the officer in command the requisite permit for four post-horses; and see that in less than half an hour these horses are attached to my landau." All her women were soon busied in packing the trunks: the Duchess hastily donned a traveling dress, without once sending word to the Count; the idea of amusing herself at his expense filled her with joy.

"My friend," she said to the assembled servants, "is about to suffer condemnation by default for having had the audacity to defend his life against a madman; it was Giletti who meant to kill him. You have all been able to see how gentle and inoffensive Fabrice's character is. Justly incensed at this atrocious injury, I am starting for Florence. I shall leave ten years' wages for each of you; if you are unhappy, write to me; and so long as I have a sequin, there shall be something for you."

The Duchess felt exactly as she spoke, and at her last words the servants burst into tears; she herself had moist eyes. She added in a voice of emotion: — "Pray to God for me and for Monseigneur Fabrice del Dongo, first Grand Vicar of this Diocese, who will be condemned tomorrow morning to the galleys, or what would be less stupid, to the penalty of death."

The tears of the servants redoubled, and little by little changed into cries which were very nearly seditious. The Duchess entered her carriage and drove directly to the palace of the Prince. In spite of the untimely hour, she solicited an audience, through General Fontana, acting aide-de-camp. She was nowise in full court toilette, a fact which threw that aide-de-camp into a profound stupor.

The Prince, for his part, was by no means surprised, still less annoyed, at this request for an audience. "We are going to see tears shed by lovely eyes," said he, rubbing his hands; "she is coming to ask for grace; at last that proud beauty has to humble herself! Really she has been too insupportable with her little independent airs! Those eloquent eyes always seemed to be saying to me, at the least thing which annoyed her, 'Naples or Milan would be an abode offering very different attractions from those of your small town of Parma.' True enough, I do not reign over Naples or Milan; but all the same, this fine lady has come to ask me something which depends exclusively upon me, and which she is burning to obtain. I always thought the coming of that nephew would give me some hold upon her."

While the Prince was smiling over his thoughts, and giving himself up to all these agreeable anticipations, he was striding up and down his cabinet, at the door of which General Fontana still remained standing, erect and stiff as a soldier at carry-arms. Seeing the Prince's flashing eye and recalling the Duchess's traveling dress, he prepared for a dissolution of the monarchy. His confusion knew no bounds when he heard the Prince's order: "Beg Madame the Duchess to wait a small quarter of an hour." The general-aide-de-camp executed a right-about-face, like a soldier on parade; the Prince still smiled. "Fontana is not accustomed," he said to himself, "to see our proud Duchess kept waiting. The astonished face with which he has gone to tell her 'to wait that small quarter of an hour' will pave the way for those touching tears which this cabinet is about to witness." This small quarter of an hour was delicious to the Prince; he paced the floor with a firm and measured step, he *reigned*. "The important thing now is to say nothing which is not perfectly in keeping. It will not do to forget that she is one of the highest ladies of my court. How would Louis XIV have spoken to the princesses his daughters when he had occasion to be displeased with them?" and his eyes sought the portrait of the great king.

The amusing part of the matter was that the Prince did not even think of asking himself whether he would show clemency to Fabrice, and how far such clemency would go. Finally, at the end of twenty minutes, the faithful Fontana presented himself anew at the door, but without uttering a word. "The Duchess Sanseverina may enter," cried the Prince with a theatrical air. "The tears are about to commence," he told himself, and as if to be prepared for such a spectacle, he drew out his handkerchief.

Never had the Duchess appeared so gay and charming; she did not look twenty-five. The poor aide-de-camp, seeing that her light and rapid footstep barely seemed to skim the carpet, was on the point of losing his reason once for all.

"I must crave many pardons of your Most Serene Highness," said the Duchess in her soft tones of careless gaiety: "I have taken the liberty of presenting myself in a toilette which is not altogether appropriate; but your Highness has so accustomed me to his favors that I have ventured to hope that he would accord me this additional grace."

The Duchess spoke quite slowly, so as to give herself time to enjoy the expression of the Prince. It was delicious, on account of his profound astonishment, and that remnant of grand airs which the pose of his head and arms still betrayed. The Prince had remained as if struck by a thunderbolt; from time to time, he exclaimed, in his high-pitched voice, shrill and perturbed, as though articulating with difficulty: "*How is this? how is this?*" After concluding her compliment, the Duchess, as though from respect, afforded him ample time to reply; then she added: —

"I venture to hope that your Most Serene Highness will deign to pardon the incongruity of my costume:" but as she spoke, her mocking eyes flashed

with so bright a gleam that the Prince could not meet them. He looked at the ceiling, a sign with him of the most extreme embarrassment.

"How is this? how is this?" he said to himself again; then by good luck, he found a phrase: "Madame la Duchesse, pray be seated," and he himself pushed forward a chair, with fairly good grace. The Duchess was by no means insensible to this attention, and she moderated the petulance of her glance.

"How is this? how is this?" still repeated the Prince inwardly, shifting so uneasily in his chair that one would have said that he could not find a secure position.

"I am going to take advantage of the freshness of the night to travel post," resumed the Duchess, "and as my absence may be of some duration, I was unwilling to leave the territory of your Most Serene Highness without expressing my thanks for all the favors which for five years your Highness has deigned to show me." At these words the Prince at last understood; he turned pale. It was as man of the world that he felt it most keenly, on finding himself mistaken in his predictions. Then he assumed a grand air, in every way worthy of the portrait of Louis XIV, which was before his eyes. "Admirable," said the Duchess to herself, "there is a man."

"And what is the motive of this sudden departure?" asked the Prince, in a fairly firm tone.

"I have contemplated leaving, for some time," replied the Duchess, "and a slight insult which has been shown to *Monsignor* del Dongo, who is to be condemned tomorrow to death or to the galleys, makes me hasten my departure."

"And to what city are you going?"

"To Naples, I think." As she arose, she added, "It only remains for me to take leave of your Most Serene Highness, and to thank him very humbly for all his *earlier* kindnesses." She, on her part, spoke with so firm an air that the Prince saw clearly that in a few seconds all would be finished. He knew that if a triumphant departure was once effected, all compromise would be impossible. She was not the woman to retrace her steps. He hastened after her.

"But you know very well, Madame la Duchesse," he said, taking her hand, "that I have always regarded you with a friendship to which it needed only a word from you to give another name. But a murder has been committed; there is no way of denying that. I have intrusted the conduct of the case to my best judges. . . ."

At these words the Duchess drew herself up to her full height. All semblance of respect, or even of urbanity, disappeared in a flash. The outraged woman was clearly revealed, the outraged woman addressing herself to the one whom she knows to be of bad faith. It was with an expression of keenest anger and even of contempt that she said to the Prince, dwelling upon every word: —

"I am leaving forever the States of your Most Serene Highness, in order

that I shall never again hear mentioned the Fiscal Rassi, or the other infamous assassins who have condemned my nephew and so many others to death. If your Most Serene Highness does not wish to mingle a tinge of bitterness with the last moments which I am to pass with a prince who is both polite and entertaining when he is not misled, I beg him very humbly not to recall the thought of those infamous judges who sell themselves for a thousand crowns or a decoration."

The admirable accent, and above all the tone of sincerity, with which these words were uttered, made the Prince tremble; for an instant he feared to see his dignity compromised by a still more direct accusation. On the whole, however, his sensations quickly culminated in one of pleasure. He admired the Duchess, and at this moment her entire person attained a sublime beauty:

"Heavens! how beautiful she is," the Prince said to himself: "one may well overlook something in so unique a woman, one whose like perhaps is not to be found in all Italy. — Well, with a little diplomacy it might not be altogether impossible to make her mine. — There is a wide difference between such a being and that doll of a Marquise Balbi; besides, the latter steals at least three hundred thousand francs a year from my poor subjects. — But did I understand her aright?" he thought all of a sudden: "she said, 'condemned my nephew and so many others.'" His anger came to the surface, and it was with a haughtiness worthy of supreme rank that the Prince said, "And what must be done to keep Madame from leaving?"

"Something of which you are not capable," replied the Duchess, with an accent of the bitterest irony and the most thinly disguised contempt.

The Prince was beside himself, but thanks to his long practice of the profession of absolute sovereign, he found the strength to resist his first impulse. "That woman must be mine," he said to himself. "I owe myself at least that; then I must let her perish under my contempt. If she leaves this room, I shall never see her again." But, intoxicated as he was at this moment with wrath and hatred, how was he to find words which would at once satisfy what was due to himself and induce the Duchess not to desert his court on the instant? "A gesture," he thought, "is something which can neither be repeated nor turned into ridicule," and he went and placed himself between the Duchess and the door of his cabinet. Just then he heard a slight tapping at this door.

"Who is this jackanapes?" he cried, at the top of his lungs, "who is this jackanapes who comes here, thrusting his idiotic presence upon me?" Poor General Fontana showed his face, pale and in evident discomfiture, and with the air of a man at his last gasp, indistinctly pronounced these words: — "His Excellency Count Mosca solicits the honor of being admitted."

"Let him enter," said the Prince in a loud voice; and as Mosca made his salutation, greeted him with: —

"Well, sir, here is Madame the Duchess Sanseverina, who declares that she

is on the point of leaving Parma to go and settle at Naples, and has made me saucy speeches into the bargain."

"How is this?" said Mosca, turning pale.

"What, then you knew nothing of this project of departure?"

"Not the first word. At six o'clock I left Madame joyous and contented."

This speech produced an incredible effect upon the Prince. First he glanced at Mosca, whose growing pallor proved that he spoke the truth and was in no way the accomplice of the Duchess's sudden freak. "In that case," he said to himself, "I am losing her forever. Pleasure and vengeance, everything is escaping me at once. At Naples she will make epigrams with her nephew Fabrice, about the great wrath of the little Prince of Parma." He looked at the Duchess; anger and the most violent contempt were struggling in her heart; her eyes were fixed at that moment upon Count Mosca, and the fine lines of that lovely mouth expressed the most bitter disdain. The entire expression of her face seemed to say, "Vile courtier!" "So," thought the Prince, after having examined her, "I have lost even this means of calling her back to our country. If she leaves the room at this moment, she is lost to me. And the Lord only knows what she will say in Naples of my judges, and with that wit and divine power of persuasion with which heaven has endowed her, she will make the whole world believe her. I shall owe her the reputation of being a ridiculous tyrant, who gets up in the middle of the night to look under his bed!"

Then, by an adroit movement, and as if striving to work off his agitation by striding up and down, the Prince placed himself anew before the door of his cabinet. The count was on his right, pale, unnerved, and trembling so that he had to lean for support upon the back of the chair which the Duchess had occupied at the beginning of the audience, and which the Prince, in a moment of wrath, had hurled to a distance. The Count was really in love. "If the Duchess goes away, I shall follow her," he told himself; "but will she tolerate my company? that is the question."

On the left of the Prince stood the Duchess, her arms crossed and pressed against her breast, looking at him with superb intolerance; a complete and profound pallor had succeeded the glowing colors which just before had animated those exquisite features.

The Prince, in contrast with both the others, had a high color and an uneasy air; his left hand played in a nervous fashion with the cross attached to the grand cordon of his order, which he wore beneath his coat; with his right hand he caressed his chin.

"What is to be done?" he said to the Count, not altogether realizing what he was doing himself, but yielding to his habit of consulting the latter about everything.

"Indeed, Most Serene Highness, I know nothing about it," answered the Count, with the air of a man who is rendering up his final sigh; he could

hardly utter the words of his response. His tone of voice gave the Prince the first consolation which his wounded pride had found during the interview, and this slight satisfaction helped him to a phrase which was comforting to his self-esteem: —

"Well," said he, "I am the most reasonable of all three; I am quite ready to leave my position in the world entirely out of consideration. *I am going to speak as a friend,*" and he added with a charming smile of condescension, a fine imitation of the happy times of Louis XIV, "*as a friend speaking to friends:* Madame la Duchesse," he continued, "what are we to do to make you forget your untimely resolution?"

"Really, I am at a loss to say," replied the Duchess, with a deep sigh, "really, I am at a loss to say: I have such a horror of Parma!" There was no attempt at epigram in this speech; one could see that she spoke in all sincerity.

The Count turned sharply away from her; his courtier's soul was scandalized. Then he cast a supplicating glance at the Prince. With much dignity and self-possession the latter allowed a moment to pass; then, addressing himself to the Count, "I see," said he, "that your charming friend is altogether beside herself. It is perfectly simple, she *adores* her nephew;" and turning towards the Duchess, he added with the most gallant glance, and at the same time with the air which one assumes in borrowing a phrase from a comedy: "*What must we do to find favor in these lovely eyes?*"

The Duchess had had time to reflect: She answered in a firm, slow tone, as if she were dictating her ultimatum: —

"His Highness might write me a gracious letter, such as he knows so well how to write: he might say to me, that being by no means convinced of the guilt of Fabrice del Dongo, First Grand Vicar of the Archbishop, he will refuse to sign the sentence when they come to present it to him, and that this unjust procedure shall have no consequence in the future."

"How is that? Unjust!" cried the Prince, coloring to the whites of his eyes, and with renewed anger.

"That is not all," replied the Duchess with truly Roman pride, "*this very evening* — and," she interposed, glancing at the clock, "it is already a quarter past eleven — this very evening, his Most Serene Highness will send word to the Marquise Raversi that he advises her to go into the country to recuperate from the fatigues which she must have suffered from a certain trial which she was discussing in her salon early in the evening." The Prince strode up and down his cabinet, like a madman. "Did one ever see such a woman?" he exclaimed. "She is lacking in respect for me."

The Duchess replied with perfect grace: —

"I have never in my life dreamed of lacking respect for his Most Serene Highness; His Highness has had the extreme condescension to say that he was speaking *as a friend to friends*. What is more, I have not the smallest desire to remain in Parma," she added, glancing at the Count with the last

degree of contempt. This glance decided the Prince, who up to that moment had been quite uncertain, notwithstanding that his words had seemed to imply a promise; he had a fine contempt for words.

There were still a few more words exchanged; but at last Count Mosca received the order to write the gracious note solicited by the Duchess. He omitted the phrase, "this unjust procedure shall have no consequence in the future." "It is sufficient," said the Count to himself, "if the Prince promises not to sign the sentence which is to be presented to him." The Prince thanked him by a glance, as he signed.

The Count made a great mistake; the Prince was wearied and would have signed the whole. He thought that he was getting out of the scene well, and the whole affair was dominated, in his eyes, by the thought — "If the Duchess leaves, I shall find my court a bore inside of a week." The Count observed that his master corrected the date, and substituted that of the next day. He looked at the clock; it indicated almost midnight. The minister saw, in this altered date, nothing more than a pedantic desire to afford proof of exactitude and good government. As to the exile of the Marquise Raversi, the Prince did not even frown; the Prince had a special weakness for exiling people.

"General Fontana!" he cried, half opening the door.

The General appeared, with such an astonished and curious a face that a glance of amusement passed between the Duchess and the Count, and this glance established peace.

"General Fontana," said the Prince, "you are to take my carriage, which is waiting under the colonnade; you will go to the house of Mme. Raversi, and have yourself announced: if she is in bed, you will add that you are my representative, and when admitted to her chamber, you will say precisely these words, and no others: — 'Mme. la Marquise Raversi, his Most Serene Highness requires that you shall depart before eight o'clock tomorrow morning, for your chateau of Valleja. His Highness will notify you when you may return to Parma.'"

The Prince's eyes sought those of the Duchess, but the latter, omitting the thanks which he had expected, made him an extremely respectful reverence, and rapidly left the room.

"What a woman!" said the Prince, turning towards Count Mosca.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

HONORÉ DE BALZAC, by common consent the greatest of French novelists and to many of his admirers the greatest of all writers of prose fiction, was born at Tours, May 16, 1799. Neither his family nor his place of birth counts for much in his artistic development; but his sister Laure, afterwards Madame Surville — to whom we owe a charming sketch of her brother and many of his most delightful letters — made him her hero through life, and gave him a sympathy that was better than any merely literary environment. He was a sensitive child, little comprehended by his parents or teachers, which probably acounts for the fact that few writers have so well described the feelings of children so situated, as in 'Le Lys dans la vallée' [The Lily in the Valley] and 'Louis Lambert.' He was not a good student, but undermined his health by desultory though enormous reading and by writing a precocious Treatise on the Will, which an irate master burned and the future novelist afterwards naïvely deplored. When brought home to recuperate, he turned from books to nature, and the effects of the beautiful landscape of Touraine upon his imagination are to be found throughout his writings, in passages of description worthy of a nature-worshiper like Senancour himself. About this time a vague desire for fame seems to have seized him — a desire destined to grow into an almost morbid passion; and it was a kindly Providence that soon after (1814) led his family to quit the stagnant provinces for that nursery of ambition, Paris. Here he studied under new masters, heard lectures at the Sorbonne, read in the libraries, and finally, at the desire of his practical father, took a three years' course in law.

He was now at the parting of the ways, and he chose the one nearest his heart. After much discussion, it was settled that he should not be obliged to return to the provinces with his family, or to enter upon the regular practice of law, but that he might try his luck as a writer on an allowance purposely fixed low enough to test his constancy and endurance. Two years was the period of probation allotted, during which time Balzac read still more widely and walked the streets, studying the characters he met, all the while endeavoring to grind out verses for a tragedy on Cromwell. This, when completed, was promptly and justly damned by his family, and he was temporarily forced to retire from Paris. He did not give up his aspirations, however, and before long he was back in his attic, this time supporting himself by his pen. Novels, not tragedies, were what the public most wanted, so he labored indefatigably to supply their needs and his own necessities; not relinquishing, however, the hope that

he might some day watch the performance of one of his own plays. His perseverance was destined to be rewarded, for he lived to write five dramas, which fill a volume of his collected works; but only one, the posthumous comedy 'Mercadet,' was even fairly successful. Yet that Balzac had dramatic genius his matured novels abundantly prove.

The ten romances, however, that he wrote for cheap booksellers between 1822 and 1829 displayed so little genius of any sort that he was afterwards unwilling to cover their deficiencies with his great name. They have been collected as youthful works ('Œuvres de jeunesse'), and are useful to a complete understanding of the evolution of their author's genius; but they are rarely read even by his most devoted admirers. They served, however, to enable him to get through his long and heartrending period of apprenticeship, and they taught him how to express himself; for this born novelist was not a born writer and had to labor painfully to acquire a style which only at rare moments quite fitted itself to the subject he had in hand.

Much more interesting than these early sensational romances were the letters he wrote to his sister Laure, in which he grew eloquent over his ambition and gave himself needed practice in describing the characters with whom he came in contact. But he had not the means to wait quietly and ripen, so he embarked in a publishing business which brought him into debt. Then, to make up his losses, he became partner in a printing enterprise which failed in 1827, leaving him still more embarrassed financially, but endowed with a fund of experience which he turned to rich account as a novelist. Henceforth the sordid world of debt, bankruptcy, usury, and speculation had no mystery for him, and he laid it bare in novel after novel, utilizing also the knowledge he had gained of the law, and even pressing into service the technicalities of the printing-office. But now at the age of twenty-eight he had over 100,000 francs to pay, and had written nothing better than some cheap stories; the task of wiping out his debts by his writings seemed therefore a more hopeless one than Scott's. Nothing daunted, however, he set to work, and the year that followed his second failure in business saw the composition of the first novel he was willing to acknowledge, 'Les Chouans.' This romance of Brittany in 1799 deserved the praise it received from press and public, in spite of its badly jointed plot and overdrawn characters. It still appeals to many readers, and is important to the 'Comédie humaine' as being the only novel of the "Military Scenes." The 'Physiology of Marriage' followed quickly (1829–30), and despite a certain pruriency of imagination, displayed considerable powers of analysis, powers destined shortly to distinguish a story which ranks high among its author's works, 'La Maison du chat-qui-pelote' (1830). This delightful novelette, the queer title of which is nearly equivalent to 'At the Sign of the Cat and the Racket,' showed in its treatment of the heroine's unhappy passion the intuition and penetration of the born psychologist, and in its admirable description of bourgeois life the pictorial genius of the genuine realist.

The year 1830 marks the beginning not merely of Balzac's success as the greatest of modern realists, but also of his marvelous literary activity. Novel after novel is begun before its predecessor is finished; short stories of almost perfect workmanship are completed; sketches are dashed off that will one day find their appropriate place in larger compositions, as yet existing only in the brain of the master. Nor is it merely a question of individual works: novels and stories are to form different series — 'Scenes from Private Life,' 'Philosophical Novels and Tales' — which are themselves destined to merge into 'Studies of Manners in the Nineteenth Century,' and finally into the 'Comédie humaine' itself. Yet it was more than a swarm of stories that was buzzing in his head; it was a swarm of individuals often more truly alive to him than the friends with whom he loved to converse about them. And just because he knew these people of his brain, just because he entered into the least details of their daily lives, Balzac was destined to become much more than a mere philosopher or student of society; to wit, a creator of characters, endowed with that "absolute dramatic vision" which distinguishes Homer and Shakespeare and Chaucer. But because he was also something of a philosopher and student of sociology, he conceived the stupendous idea of linking these characters with one another and with their several environments, in order that he might make himself not merely the historian but also the creator of an entire society.

To the evolution of Balzac's genius, which culminated in this great conception, various elements contributed: his friendships and enmities with contemporary authors, his intimacies with women of refinement and fashion, his business struggles with creditors and publishers, his frequent journeys to the provinces and foreign countries; and finally his grandiose schemes to surround himself with luxury and the paraphernalia of power, not so much for his own sake as for the sake of her whose least smile was a delight and an inspiration. About each of these topics an interesting chapter might be written, but here a few words must suffice.

After his position as an author was more or less assured, Balzac's relations with the leaders of his craft — such as Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, and George Sand — were on the whole cordial. He had trouble with Sainte-Beuve, however, and often felt that his brother-writers begrudged his success. His constant attacks on contemporary journalists, and his egotistic and erratic manners naturally prejudiced the critics, so that even the marvelous romance entitled 'La Peau de chagrin' [The Magic Skin] (1831) — a work of superb genius — speedily followed as it was by 'Eugénie Grandet' and 'Le Père Goriot,' did not win him cordial recognition. One or two of his friendships, however, gave him a knowledge of higher social circles than he was by birth entitled to, a fact which should be remembered in face of the charge that he did not know high life, although it is of course true that a writer like Balzac, possessing the intuition of genius, need not frequent salons or live in hovels in order to describe them with absolute verisimilitude.

With regard to Balzac's debts, the fact should be noted that he might have paid them off more easily and speedily had he been more prudent. He cut into the profits of his books by the costly changes he was always making in his proof-sheets — changes which the artist felt to be necessary, but against which the publishers naturally protested. In reality he wrote his books on his proof-sheets, for he would cut and hack the original version and make new insertions until he drove his printers wild. Indeed, composition never became easy to him, although under a sudden inspiration he could sometimes dash off page after page while other men slept. He had, too, his affectations; he must even have a special and peculiar garb in which to write. All these eccentricities and his outside distractions and ambitions, as well as his noble and pathetic love affair, entered into the warp and woof of his work with effects that can easily be detected by the careful student, who should remember, however, that the master's foibles and peculiarities never for one moment set him outside the small circle of the men of supreme genius. He belongs to them by virtue of his tremendous grasp of life in its totality, his superhuman force of execution, and the inevitableness of his art at its best.

The decade from 1830 to 1840 is the most prolific period of Balzac's genius in the creation of individual works; that from 1840 to 1850 is his great period of philosophical co-ordination and arrangement. In the first he hewed out materials for his house; in the second he put them together. This statement is of course relatively true only, for we owe to the second decade three of his greatest masterpieces: 'Splendeurs et misères des courtisanes,' and 'La Cousine Bette' and 'Le Cousin Pons,' collectively known as 'Les Parents pauvres' [Poor Relations]. And what a period of masterful literary activity the first decade presents! For the year 1830 alone there are seventy-one entries, many of slight importance, but some familiar to every student of modern literature, such as 'El Verdugo,' 'La Maison du chat-qui-pelote,' 'Gobseck,' 'Adieu,' 'Une Passion dans le désert [A Passion in the Desert], 'Un Épisode sous la Terreur' [An Episode of the Terror]. For 1831 there are seventy-six entries, among them such masterpieces as 'Le Réquisitionnaire' [The Conscript], 'Les Proscrits' [The Outlaws], 'La Peau de chagrin,' and 'Jésus-Christ en Flandre.' In 1832 the number of entries falls to thirty-six, but among them are 'Le Colonel Chabert,' 'Le Curé de Tours' [The Priest of Tours], 'La Grande Bretèche,' 'Louis Lambert,' and 'Les Marana.' After this year there are fewer short stories. In 1833 we have 'Le Médecin de campagne' [The Country Doctor], and 'Eugénie Grandet,' with parts of the 'Histoire des treizé' [Story of the Thirteen], and of the 'Contes drolatiques' [Droll Tales]. The next year gives us 'La Recherche de l'absolu' [Search for the Absolute] and 'Le Père Goriot' [Old Goriot] and during the next six there were no less than a dozen masterpieces. Such a decade of accomplishment is little short of miraculous, and the work was done under stress of anxieties that would have crushed any normal man.

The task he had set himself was stupendous, and required not merely the planning and writing of new works but the utilization of all that he had previously written. Untiring labor had to be devoted to this manipulation of old material, for practically the great output of the five years 1829–1834 was to be co-ordinated internally, story being brought into relation with story and character with character. This meant the creation and management of an immense number of personages, the careful investigation of the various localities which served for environments, and the profound study of complicated social and political problems. No wonder, then, that the second decade of his maturity shows a falling off in abundance, though not in intensity of creative power: and that the gradual breaking down of his health, under the strain of his ceaseless efforts and of his abnormal habits of life, made itself more and more felt in the years that followed the great preface which in 1842 set forth the splendid design of the 'Comédie humaine.'

To have brought this world into existence, to have given it order in the midst of complexity, and that in spite of the fact that death overtook him before he could complete his work, would have been sufficient to occupy a decade of any other man's life; but he, though harassed with illness and with hopes of love and ambition deferred, was strong enough to do more. The year 1840 saw the appearance of 'Pierrette,' and the establishment of the ill-fated Revue Parisienne. The following year saw 'Ursule Mirouet,' and until 1848 the stream of great works is practically unbroken. The 'Splendeurs et misères' and the 'Parents Pauvres' have been named already, but to these must be added 'Un Ménage de garçon' [A Bachelor's Housekeeping], 'Modeste Mignon,' and 'Les Paysans' [The Peasants]. The three following years added nothing to his work and closed his life, but they brought him his crowning happiness. On March 14, 1850, he was married to Mme. Hanska, at Berditchef; on August 18, 1850, he died at Paris.

Madame Evelina de Hanska came into Balzac's life about 1833, just after he had shaken off the unfortunate influence of the Duchesse de Castries. The young Polish countess was much impressed, we are told, by reading the 'Scènes de la vie privée [Scenes of Private Life], and was somewhat perplexed and worried by Balzac's apparent change of method in 'La Peau de chagrin.' She wrote to him over the signature "L'Étrangère" [A Foreigner]. Not long after the opening of this correspondence the two met, and a firm friendship was cemented between them. The lady was about thirty, and married to a Russian gentleman of large fortune, to whom she had given an only daughter. She was in the habit of traveling about Europe to carry on this daughter's education, and Balzac made it his pleasure and duty to see her whenever he could, sometimes journeying as far as Vienna. In the interim he would write her letters which possess great charm and importance to the student of his life. The husband made no objection to the intimacy, trusting both to his wife and to Balzac; but for some time before the death of the aged no-

bleman, Balzac seems to have distrusted himself and to have held slightly aloof from the woman whom he was destined finally to love with all the fervor of his nature. Madame Hanska became free in the winter of 1842–3, and the next summer Balzac visited St. Petersburg to see her. His love soon became an absorbing passion, but consideration for her daughter's future withheld the lady's consent to a betrothal till 1846. It was a period of weary waiting, in which our sympathies are all on one side; for if ever a man deserved to be happy in a woman's love, it was Balzac. His happiness came, but almost too late to be enjoyed. His last two years, which he spent in Poland with Madame de Hanska, were oppressed by illness, and he returned to his beloved Paris only to die. The struggle of thirty years was over, and although his immense genius was not yet fully recognized, his greatest contemporary, Victor Hugo, was magnanimous enough to exclaim on hearing that he was dying, "Europe is on the point of losing a great mind."

In the definitive edition of Balzac's writings in twenty-four volumes, seventeen are occupied by the various divisions of the 'Comédie humaine.' The plays take up one volume; and the correspondence, not including of course the letters to "L'Étrangère," another; the 'Contes drolatiques' make still another; and finally we have four volumes filled with sketches, tales, reviews, and historical and political articles left uncollected by their author.

The 'Contes' are thirty in number, divided into "dixains," each with its appropriate prologue and epilogue. They purport to have been collected in the abbeys of Touraine, and set forth by the Sieur de Balzac for the delight of Pantagruelists and none others. Not merely the spirit but the very language of Rabelais is caught with remarkable verve and fidelity, so that from the point of view of style Balzac has never done better work. His frank, ebullient, sensuous nature is here lighted up by a genuine if scarcely delicate humor. Of direct suggestion of vice Balzac was, naturally, as incapable as he was of smug puritanism; but it must be confessed that as a *raconteur* his proper audience, now that the monastic orders have passed away, would be a group of middle-aged clubmen.

The 'Comédie humaine' is divided into three main sections: first and most important, the 'Études de mœurs' [Studies of Manners], second the 'Études philosophiques' [Philosophic Studies], and finally the 'Études analytiques' [Analytic Studies]. These divisions were intended to bear to one another the relations that moral science, psychology, and metaphysics do to one another with regard to the life of man, whether as an individual or as a member of society. No single division was left complete at the author's death; but enough was finished and put together to give us the sense of moving in a living, breathing world, no matter where we make our entry. This is the real secret of Balzac's greatness. To think, for example, that the importance of 'Séraphita' lies in the fact that it gives Balzac's view of Swedenborgianism, or that the importance of 'Louis Lambert' lies in its author's queer theories about the

human will, is entirely to misapprehend his true position in the world of literature. His mysticism, his psychology, his theories of economics, his reactionary devotion to monarchy, and his idealization of the Church of Rome, may or may not appeal to us, and have certainly nothing that is eternal or inevitable about them; but in his knowledge of the human mind and heart he is as inevitable and eternal as any writer has ever been, save only Shakespeare and Homer.

The 'Études de mœurs' were systematically divided by their author into 'Scenes of Private Life,' 'Scenes of Provincial Life,' 'Scenes of Country Life,' 'Scenes of Parisian Life,' 'Scenes of Political Life,' and 'Scenes of Military Life' — the last three divisions representing more or less exceptional phases of existence. The group relating to Paris is by far the most important and powerful, but the provincial stories show almost as fine workmanship, and furnish not a few of the well-known masterpieces. Less interesting, though still important, are the 'Scenes of Private Life,' which consist of twenty-four novels, novelettes, and tales, including 'Béatrix,' 'La Grande Bretèche,' 'Modeste Mignon,' 'Mémoires de deux jeunes mariées' [Recollections of Two Young Wives], and 'La Maison du chat-qui-pelote.'

Of all these stories, hardly one shows genuine greatness except the powerful tragic tale 'La Grande Bretèche.' This story of a jealous husband's walling up his wife's lover in a closet of her chamber is as dramatic a piece of writing as Balzac ever did, and is almost if not quite as perfect a short story as any that has since been written in France. 'La Maison du chat-qui-pelote' has been mentioned already on account of its importance in the evolution of Balzac's realism, but while a delightful novelette, it is hardly great, its charm coming rather from its descriptions of bourgeois life than from the working out of its central theme, the infelicity of a young wife married to an unfaithful artist. 'Modeste Mignon' is interesting, and more romantic than Balzac's later works were wont to be; but while it may be safely recommended to the average novel-reader, few admirers of its author would wish to have it taken as a sample of their master. 'Béatrix' is a powerful story in its delineation of the weakness of the young Breton nobleman, Calyste du Guénic. It derives a factitious interest from the fact that George Sand is depicted in 'Camille Maupin,' the pen-name of Mlle. des Touches, and perhaps Balzac himself in Claude Vignon, the critic. Less factitious is the interest derived from Balzac's admirable delineation of a doting mother and aunt, and from his realistic handling of one of the cleverest of his ladies of light reputation, Madame Schontz; his studies of such characters of the *demi-monde* — especially of the wonderful Esther of the 'Splendeurs et misères' — serving plainly, by the way, as a point of departure for Dumas *fils*. Yet 'Béatrix' is an able rather than a truly great book, for it neither elevates nor delights us. In fact, all the stories in this series are interesting rather than truly great; but all display Balzac's remarkable analytic powers.

The 'Scenes of Provincial Life' number only ten stories, but nearly all of them are masterpieces. They are 'Eugénie Grandet,' 'Le Lys dans la vallée,' 'Ursule Mirouet,' 'Pierrette,' 'Le Curé de Tours,' 'La Rabouilleuse,' 'La Vieille fille' [The Old Maid], 'Le Cabinet des antiques' [The Cabinet of Antiques], 'L'Illustre Gaudissart' [The Illustrious Gaudissart], and 'La Muse du département' [The Departmental Muse]. Of these 'Eugénie Grandet' is of course easily first in interest, pathos, and power. The character of old Grandet, the miserly father, is presented to us with Shakespearean vividness, although Eugénie herself has less than the Shakespearean charm. Any lesser artist would have made the tyrant himself and his yielding wife and daughters seem caricatures rather than living people. It is only the Shakespeares and Balzacs who are able to make their Shylocks and Iagos, their Grandets and Philippe Brideaus, monsters and human beings at one and the same time. It is only the greater artists, too, who can bring out all the pathos inherent in the subjection of two gentlewomen to a tyrant in their own household. But it is Balzac the inimitable alone who can portray fully the life of the provinces, its banality, its meanness, its watchful selfishness, and yet save us through the perfection of his art from the degradation which results from contact with low and sordid life. The reader who rises unaffected from a perusal of 'Eugénie Grandet' would be unmoved by the grief of Priam in the tent of Achilles, or of Othello in the death-chamber of Desdemona.

'Le Lys dans la vallée' has been pronounced by an able French critic to be the worst novel he knows; but as a study of more or less ethereal and slightly morbid love it is characterized by remarkable power. The other stories of the group are decidedly more interesting. The distress of the abbé Birotteau over his landlady's treatment, and the intrigues of the abbé Troubert ('Le Curé de Tours'); the woes of the little orphan subjected to the tyranny of her selfish aunt and uncle ('Pierrette'); the struggles of the rapacious heirs for the Mirouet fortune ('Ursule Mirouet,' a story which gives us one of his purest women and deals interestingly with mesmerism); the siege of Mlle. Cormon's mature affections by her two adroit suitors ('La Vieille fille'); the intrigues against the peace of the d'Esgrignons and the sublime devotion to their interests of the notary Chesnel ('Le Cabinet des antiques'); and finally the ignoble passions that fought themselves out around the senile Jean Jacques Rouget, under the direction of the diabolical ex-soldier Philippe-Brideau ('La Rabouilleuse,' sometimes entitled 'Un Ménage de Garçon'), form the absorbing central themes of a group of novels — or rather stories, for few of them attain considerable length— unrivaled in the annals of realistic fiction.

The 'Scenes of Country Life,' comprising 'Les Paysans,' 'Le Médecin de campagne,' and 'Le Curé de village' [The Village Priest], take high rank among their author's works. Where Balzac might have been crudely naturalistic, he has preferred to be either realistic as in the first named admirable novel, or idealistic as in the two latter. Hence he has created characters like

the country physician, Doctor Benassis, almost as great a boon to the world of readers as that philanthropist himself was to the little village of his adoption. If Madame Graslin of 'Le Curé de village' fails to reach the height of Benassis, her career has at least a sensational interest which his lacked; and the country curate, the good abbé Bonnet, surely makes up for her lack on the ideal side.

We are now brought to the 'Parisian Scenes,' and with the exception of 'Eugénie Grandet,' to the best-known masterpieces. There are twenty titles; but as two of these are collective in character, the number of novels and stories amounts to twenty-four, as follows: — 'Le Père Goriot,' 'Illusions perdues,' 'Splendeurs et misères des courtisanes,' 'Les Secrets de la princesse de Cadignan,' 'Histoire des treize' (containing 'Ferragus,' 'La Duchesse de Langeais,' and 'La Fille aux yeux d'or' [The Girl with the Golden Eyes]), 'Sarrasine,' 'Le Colonel Chabert,' 'L'Interdiction' [The Interdiction], 'Les Parents pauvres' [Poor Relations, including 'La Cousine Bette' and 'Le Cousin Pons'], 'La Messe de l'athée' [The Atheist's Mass], 'Facino Cane,' 'Gobseck,' 'La Maison Nucingen,' 'Un Prince de la Bohème' [A Prince of Bohemia], 'Equisse d'homme d'affaires' [Sketch of a Business Man], 'Gaudissart II,' 'Les Comédiens sans le savoir' [The Unconscious Humorists], 'Les Employés' [The Employees], 'Histoire de César Birotteau,' and 'Les Petits bourgeois' [Little Bourgeois]. Of these twenty-four titles six belong to novels, five of which are of great power, nine to novelettes and short stories too admirable to be passed over without notice, eight to novelettes and stories of interest and value which need not, however, detain us, and one, 'Les Petits bourgeois,' to a novel of much promise unfortunately left incomplete. 'Les Secrets de la princesse de Cadignan' is remarkable chiefly as a study of the blind passion that often overtakes a man of letters. Daniel d'Arthez, the author, a fine character and a favorite with Balzac, succumbs to the wiles of the Princess of Cadignan (formerly the dashing and fascinating Duchesse de Maufrigneuse) and is happy in his subjection. The 'Histoire des treize' contains three novelettes, linked together through the fact that in each a band of thirteen young men, sworn to assist one another in conquering society, plays an important part. This volume is the most frankly sensational of Balzac's works. 'La Duchesse de Langeais,' however, is more than sensational: it gives perhaps Balzac's best description of the Faubourg St. Germain and one of his ablest analyses of feminine character, while in the description of General Montriveau's recognition of the Duchess in the Spanish convent the novelist's dramatic power is seen at its highest. 'La Fille aux yeux d'or,' which concludes the volume devoted to the mysterious brotherhood, may be considered, with 'Sarrasine,' one of the dark closets of the great building known as the 'Comédie humaine.' Both stories deal with unnatural passions, and the first is one of Balzac's most effective compositions. For sheer voluptuousness of style there is little in literature to parallel the description of the boudoir of the un-

canny heroine. Very different from these stories is 'Le Colonel Chabert,' the record of the misfortunes of one of Napoleon's heroic soldiers, who after untold hardships returns to France to find his wife married a second time and determined to deny his existence. The law is invoked, but the treachery of the wife induces the noble old man to put an end to the proceedings, after which he sinks into an indigent and pathetic senility. Balzac has never drawn a more heart-moving figure, nor has he ever sounded more thoroughly the depths of human selfishness. But the description of the battle of Eylau and of Chabert's sufferings in retreat would alone suffice to make the story memorable. 'Gobseck' is a study of a Parisian usurer, almost worthy of a place beside the description of old Grandet; while 'Les Employés' is a realistic study of bureaucratic life, which, besides showing a wonderful familiarity with the details of a world of which Balzac had little personal experience, contains several admirably drawn characters and a sufficient amount of incident.

Of the five great novels of Parisian life, first in date of composition, and in popular estimation at least among English readers, comes 'Le Père Goriot.' It is certainly trite to call the book a French "Lear," but the expression emphasizes the supreme artistic power that could treat the *motif* of one of Shakespeare's plays in a manner that never forces a disadvantageous comparison with the great tragedy. The retired vermicelli-maker is not so grand a figure as the doting King of Britain, but he is as real. The French daughters, Anastasie, Countess de Restaud, and Delphine, Baroness de Nucingen, are not such types of savage wickedness as Regan and Goneril, but they fit the nineteenth century as well as the British princesses did their more barbarous day. Yet there is no Cordelia in 'Le Père Goriot,' for the pale Victorine Taillefer cannot fill the place of that noblest of daughters. This is but to say that Balzac's bourgeois tragedy lacks that element of the noble that every great poetic tragedy must have. The self-immolation of old Goriot to the cold-hearted ambitions of his daughters is not noble, but his parental passion touches the infinite, and so proves the essential kinship of his creator with the creator of Lear. The marvelously lifelike description of the vulgar Parisian boarding-house, the fascinating delineation of the character of that king of convicts, Vautrin, and the fine analysis of the ambitions of Rastignac (who comes nearer perhaps to being *the* hero of the 'Comédie humaine' than any other of its characters, and is here presented to us at the threshold of his successful career) remain in the memory of every reader, but would never alone have sufficed to make Balzac's name worthy of immortality. The infinite quality of Goriot's passion would, however, have conferred this honor on his creator had he never written another book.

'Illusions perdues' and 'Splendeurs et misères des courtisanes' might almost be regarded as one novel in seven parts. More than any other of his works they show the sun of Balzac's genius at its meridian. Nowhere else does he give us plots so absorbing, nowhere else does he bring us so completely in

contact with the world his imagination has peopled. The first novel devotes two of its parts to the provinces and one to Paris. The provincial stories center around two brothers-in-law, David Séchard and Lucien de Rubempré, types of the practical and the artistic intellect respectively. David, after struggling for fame and fortune, succumbs and finds his recompense in the love of his wife Eve, Lucien's sister, one of Balzac's noble women. Lucien, on the other hand, after some provincial successes as a poet, tries the great world of Paris, yields to its temptations, fails ignominiously, and attempts suicide, but is rescued by the great Vautrin, who has escaped from prison and is about to renew his war on society disguised as a Spanish priest. Vautrin has conceived the idea that as he can take no part in society, he will have a representative in it and taste its pleasures through him. Lucien accepts this disgraceful position and plunges once more into the vortex, supported by the strong arm of the king of the convicts. His career and that of his patron form the subject of the four parts of the 'Splendeurs et misères'; probably nowhere else in fiction are the novel of character and the novel of incident so splendidly combined; and certainly nowhere else in the range of his work does Balzac so fully display all his master qualities. That the story is sensational cannot be denied, but it is at least worthy of being called the Iliad of Crime.

Many readers would put the companion novels 'La Cousine Bette' and 'Le Cousin Pons' at the head of Balzac's works. They have not the infinite pathos of 'Le Père Goriot,' or the superb construction of the first three parts of the 'Splendeurs et misères,' but for sheer strength the former at least is unsurpassed in fiction. Never before or since have the effects of vice in dragging down a man below the level of the lowest brute been so portrayed as in Baron Hulot; never before or since has female depravity been so illustrated as in the diabolical career of Valérie Marneffe, probably the worst woman in fiction. As for Cousine Bette herself, and her power to breed mischief and crime, it suffices to say that she is worthy of a place beside the two chief characters.

'Le Cousin Pons' is a very different book; one which, though pathetic in the extreme, may be safely recommended to the youngest reader. The hero who gives his name to the story is an old musician who has worn out his welcome among his relations, but who becomes an object of interest to them when they learn that his collection of bric-a-brac is valuable and that he is about to die. The intrigues that circulate around this collection and the childlike German, Schmucke, to whom Pons has bequeathed it, are described as only the author of 'Le Curé de Tours' could have succeeded in doing; but the book contains also an almost perfect description of the ideal friendship existing between Pons and Schmucke. One remembers them longer than one does Frazier, the scoundrelly advocate who cheats poor Schmucke; a fact which should be cited against those who urge that Balzac is at home with his vicious characters only.

The last novel of this group, 'César Birotteau,' is the least powerful, though

not perhaps the least popular. It is an excellent study of bourgeois life, and therefore fills an important place in the scheme of the 'Comedy,' describing as it does the spreading ambitions of a rich but stupid perfumer, and containing an admirable study of bankruptcy. It may be dismissed with the remark that around the innocent César surge most of the scoundrels that figure in the 'Comédie humaine,' and with the regret that it should have been completed while the far more powerful 'Les Petits bourgeois' was left unfinished.

We now come to the concluding parts of the 'Études de mœurs,' the 'Scenes' describing Political and Military Life. In the first group are five novels and stories: 'L'Envers de l'histoire contemporaine' [The Under Side of Contemporary History, a fine story, but rather social than political], 'Une Ténébreuse affaire' [A Shady Affair], 'Un Épisode sous la Terreur,' 'Z. Marcas,' 'Le Deputé d'Arcis' [The Deputy of Arcis]. The military scenes are only two in number, 'Les Chouans' and 'Une Passion dans le désert.' The former of these has been sufficiently described already; the latter is one of the best known of the short stories, but rather deserves a place beside 'La Fille aux yeux d'or.' Indeed, for Balzac's best military scenes we must go to 'Le Colonel Chabert' or to 'Adieu.'

We now pass to those subterranean chambers of the great structure we are exploring, the 'Études philosophiques.' They are twenty in number, four being novels, one a composite volume of tales, and the rest stories. The titles runs as follows: — 'La Peau de chagrin,' 'L'Élixir de longue vie' [The Elixir of Life], 'Melmoth réconcilié,' 'Le Chef-d'œuvre inconnu' [The Obliterated Masterpiece], 'Gambara,' 'Massimila Doni,' 'Le Réquisitionnaire,' 'Adieu,' 'El Verdugo,' 'Les Marana,' 'L'Auberge rouge' [The Red Inn], 'Un Drame au bord de la mer' [A Seaside Drama], 'L'Enfant maudit' [A Child Accursed], 'Maître Cornélius' [Master Cornelius], 'Sur Catherine de Médicis,' 'La Recherche de l'absolu,' 'Louis Lambert,' 'Séraphita,' 'Les Proscrits,' and 'Jésus-Christ en Flandre.'

Of the novels, 'La Peau de chagrin' is easily first. Its central theme is the world-old conflict between the infinite desires and the finite powers of man. The hero, Raphael, is hardly, as some have suggested, on a level with Hamlet, Faust, and Manfred, but the struggle of his infinite and his finite natures is almost as intensely interesting as the similar struggles in them. The introduction of the talisman, the wild ass's skin that accomplishes all the wishes of its owner, but on condition that it is to shrink away in proportion to the intensity of those wishes, and that when it disappears the owner's life is to end, gave to the story a weird interest not altogether, perhaps, in keeping with its realistic setting, and certainly forcing a disastrous comparison with the three great poems named. But when all allowances are made, one is forced to conclude that 'La Peau de chagrin' is a novel of extraordinary power and absorbing interest; and that its description of its hero's dissipations in the libertine circles of Paris, and its portrayal of the sublime devotion of the heroine Pauline for

her slowly perishing lover, are scarcely to be paralleled in literature. Far less powerful are the short stories on similar themes, entitled 'L'Élixir de longue vie,' and 'Melmoth réconcilié' [Melmoth Reconciled], which give us Balzac's rehandling of the Don Juan of Molière and Byron, and the Melmoth of Maturin.

Below the 'Peau de chagrin,' but still among its author's best novels, should be placed 'La Recherche de l'absolu,' which, as its title implies, describes the efforts of a chemist to "prove by chemical analysis the unity of composition of matter." In the pursuit of his philosophic will-o'-the-wisp, Balthazar Claës loses his fortune and sacrifices his noble wife and children. His madness serves, however, to bring into relief the splendid qualities of these latter; and it is just here, in its human rather than in its philosophic bearings, that the story rises to real greatness.

Concerning 'Séraphita' and 'Louis Lambert,' the remaining novels of this series, certain noted mystics assert that they contain the essence of Balzac's genius, and at least suggest the secret of the universe. Perhaps an ordinary critic may content himself with saying that both books are remarkable proofs of their author's power, and that the former is notable for its marvelous descriptions of Norwegian scenery.

Of the lesser members of the philosophic group, nearly all are admirable in their kind and degree. 'Le Chef-d'œuvre inconnu' and 'Gambara' treat of the pains of the artistic life and temperament. 'Massimila Doni,' like 'Gambara,' treats of music, but also gives a brilliant picture of Venetian life. 'Le réquisitionnaire,' perhaps the best of Balzac's short stories, deals with the phenomenon of second sight, as 'Adieu' does with that of mental alienation caused by a sudden shock. 'Les Marana' is an absorbing study of the effects of heredity; 'L'Auberge rouge' is an analysis of remorse, as is also 'Un Drame au bord de la mer'; while 'L'Enfant maudit' is an analysis of the effects of extreme sensibility, especially as manifested in the passion of poetic love. Finally, 'Maître Cornélius' is a study of avarice, in which is set a remarkable portrait of Louis XI; 'Les Proscrits' is a masterly sketch of the exile of Dante at Paris; and 'Jésus-Christ en Flandre' is an exquisite allegory, the most delicate flower, perhaps, of Balzac's genius.

It remains only to say a few words about the third division of the 'Comédie humaine,' viz., the 'Études analytiques.' Only two members of the series, the 'Physiologie du mariage' and the 'Petites misères de la vie conjugale,' were ever completed, and they are not great enough to make us regret the loss of the 'Pathology of Social Life' and the other unwritten volumes. For the two books we have are neither novels nor profound studies, neither great fiction nor great psychology. That they are worth reading for their suggestiveness with regard to such important subjects as marriage and conjugal life goes without saying, since they are Balzac's; but that they add greatly to his reputation, not even his most ardent admirer would be hardly enough to affirm.

And now in conclusion, what can one say about this great writer that will not fall far short of his deserts? Plainly, nothing, yet a few points may be accentuated with profit. We should notice in the first place that Balzac has consciously tried almost every form of prose fiction, and has been nearly always splendidly successful. In analytic studies of high, middle, and low life he has not his superior. In the novel of intrigue and sensation he is easily a master, while he succeeds at least fairly in a form of fiction at just the opposite pole from this, to wit, the idyl ('Le Lys dans la vallée'). In character sketches of extreme types, like 'Gobseck,' his supremacy has long been recognized, and he is almost as powerful when he enters the world of mysticism, whither so few of us can follow him. As a writer of novelettes he is unrivaled and some of his short stories are worthy to rank with the best that his followers have produced. In the extensive use of dialect he was a pioneer; in romance he has 'La Peau de chagrin' and 'La Recherche de l'absolu' to his credit; while some of the work in the tales connected with the name of Catherine de' Medici shows what he could have done in historical fiction had he continued to follow Scott. And what is true of the form of his fiction is true of its elements. Tragedy, comedy, melodrama are all within his reach; he can call up tears and shudders, laughter and smiles at will. He knows the whole range of human emotions, and he dares to penetrate into the arcana of passions almost too terrible or loathsome for literature to touch.

In style, in the larger sense of the word, he is almost equally supreme. He is the father of modern realism and remains its greatest exponent. He retains always some of the good elements of romance — that is to say, he sees the thing as it ought to be — and he avoids the pitfalls of naturalism, being a painter and not a photographer. In other words, like all truly great writers he never forgets his ideals; but he is too impartial to his characters and has too fast a grip on life to fall into the unrealities of sentimentalism. It is true that he lacked the spontaneity that characterized his great forerunner, Shakespeare, and his great contemporary, George Sand; but this loss was made up by the inevitable and impersonal character of his work when once his genius was thoroughly aroused to action. His laborious method of describing by an accumulation of details postponed the play of his powers, which are at their height in the action of his characters; yet sooner or later the inert masses of his composition were fused into a burning whole. But if Balzac is primarily a dramatist in the creation and manipulation of his characters, he is also a supreme painter in his presentation of scenes. And what characters and what scenes has he not set before us! Over two thousand personages move through the 'Comédie humaine,' whose biographies MM. Cerfberr and Christophe have collected for us in their admirable 'Répertoire de la comédie humaine,' and whose chief types M. Paul Flat has described in the first series of his 'Essais sur Balzac.' Some of these personages are of course shadowy; but an amazingly large number live for us as truly as Shakespeare's heroes and

heroines do. Nor will anyone who has trod the streets of Balzac's Paris, or spent the summer with him at the Château des Aigues ('Les Paysans'), or in the beautiful valleys of Touraine, ever forget the master's pictures.

Yet the Balzac who with intangible materials created living and breathing men and women and unfading scenes, has been accused of vitiating the French language and has been denied the possession of verbal style. On this point French critics must give the final verdict; but a foreigner may cite Taine's defense of that style, and maintain that most of the liberties taken by Balzac with his native language were forced on him by the novel and far-reaching character of his work. Nor should it be forgotten that he was capable at times of almost perfect passages of description, and that he rarely confounded, as novelists are too apt to do, the provinces of poetry and prose.

But one might write a hundred essays on Balzac and not exhaust him. One might write a volume on his women, a volume to refute the charge that his bad men are better drawn than his good, a volume to discuss Henry James's epigrammatic declaration that a five-franc piece may be fairly called the protagonist of the 'Comédie humaine.' In short one might go on defending and praising and even criticizing Balzac for a lifetime, and be little further advanced than when one began; for to criticize Balzac, is it not to criticize life itself?

WILLIAM P. TRENT

AN EPISODE UNDER THE TERROR

ON the 22d of January, 1793, towards eight o'clock in the evening, an old gentlewoman came down the sharp declivity of the Faubourg Saint-Martin, which ends near the church of Saint-Laurent in Paris. Snow had fallen throughout the day, so that footfalls could be scarcely heard. The streets were deserted. The natural fear inspired by such stillness was deepened by the terror to which all France was then a prey.

The old lady had met no one. Her failing sight hindered her from perceiving in the distance a few pedestrians, sparsely scattered like shadows, along the broad road of the faubourg. She was walking bravely through the solitude as if her age were a talisman to guard her from danger; but after passing the Rue des Morts she fancied that she heard the firm, heavy tread of a man coming behind her. The thought seized her mind that she had been listening to it unconsciously for some time. Terrified at the idea of being followed, she tried to walk faster to reach a lighted shop-window, and settle the doubt which thus assailed her. When well beyond the horizontal rays of light thrown across the pavement, she turned abruptly and saw a human form looming through the fog. The indistinct glimpse was enough. She staggered for an in-

stant under the weight of terror, for she no longer doubted that this unknown man had tracked her, step by step, from her home. The hope of escaping such a spy lent strength to her feeble limbs. Incapable of reasoning, she quickened her steps to a run, as if it were possible to escape a man necessarily more agile than she. After running for a few minutes, she reached the shop of a pastry-cook, entered it, and fell, rather than sat, down on a chair which stood before the counter.

As she lifted the creaking latch of the door, a young woman, who was at work on a piece of embroidery, looked up and recognized through the glass panes the antiquated mantle of purple silk which wrapped the old lady, and hastened to pull open a drawer, as if to take from thence something that she had to give her. The action and the expression of the young woman not only implied a wish to get rid of the stranger, as of some one most unwelcome, but she let fall an exclamation of impatience at finding the drawer empty. Then, without looking at the lady, she came rapidly from behind the counter, and went towards the back-shop to call her husband, who appeared at once.

"Where have you put —— ——?" she asked him, mysteriously, calling his attention to the old lady by a glance, and not concluding her sentence.

Although the pastry-cook could see nothing but the enormous black-silk hood circled with purple ribbons which the stranger wore, he disappeared, with a glance at his wife which seemed to say, "Do you suppose I should leave *that* on your counter?"

Surprised at the silence and immobility of her customer, the wife came forward, and was seized with a sudden movement of compassion as well as of curiosity when she looked at her. Though the complexion of the old gentlewoman was naturally livid, like that of a person vowed to secret austerities, it was easy to see that some recent alarm had spread an unusual paleness over her features. Her head-covering was so arranged as to hide the hair, whitened no doubt by age, for the cleanly collar of her dress proved that she wore no powder. The concealment of this natural adornment gave to her countenance a sort of conventual severity; but its features were grave and noble. In former days the habits and manners of people of quality were so different from those of all other classes that it was easy to distinguish persons of noble birth. The young shop-woman felt certain, therefore, that the stranger was a *ci-devant,* and one who had probably belonged to the court.

"Madame?" she said, with involuntary respect, forgetting that the title was proscribed.

The old lady made no answer. Her eyes were fixed on the glass of the shop-window, as if some alarming object were painted upon it.

"What is the matter, *citoyenne?*" asked the master of the establishment, re-entering, and drawing the attention of his customer to a little cardboard box covered with blue paper, which he held out to her.

"It is nothing, nothing, my friends," she answered in a gentle voice, as she raised her eyes to give the man a thankful look. Seeing a phrygian cap upon his head, a cry escaped her: — "Ah! it is you who have betrayed me!"

The young woman and her husband replied by a deprecating gesture of horror which caused the unknown lady to blush, either for her harsh suspicion or from the relief of feeling it unjust.

"Excuse me," she said, with childlike sweetness. Then taking a gold *louis* from her pocket, she offered it to the pastry-cook. "Here is the sum we agreed upon," she added.

There is a poverty which poor people quickly divine. The shopkeeper and his wife looked at each other with a glance at the old lady that conveyed a mutual thought. The *louis* was doubtless her last. The hands of the poor woman trembled as she offered it, and her eyes rested upon it sadly, yet not with avarice. She seemed to feel the full extent of her sacrifice. Hunger and want were traced upon her features in lines as legible as those of timidity and ascetic habits. Her clothing showed vestiges of luxury. It was of silk, well-worn; the mantle was clean, though faded; the laces carefully darned; in short, here were the rags of opulence. The two shopkeepers, divided between pity and self-interest, began to soothe their conscience with words: —

"*Citoyenne,* you seem very feeble —"

"Would Madame like to take something?" asked the wife, cutting short her husband's speech.

"We have some very good broth," he added.

"It is so cold, perhaps Madame is chilled by her walk; but you can rest here and warm yourself."

"The devil is not so black as he is painted," cried the husband.

Won by the kind tone of these words, the old lady admitted that she had been followed by a man and was afraid of going home alone.

"Is that all?" said the man with the phrygian cap. "Wait for me, *citoyenne.*"

He gave the louis to his wife. Then moved by a species of gratitude which slips into the shopkeeping soul when its owner receives an exorbitant price for an article of little value, he went to put on his uniform as a National Guard, took his hat, slung on his saber, and reappeared under arms. But the wife meantime had reflected. Reflection, as often happens in many hearts, had closed the open hand of her benevolence. Uneasy, and alarmed lest her husband should be mixed up in some dangerous affair, she pulled him by the flap of his coat, intending to stop him; but the worthy man, obeying the impulse of charity, promptly offered to escort the poor lady to her home.

"It seems that the man who has given her this fright is prowling outside," said his wife nervously.

"I am afraid he is," said the old lady, with much simplicity.

"Suppose he should be a spy. Perhaps it is a conspiracy. Don't go. Take

back the box." These words, whispered in the pastry-cook's ear by the wife of his bosom, chilled the sudden compassion that had warmed him.

"Well, well, I will just say two words to the man and get rid of him," he said, opening the door and hurrying out.

The old gentlewoman, passive as a child and half paralyzed with fear, sat down again. The shopkeeper almost instantly reappeared; but his face, red by nature and still further scorched by the fires of his bakery, had suddenly turned pale, and he was in the grasp of such terror that his legs shook and his eyes were like those of a drunken man.

"Miserable aristocrat!" he cried, furiously, "do you want to cut off our heads? Go out from here; let me see your heels, and don't dare to come back; don't expect me to supply you with the means of conspiracy!"

So saying, the pastry-cook endeavored to get back the little box which the old lady had already slipped into one of her pockets. Hardly had the bold hands of the shopkeeper touched her clothing, than, preferring to encounter danger with no protection but that of God rather than lose the thing she had come to buy, she recovered the agility of youth, and sprang to the door, through which she disappeared abruptly, leaving the husband and wife amazed and trembling.

As soon as the poor lady found herself alone in the street she began to walk rapidly; but her strength soon gave way, for she once more heard the snow creaking under the footsteps of the spy as he trod heavily upon it. She was obliged to stop short: the man stopped also. She dared not speak to him, nor even look at him; either because of her terror, or from some lack of natural intelligence. Presently she continued her walk slowly; the man measured his step by hers, and kept at the same distance behind her; he seemed to move like her shadow. Nine o'clock struck as the silent couple repassed the church of Saint-Laurent. It is the nature of all souls, even the weakest, to fall back into quietude after moments of violent agitation; for manifold as our feelings may be, our bodily powers are limited. Thus the old lady, receiving no injury from her apparent persecutor, began to think that he might be a secret friend watching to protect her. She gathered up in her mind the circumstances attending other apparitions of the mysterious stranger as if to find plausible grounds for this consoling opinion, and took pleasure in crediting him with good rather than sinister intentions. Forgetting the terror he had inspired in the pastry-cook, she walked on with a firmer step towards the upper part of the Faubourg Saint-Martin.

At the end of half an hour she reached a house standing close to the junction of the chief street of the faubourg with the street leading out to the Barrière de Pantin. The place is to this day one of the loneliest in Paris. The north wind blowing from Belleville and the Buttes Chaumont whistled among the houses, or rather cottages, scattered through the sparsely inhabited little valley, where the inclosures are fenced with walls built of mud and refuse

bones. This dismal region seems the natural home of poverty and despair. The man who was intent on following the poor creature who had had the courage to thread these dark and silent streets seemed struck with the spectacle they offered. He stopped as if reflecting, and stood in a hesitating attitude, dimly visible by a street lantern whose flickering light scarcely pierced the fog. Fear gave eyes to the old gentlewoman, who now fancied that she saw something sinister in the features of this unknown man. All her terrors revived, and profiting by the curious hesitation that had seized him, she glided like a shadow to the doorway of the solitary dwelling, touched a spring, and disappeared with phantasmagoric rapidity.

The man, standing motionless, gazed at the house, which was, as it were, a type of the wretched buildings of the neighborhood. The tottering hovel, built of porous stone in rough blocks, was coated with yellow plaster much cracked, and looked ready to fall before a gust of wind. The roof, of brown tiles covered with moss, had sunk in several places, and gave the impression that the weight of snow might break it down at any moment. Each story had three windows whose frames, rotted by dampness and shrunken by the heat of the sun, told that the outer cold penetrated to the chambers. The lonely house seemed like an ancient tower that time had forgotten to destroy. A faint light gleamed from the garret windows, which were irregularly cut in the roof; but the rest of the house was in complete obscurity. The old woman went up the rough and clumsy stairs with difficulty, holding fast to a rope which took the place of baluster. She knocked furtively at the door of a lodging under the roof, and sat hastily down on a chair which an old man offered her.

"Hide! hide yourself!" she cried. "Though we go out so seldom, our errands are known, our steps are watched—"

"What has happened?" asked another old woman sitting near the fire.

"The man who has hung about the house since yesterday followed me tonight."

At these words the occupants of the hovel looked at each other with terror in their faces. The old man was the least moved of the three, possibly because he was the one in greatest danger. Under the pressure of misfortune or the yoke of persecution a man of courage begins, as it were, by preparing for the sacrifice of himself: he looks upon his days as so many victories won from fate. The eyes of the two women, fixed upon the old man, showed plainly that he alone was the object of their extreme anxiety.

"Why distrust God, my sisters?" he said, in a hollow but impressive voice. "We chanted praises to his name amid the cries of victims and assassins at the convent. If it pleased him to save me from that butchery, it was doubtless for some destiny which I shall accept without a murmur. God protects his own, and disposes of them according to his will. It is of you, not of me, that we should think."

"No," said one of the women: "what is our life in comparison with that of a priest?"

"Ever since the day when I found myself outside of the Abbaye des Chelles," said the nun beside the fire, "I have given myself up for dead."

"Here," said the one who had just come in, holding out the little box to the priest, "here are the sacramental wafers — Listen!" she cried, interrupting herself. "I hear some one on the stairs."

At these words all three listened intently. The noise ceased.

"Do not be frightened," said the priest, "even if some one asks to enter. A person on whose fidelity we can safely rely has taken measures to cross the frontier, and he will soon call here for letters which I have written to the Duc de Langeais and the Marquis de Beauséant, advising them as to the measures they must take to get you out of this dreadful country, and save you from the misery or the death you would otherwise undergo here."

"Shall you not follow us?" said the two nuns softly, but in a tone of despair.

"My place is near the victims," said the priest, simply.

The nuns were silent, looking at him with devout admiration.

"Sister Martha," he said, addressing the nun who had fetched the wafers, "this messenger must answer '*Fiat voluntas*' to the word '*Hosanna.*'"

"There is some one on the stairway," exclaimed the other nun, hastily opening a hiding-place burrowed at the edge of the roof.

This time it was easy to hear the steps of a man sounding through the deep silence on the rough stairs, which were caked with patches of hardened mud. The priest slid with difficulty into a narrow hiding-place, and the nuns hastily threw articles of apparel over him.

"You can shut me in, Sister Agatha," he said, in a smothered voice.

He was scarcely hidden when three knocks upon the door made the sisters tremble and consult each other with their eyes, for they dared not speak. Forty years' separation from the world had made them like plants of a hothouse which wilt when brought into the outer air. Accustomed to the life of a convent, they could not conceive of any other; and when one morning their bars and gratings were flung down, they had shuddered at finding themselves free. It is easy to imagine the species of imbecility which the events of the Revolution, enacted before their eyes, had produced in these innocent souls. Quite incapable of harmonizing their conventual ideas with the exigencies of ordinary life, not even comprehending their own situation, they were like children who had always been cared for, and who now, torn from their maternal providence, had taken to prayers as other children take to tears. So it happened that in presence of immediate danger they were dumb and passive, and could think of no other defense than Christian resignation.

The man who sought to enter interpreted their silence as he pleased; he suddenly opened the door and showed himself. The two nuns trembled when

they recognized the individual who for some days had watched the house and seemed to make inquiries about its inmates. They stood quite still and looked at him with uneasy curiosity, like the children of savages examining a being of another sphere. The stranger was very tall and stout, but nothing in his manner or appearance denoted that he was a bad man. He copied the immobility of the sisters and stood motionless, letting his eye rove slowly round the room.

Two bundles of straw placed on two planks served as beds for the nuns. A table was in the middle of the room; upon it a copper candlestick, a few plates, three knives, and a round loaf of bread. The fire on the hearth was very low, and a few sticks of wood piled in a corner of the room testified to the poverty of the occupants. The walls, once covered with a coat of paint now much defaced, showed the wretched condition of the roof through which the rain had trickled, making a network of brown stains. A sacred relic, saved no doubt from the pillage of the Abbaye des Chelles, adorned the mantel-shelf of the chimney. Three chairs, two coffers, and a broken chest of drawers completed the furniture of the room. A doorway cut near the fireplace showed there was probably an inner chamber.

The inventory of this poor cell was soon made by the individual who had presented himself under such alarming auspices. An expression of pity crossed his features, and as he threw a kind glance upon the frightened women he seemed as much embarrassed as they. The strange silence in which they all three stood and faced each other lasted but a moment; for the stranger seemed to guess the moral weakness and inexperience of the poor helpless creatures, and he said, in a voice which he strove to render gentle, "I have not come as an enemy, *citoyennes*."

Then he paused, but resumed: — "My sisters, if harm should ever happen to you, be sure that I shall not have contributed to it. I have come to ask a favor of you."

They still kept silence.

"If I ask too much — if I annoy you — I will go away; but believe me, I am heartily devoted to you, and if there is any service that I could render you, you may employ me without fear. I, and I alone, perhaps, am above law — since there is no longer a king."

The ring of truth in these words induced Sister Agatha, a nun belonging to the ducal house of Langeais, and whose manners indicated that she had once lived amid the festivities of life and breathed the air of courts, to point to a chair as if she asked their guest to be seated. The unknown gave vent to an expression of joy, mingled with melancholy, as he understood this gesture. He waited respectfully till the sisters were seated, and then obeyed it.

"You have given shelter," he said, "to a venerable priest not sworn in by the Republic, who escaped miraculously from the massacre at the Convent of the Carmelites."

"*Hosanna,*" said Sister Agatha, suddenly interrupting the stranger, and looking at him with anxious curiosity.

"That is not his name, I think," he answered.

"But, Monsieur, we have no priest here," cried Sister Martha, hastily, "and—"

"Then you should take better precautions," said the unknown gently, stretching his arm to the table and picking up a breviary. "I do not think you understand Latin, and—"

He stopped short, for the extreme distress painted on the faces of the poor nuns made him fear he had gone too far; they trembled violently, and their eyes filled with tears.

"Do not fear," he said; "I know the name of your guest, and yours also. During the last three days I have learned your poverty, and your great devotion to the venerable Abbé of—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Sister Agatha, ingenuously putting a finger on her lip.

"You see, my sisters, that if I had the horrible design of betraying you, I might have accomplished it again and again."

As he uttered these words the priest emerged from his prison and appeared in the middle of the room.

"I cannot believe, Monsieur," he said courteously, "that you are one of our persecutors. I trust you. What is it you desire of me?"

The saintly confidence of the old man, and the nobility of mind imprinted on his countenance, might have disarmed even an assassin. He who thus mysteriously agitated this home of penury and resignation stood contemplating the group before him; then he addressed the priest in a trustful tone, with these words:—

"My father, I came to ask you to celebrate a mass for the repose of the soul—of—of a sacred being whose body can never lie in holy ground."

The priest involuntarily shuddered. The nuns, not as yet understanding who it was of whom the unknown man had spoken, stood with their necks stretched and their faces turned towards the speakers, in an attitude of eager curiosity. The ecclesiastic looked intently at the stranger; unequivocal anxiety was marked on every feature, and his eyes offered an earnest and even ardent prayer.

"Yes," said the priest at length. "Return here at midnight, and I shall be ready to celebrate the only funeral service that we are able to offer in expiation of the crime of which you speak."

The unknown shivered; a joy both sweet and solemn seemed to rise in his soul above some secret grief. Respectfully saluting the priest and the two saintly women, he disappeared with a mute gratitude which these generous souls knew well how to interpret.

Two hours later the stranger returned, knocked cautiously at the door of the garret, and was admitted by Mademoiselle de Langeais, who led him to the

inner chamber of the humble refuge, where all was in readiness for the ceremony. Between two flues of the chimney the nuns had placed the old chest of drawers, whose broken edges were concealed by a magnificent altar-cloth of green moiré. A large ebony and ivory crucifix hanging on the discolored wall stood out in strong relief from the surrounding bareness, and necessarily caught the eye. Four slender little tapers, which the sisters had contrived to fasten to the altar with sealing-wax, threw a pale glimmer dimly reflected by the yellow wall. These feeble rays scarcely lit up the rest of the chamber, but as their light fell upon the sacred objects it seemed a halo falling from heaven upon the bare and undecorated altar.

The floor was damp. The attic roof, which sloped sharply on both sides of the room, was full of chinks through which the wind penetrated. Nothing could be less stately, yet nothing was ever more solemn than this lugubrious ceremony. Silence so deep that some far-distant cry could have pierced it, lent a somber majesty to the nocturnal scene. The grandeur of the occasion contrasted vividly with the poverty of its circumstances, and roused a feeling of religious terror. On either side of the altar the old nuns, kneeling on the tiled floor and taking no thought of its mortal dampness, were praying in concert with the priest, who, robed in his pontifical vestments, placed upon the altar a golden chalice incrusted with precious stones — a sacred vessel rescued, no doubt, from the pillage of the Abbaye des Chelles. Close to this vase, which was a gift of royal munificence, the bread and wine of the consecrated sacrifice were contained in two glass tumblers scarcely worthy of the meanest tavern. In default of a missal the priest had placed his breviary on a corner of the altar. A common earthenware platter was provided for the washing of those innocent hands, pure and unspotted with blood. All was majestic and yet paltry; poor but noble; profane and holy in one.

The unknown man knelt piously between the sisters. Suddenly, as he caught sight of the crape upon the chalice and the crucifix — for in default of other means of proclaiming the object of this funeral rite the priest had put God himself into mourning — the mysterious visitant was seized by some all-powerful recollection, and drops of sweat gathered on his brow. The four silent actors in this scene looked at each other with mysterious sympathy; their souls, acting one upon another, communicated to each the feelings of all, blending them into the one emotion of religious pity. It seemed as though their thought had evoked from the dead the sacred martyr whose body was devoured by quicklime, but whose shade rose up before them in royal majesty. They were celebrating a funeral Mass without the remains of the deceased. Beneath these rafters and disjointed laths four Christian souls were interceding with God for a king of France, and making his burial without a coffin. It was the purest of all devotions; an act of wonderful loyalty accomplished without one thought of self. Doubtless in the eyes of God it was the cup of cold water that weighed in the balance against many virtues. The whole of monarchy was there in the prayers of the priest and the two poor women; but

also it may have been that the Revolution was present likewise, in the person of the strange being whose face betrayed the remorse that led him to make this solemn offering of a vast repentance.

Instead of pronouncing the Latin words, "Introibo ad altare Dei," etc., the priest, with divine intuition, glanced at his three assistants, who represented all Christian France, and said, in words which effaced the penury and meanness of the hovel, "We enter now into the sanctuary of God."

At these words, uttered with penetrating unction, a solemn awe seized the participants. Beneath the dome of St. Peter's in Rome, God had never seemed more majestic to man than he did now in this refuge of poverty and to the eyes of these Christians — so true is it that between man and God all mediation is unneeded, for his glory descends from himself alone. The fervent piety of the nameless man was unfeigned, and the feeling that held these four servants of God and the king was unanimous. The sacred words echoed like celestial music amid the silence. There was a moment when the unknown broke down and wept: it was at the Pater Noster, to which the priest added a Latin clause which the stranger doubtless comprehended and applied — "Et remitte scelus regicidis sicut Ludovicus eis remisit semetipse" [And forgive the regicides even as Louis XVI himself forgave them]. The two nuns saw the tears coursing down the manly cheeks of their visitant, and dropping fast on the tiled floor.

The Office of the Dead was recited. The "Domine salvum fac regem," sung in low tones, touched the hearts of these faithful royalists as they thought of the infant king, now captive in the hands of his enemies, for whom this prayer was offered. The unknown shuddered; perhaps he feared an impending crime in which he would be called to take an unwilling part.

When the service was over, the priest made a sign to the nuns, who withdrew to the outer room. As soon as he was alone with the unknown, the old man went up to him with gentle sadness of manner, and said in the tone of a father —

"My son, if you have steeped your hands in the blood of the martyr king, confess yourself to me. There is no crime which, in the eyes of God, is not washed out by a repentance as deep and sincere as yours appears to be."

At the first words of the ecclesiastic an involuntary motion of terror escaped the stranger; but he quickly recovered himself, and looked at the astonished priest with calm assurance.

"My father," he said, in a voice that nevertheless trembled, "no one is more innocent than I of the blood shed — "

"I believe it! " said the priest.

He paused a moment, during which he examined afresh his penitent; then, persisting in the belief that he was one of those timid members of the Assembly who sacrificed the inviolate and sacred head to save their own, he resumed in a grave voice: —

"Reflect, my son, that something more than taking no part in that great crime is needed to absolve from guilt. Those who kept their sword in the scabbard when they might have defended their king have a heavy account to render to the King of kings. Oh, yes," added the venerable man, moving his head from right to left with an expressive motion; "yes, heavy, indeed! for, standing idle, they made themselves the accomplices of a horrible transgression."

"Do you believe," asked the stranger, in a surprised tone, "that even an indirect participation will be punished? The soldier ordered to form the line — do you think he was guilty?"

The priest hesitated. Glad of the dilemma that placed this puritan of royalty between the dogma of passive obedience, which according to the partisans of monarchy should dominate the military system, and the other dogma, equally imperative, which consecrates the person of the king, the stranger hastened to accept the hesitation of the priest as a solution of the doubts that seemed to trouble him. Then, so as not to allow the old Jansenist time for further reflection, he said quickly: —

"I should blush to offer you any fee whatever in acknowledgment of the funeral service you have just celebrated for the repose of the king's soul and for the discharge of my conscience. We can only pay for inestimable things by offerings which are likewise beyond all price. Deign to accept, Monsieur, the gift which I now make to you of a holy relic; the day may come when you will know its value."

As he said these words he gave the ecclesiastic a little box of light weight. The priest took it as it were involuntarily; for the solemn tone in which the words were uttered, and the awe with which the stranger held the box, struck him with fresh amazement. They re-entered the outer room, where the two nuns were waiting for them.

"You are living," said the unknown, "in a house whose owner, Mucius Scævola, the plasterer who lives on the first floor, is noted in the Section for his patriotism. He is, however, secretly attached to the Bourbons. He was formerly huntsman to Monseigneur the Prince de Conti, to whom he owes everything. As long as you stay in this house you are in greater safety than you can be in any other part of France. Remain here. Pious souls will watch over you and supply your wants; and you can await without danger the coming of better days. A year hence, on the 21st of January" (as he uttered these last words he could not repress an involuntary shudder), "I shall return to celebrate once more the Mass of expiation —"

He could not end the sentence. Bowing to the silent occupants of the garret, he cast a last look upon the signs of their poverty and disappeared.

To the two simple-minded women this event had all the interest of a romance. As soon as the venerable abbé told them of the mysterious gift so solemnly offered by the stranger, they placed the box upon the table, and the three anxious faces, faintly lighted by a tallow-candle, betrayed an indescrib-

able curiosity. Mademoiselle de Langeais opened the box and took from it a handkerchief of extreme fineness, stained with sweat. As she unfolded it they saw dark stains.

" That is blood! " exclaimed the priest.

" It is marked with the royal crown! " cried the other nun.

The sisters let fall the precious relic with gestures of horror. To these ingenuous souls the mystery that wrapped their unknown visitor became inexplicable, and the priest from that day forth forbade himself to search for its solution.

The three prisoners soon perceived that, in spite of the Terror, a powerful arm was stretched over them. First, they received firewood and provisions; next, the sisters guessed that a woman was associated with their protector, for linen and clothing came to them mysteriously, and enabled them to go out without danger of observation from the aristocratic fashion of the only garments they had been able to secure; finally, Mucius Scævola brought them certificates of citizenship. Advice as to the necessary means of insuring the safety of the venerable priest often came to them from unexpected quarters, and proved so singularly opportune that it was quite evident it could only have been given by some one in possession of state secrets. In spite of the famine which then afflicted Paris, they found daily at the door of their hovel rations of white bread, laid there by invisible hands. They thought they recognized in Mucius Scævola the agent of these mysterious benefactions, which were always timely and intelligent; but the noble occupants of the poor garret had no doubt whatever that the unknown individual who had celebrated the midnight Mass on the 22nd of January, 1793, was their secret protector. They added to their daily prayers a special prayer for him; night and day these pious hearts made supplication for his happiness, his prosperity, his redemption. They prayed that God would keep his feet from snares and save him from his enemies, and grant him a long and peaceful life.

Their gratitude, renewed as it were daily, was necessarily mingled with curiosity that grew keener day by day. The circumstances attending the appearance of the stranger were a ceaseless topic of conversation and of endless conjecture, and soon became a benefit of a special kind, from the occupation and distraction of mind which was thus produced. They resolved that the stranger should not be allowed to escape the expression of their gratitude when he came to commemorate the next sad anniversary of the death of Louis XVI.

That night, so impatiently awaited, came at length. At midnight the heavy steps resounded up the wooden stairway. The room was prepared for the service; the altar was dressed. This time the sisters opened the door and hastened to light the entrance. Mademoiselle de Langeais even went down a few stairs that she might catch the first glimpse of their benefactor.

" Come! " she said, in a trembling and affectionate voice. " Come, you are expected! "

The man raised his head, gave the nun a gloomy look, and made no answer. She felt as thought an icy garment had fallen upon her, and she kept silence. At his aspect gratitude and curiosity died within their hearts. He may have been less cold, less taciturn, less terrible than he seemed to these poor souls, whose own emotions led them to expect a flow of friendship from his. They saw that this mysterious being was resolved to remain a stranger to them, and they acquiesced with resignation. But the priest fancied he saw a smile, quickly repressed, upon the stranger's lip as he saw the preparations made to receive him. He heard the Mass and prayed, but immediately disappeared, refusing in a few courteous words the invitation given by Mademoiselle de Langeais to remain and partake of the humble collation they had prepared for him.

After the 9th Thermidor the nuns and the Abbé de Marolles were able to go about Paris without incurring any danger. The first visit of the old priest was to a perfumery at the sign of the " Queen of Flowers," kept by the citizen and *citoyenne* Ragon, formerly perfumers to the Court, well known for their faithfulness to the royal family, and employed by the Vendéens as a channel of communication with the princes and royal committees in Paris. The abbé, dressed as the times required, was leaving the doorstep of the shop, situated between the church of Saint-Roch and the Rue des Fondeurs, when a great crowd coming down the Rue Saint-Honoré hindered him from advancing.

" What is it? " he asked of Madame Ragon.

" Oh, nothing! " she answered. " It is the cart and the executioner going to the Place Louis XV. Ah, we saw enough of that last year! but now, four days after the aniversary of the 21st of January, we can look at the horrid procession without distress."

" Why so? " asked the abbé. " What you say is not Christian."

" But this is the execution of the accomplices of Robespierre. They have fought it off as long as they could, but now they are going in their turn where they have sent so many innocent people."

The crowd which filled the Rue Saint-Honoré passed on like a wave. Above the sea of heads the Abbé de Marolles, yielding to an impulse, saw, standing erect in the cart, the stranger who three days before had assisted for the second time in the Mass of commemoration.

" Who is that? " he asked; " the one standing — "

" That is the executioner," answered Monsieur Ragon, calling the man by his monarchical name.

" Help! help! " cried Madame Ragon. " Monsieur l'Abbé is fainting! "

She caught up a flask of vinegar and brought him quickly back to consciousness.

" He must have given me," said the old priest, " the handkerchief with

which the king wiped his brow as he went to his martyrdom. Poor man! that steel knife had a heart when all France had none! "

The perfumers thought the words of the priest were an effect of delirium.

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A PASSION IN THE DESERT

"THE sight was fearful! " she exclaimed, as we left the menagerie of Monsieur Martin.

She had been watching that daring speculator as he went through his wonderful performance in the den of the hyena.

" How is it possible," she continued, " to tame those animals so as to be certain that he can trust them? "

" You think it a problem," I answered, interrupting her, " and yet it is a natural fact."

" Oh! " she cried, an incredulous smile flickering on her lip.

" Do you think that beasts are devoid of passions? " I asked. " Let me assure you that we teach them all the vices and virtues of our own state of civilization."

She looked at me in amazement.

" The first time I saw Monsieur Martin," I added, " I exclaimed, as you do, with surprise. I happened to be sitting beside an old soldier whose right leg was amputated, and whose appearance had attracted my notice as I entered the building. His face, stamped with the scars of battle, wore the undaunted look of a veteran of the wars of Napoleon. Moreover, the old hero had a frank and joyous manner which attracts me wherever I meet it. He was doubtless one of those old campaigners whom nothing can surprise, who find something to laugh at in the last contortions of a comrade, and will bury a friend or rifle his body gaily; challenging bullets with indifference; making short shrift for themselves or others; and fraternizing, as a usual thing, with the devil. After looking very attentively at the proprietor of the menagerie as he entered the den, my companion curled his lip with that expression of satirical contempt which well-informed men sometimes put on to mark the difference between themselves and dupes. As I uttered my exclamation of surprise at the coolness and courage of Monsieur Martin, the old soldier smiled, shook his head, and said with a knowing glance, ' An old story! '

" ' How do you mean an old story? ' I asked. ' If you could explain the secret of this mysterious power, I should be greatly obliged to you.'

" After a while, during which we became better acquainted, we went to dine at the first café we could find after leaving the menagerie. A bottle of cham-

pagne with our dessert brightened the old man's recollections and made them singularly vivid. He related to me a circumstance in his early history which proved that he had ample cause to pronounce Monsieur Martin's performance 'an old story.'"

When we reached her house, she was so persuasive and captivating, and made me so many pretty promises, that I consented to write down for her benefit the story told me by the old hero. On the following day I sent her this episode of a historical epic, which might be entitled, 'The French in Egypt.'

At the time of General Desaix's expedition to Upper Egypt a Provençal soldier, who had fallen into the hands of the Maugrabins, was marched by those tireless Arabs across the desert which lies beyond the cataracts of the Nile. To put sufficient distance between themselves and the French army, the Maugrabins made a forced march and did not halt until after nightfall. They then camped about a well shaded with palm-trees, near which they had previously buried a stock of provisions. Not dreaming that the thought of escape could enter their captive's mind, they merely bound his wrists, and lay down to sleep themselves, after eating a few dates and giving their horses a feed of barley. When the bold Provençal saw his enemies too soundly asleep to watch him, he used his teeth to pick up a scimitar, with which, steadying the blade by means of his knees, he contrived to cut through the cord which bound his hands, and thus recovered his liberty. He at once seized a carbine and a poniard, took the precaution to lay in a supply of dates, a small bag of barley, some powder and ball, buckled on the scimitar, mounted one of the horses, and spurred him in the direction where he supposed the French army to be. Impatient to meet the outposts, he pressed the horse, which was already wearied, so severely that the poor animal fell dead with his flanks torn, leaving the Frenchman alone in the midst of the desert.

After marching for a long time through the sand with the dogged courage of an escaping galley-slave, the soldier was forced to halt, as darkness drew on: for his utter weariness compelled him to rest, though the exquisite sky of an eastern night might well have tempted him to continue the journey. Happily he had reached a slight elevation, at the top of which a few palm-trees shot upward, whose leafage, seen from a long distance against the sky, had helped to sustain his hopes. His fatigue was so great that he threw himself down on a block of granite, cut by Nature into the shape of a camp-bed, and slept heavily, without taking the least precaution to protect himself while asleep. He accepted the loss of his life as inevitable, and his last waking thought was one of regret for having left the Maugrabins, whose nomad life began to charm him now that he was far away from them and from every other hope of succor.

He was awakened by the sun, whose pitiless beams falling vertically upon

the granite rock produced an intolerable heat. The Provençal had ignorantly flung himself down in a contrary direction to the shadows thrown by the verdant and majestic fronds of the palm-trees. He gazed at these solitary monarchs and shuddered. They recalled to his mind the graceful shafts, crowned with long weaving leaves, which distinguish the Saracenic columns of the cathedral of Arles. The thought overcame him, and when, after counting the trees, he threw his eyes upon the scene around him, an agony of despair convulsed his soul. He saw a limitless ocean. The somber sands of the desert stretched out till lost to sight in all directions; they glittered with dark luster like a steel blade shining in the sun. He could not tell if it were an ocean or a chain of lakes that lay mirrored before him. A hot vapor swept in waves above the surface of this heaving continent. The sky had the Oriental glow of translucent purity, which disappoints because it leaves nothing for the imagination to desire. The heavens and the earth were both on fire. Silence added its awful and desolate majesty. Infinitude, immensity pressed down upon the soul on every side; not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air, not a rift on the breast of the sand, which was ruffled only with little ridges scarcely rising above its surface. Far as the eye could reach the horizon fell away into space, marked by a slender line, slim as the edge of a saber — like as in summer seas a thread of light parts this earth from the heaven it meets.

The Provençal clasped the trunk of a palm-tree as if it were the body of a friend. Sheltered from the sun by its straight and slender shadow, he wept; and presently sitting down he remained motionless, contemplating with awful dread the implacable Nature stretched out before him. He cried aloud, as if to tempt the solitude to answer him. His voice, lost in the hollows of the hillock, sounded afar with a thin resonance that returned no echo; the echo came from the soldier's heart. He was twenty-two years old, and he loaded his carbine.

" Time enough! " he muttered, as he put the liberating weapon on the sand beneath him.

Gazing by turns at the burnished blackness of the sand and the blue expanse of the sky, the soldier dreamed of France. He smelt in fancy the gutters of Paris; he remembered the towns through which he had passed, the faces of his comrades, and the most trifling incidents of his life. His southern imagination saw the pebbles of his own Provence in the undulating play of the heated air, as it seemed to roughen the far-reaching surface of the desert. Dreading the dangers of this cruel mirage, he went down the little hill on the side opposite to that by which he had gone up the night before. His joy was great when he discovered a natural grotto, formed by the immense blocks of granite which made a foundation for the rising ground. The remnants of a mat showed that the place had once been inhabited, and close to the entrance were a few palm-trees loaded with fruit. The instinct which binds men to life woke in his heart. He now hoped to live until some Maugrabin should pass that way; possibly he might even hear the roar of cannon, for Bonaparte was

at that time overrunning Egypt. Encouraged by these thoughts, the Frenchman shook down a cluster of the ripe fruit under the weight of which the palms were bending; and as he tasted this unhoped-for manna, he thanked the former inhabitant of the grotto for the cultivation of the trees, which the rich and luscious flesh of the fruit amply attested. Like a true Provençal, he passed from the gloom of despair to a joy that was half insane. He ran back to the top of the hill, and busied himself for the rest of the day in cutting down one of the sterile trees which had been his shelter the night before.

Some vague recollection made him think of the wild beasts of the desert, and foreseeing that they would come to drink at a spring which bubbled through the sand at the foot of the rock, he resolved to protect his hermitage by felling a tree across the entrance. Notwithstanding his eagerness, and the strength which the fear of being attacked while asleep gave to his muscles, he was unable to cut the palm-tree in pieces during the day; but he succeeded in bringing it down. Towards evening the king of the desert fell; and the noise of his fall, echoing far, was like a moan from the breast of Solitude. The soldier shuddered, as though he had heard a voice predicting evil. But, like an heir who does not long mourn a parent, he stripped from the beautiful tree the arching green fronds — its poetical adornment — and made a bed of them in his refuge. Then, tired with his work and by the heat of the day, he fell asleep beneath the red vault of the grotto.

In the middle of the night his sleep was broken by a strange noise. He sat up; the deep silence that reigned everywhere enabled him to hear the alternating rhythm of a respiration whose savage vigor could not belong to a human being. A terrible fear, increased by the darkness, by the silence, by the rush of his waking fancies, numbed his heart. He felt the contraction of his hair, which rose on end as his eyes, dilating to their full strength, beheld through the darkness two faint amber lights. At first he thought them an optical delusion; but by degrees the clearness of the night enabled him to distinguish objects in the grotto, and he saw, within two feet of him, an enormous animal lying at rest.

Was it a lion? Was it a tiger? Was it a crocodile? The Provençal had not enough education to know in what sub-species he ought to class the intruder; but his terror was all the greater because his ignorance made it vague. He endured the cruel trial of listening, of striving to catch the peculiarities of this breathing without losing one of its inflections, and without daring to make the slightest movement. A strong odor, like that exhaled by foxes, only far more pungent and penetrating, filled the grotto. When the soldier had tasted it, so to speak, by the nose, his fear became terror; he could no longer doubt the nature of the terrible companion whose royal lair he had taken for a bivouac. Before long, the reflection of the moon, as it sank to the horizon, lighted up the den and gleamed upon the shining, spotted skin of a panther.

The lion of Egypt lay asleep, curled up like a dog, the peaceable possessor

of a kennel at the gate of a mansion; its eyes which had opened for a moment, were now closed; its head was turned towards the Frenchman. A hundred conflicting thoughts rushed through the mind of the panther's prisoner. Should he kill it with a shot from his musket? But ere the thought was formed, he saw there was no room to take aim; the muzzle would have gone beyond the animal. Suppose he were to wake it? The fear kept him motionless. As he heard the beating of his heart through the dead silence, he cursed the strong pulsations of his vigorous blood, lest they should disturb the sleep which gave him time to think and plan for safety. Twice he put his hand on his scimitar, with the idea of striking off the head of his enemy; but the difficulty of cutting through the close-haired skin made him renounce the bold attempt. Suppose he missed his aim? It would, he knew, be certain death. He preferred the chances of a struggle, and resolved to await the dawn. It was not long in coming. As daylight broke, the Frenchman was able to examine the animal. Its muzzle was stained with blood. "It has eaten a good meal," thought he, not caring whether the feast were human flesh or not; "it will not be hungry when it wakes."

It was a female. The fur on the belly and on the thighs was of sparkling whiteness. Several little spots like velvet made pretty bracelets round her paws. The muscular tail was also white, but it terminated with black rings. The fur of the back, yellow as dead gold and very soft and glossy, bore the characteristic spots, shaded like a full-blown rose, which distinguish the panther from all other species of *felis*. This terrible hostess lay tranquilly snoring, in an attitude as easy and graceful as that of a cat on the cushions of an ottoman. Her bloody paws, sinewy and well-armed, were stretched beyond her head, which lay upon them; and from her muzzle projected a few straight hairs called whiskers, which shimmered in the early light like silver wires.

If he had seen her lying thus imprisoned in a cage, the Provençal would have admired the creature's grace, and the strong contrasts of vivid color which gave to her robe an imperial splendor; but as it was, his sight was jaundiced by sinister forebodings. The presence of the panther, though she was still asleep, had the same effect upon his mind as the magnetic eyes of a snake produce, we are told, upon the nightingale. The soldier's courage oozed away in presence of this silent peril, though he was a man who gathered nerve before the mouths of cannon belching grape-shot. And yet, ere long, a bold thought entered his mind, and checked the cold sweat which was rolling from his brow. Roused to action, as some men are when, driven face to face with death, they defy it and offer themselves to their doom, he saw a tragedy before him, and he resolved to play his part with honor to the last.

"Yesterday," he said, "the Arabs might have killed me."

Regarding himself as dead, he waited bravely, but with anxious curiosity, for the waking of his enemy. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened

her eyes; then she stretched her paws violently, as if to unlimber them from the cramp of their position. Presently she yawned and showed the frightful armament of her teeth, and her cloven tongue, rough as a grater.

"She is like a dainty woman," thought the Frenchman, watching her as she rolled and turned on her side with an easy and coquettish movement. She licked the blood from her paws, and rubbed her head with a reiterated movement full of grace.

"Well done! dress yourself prettily, my little woman," said the Frenchman, who recovered his gaiety as soon as he had recovered his courage. "We are going to bid each other good-morning;" and he felt for the short poniard which he had taken from the Maugrabins.

At this instant the panther turned her head towards the Frenchman and looked at him fixedly, without moving. The rigidity of her metallic eyes and their insupportable clearness made the Provençal shudder. The beast moved towards him; he looked at her caressingly, with a soothing glance by which he hoped to magnetize her. He let her come quite close to him before he stirred; then with a touch as gentle and loving as he might have used to a pretty woman, he slid his hand along her spine from the head to the flanks, scratching with his nails the flexible vertebræ which divide the yellow back of a panther. The creature drew up her tail voluptuously, her eyes softened, and when for the third time the Frenchman bestowed this self-interested caress, she gave vent to a purr like that with which a cat expresses pleasure: but it issued from a throat so deep and powerful that the sound echoed through the grotto like the last chords of an organ rolling along the roof of a church. The Provençal, perceiving the value of his caresses, redoubled them until they had completely soothed and lulled the imperious courtesan.

When he felt that he had subdued the ferocity of his capricious companion, whose hunger had so fortunately been appeased the night before, he rose to leave the grotto. The panther let him go; but as soon as he reached the top of the little hill she bounded after him with the lightness of a bird hopping from branch to branch, and rubbed against his legs, arching her back with the gesture of a domestic cat. Then looking at her guest with an eye that was growing less inflexible, she uttered the savage cry which naturalists liken to the noise of a saw.

"My lady is exacting," cried the Frenchman, smiling. He began to play with her ears and stroke her belly, and at last he scratched her head firmly with his nails. Encouraged by success, he tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, looking for the right spot where to stab her; but the hardness of the bone made him pause, dreading failure.

The sultana of the desert acknowledged the talents of her slave by lifting her head and swaying her neck to his caresses, betraying satisfaction by the tranquillity of her relaxed attitude. The Frenchman suddenly perceived that he could assassinate the fierce princess at a blow, if he struck her in the throat;

and he had raised the weapon, when the panther, surfeited perhaps with his caresses, threw herself gracefully at his feet, glancing up at him with a look in which, despite her natural ferocity, a flicker of kindness could be seen. The poor Provençal, frustrated for the moment, ate his dates as he leaned against a palm-tree, casting from time to time an interrogating eye across the desert in the hope of discerning rescue from afar, and then lowering it upon his terrible companion, to watch the chances of her uncertain clemency. Each time that he threw away a date-stone the panther eyed the spot where it fell with an expression of keen distrust; and she examined the Frenchman with what might be called commercial prudence. The examination, however, seemed favorable, for when the man had finished his meager meal she licked his shoes and wiped off the dust, which was caked into the folds of the leather, with her rough and powerful tongue.

"How will it be when she is hungry?" thought the Provençal. In spite of the shudder which this reflection cost him, his attention was attracted by the symmetrical proportions of the animal, and he began to measure them with his eye. She was three feet in height to the shoulder, and four feet long, not including the tail. That powerful weapon, which was round as a club, measured three feet. The head, as large as that of a lioness, was remarkable for an expression of crafty intelligence; the cold cruelty of a tiger was its ruling trait, and yet it bore a vague resemblance to the face of an artful woman. As the soldier watched her, the countenance of this solitary queen shone with savage gaiety like that of Nero in his cups: she had slaked her thirst for blood, and now wished for play. The Frenchman tried to come and go, and accustomed her to his movements. The panther left him free, as if contented to follow him with her eyes, seeming, however, less like a faithful dog watching his master's movements with affection, than a huge Angora cat uneasy and suspicious of them. A few steps brought him to the spring, where he saw the carcass of his horse, which the panther had evidently carried there. Only two-thirds was eaten. The sight reassured the Frenchman; for it explained the absence of his terrible companion and the forbearance which she had shown to him while asleep.

This first good luck encouraged the reckless soldier as he thought of the future. The wild idea of making a home with the panther until some chance of escape occurred entered his mind, and he resolved to try every means of taming her and of turning her good-will to account. With these thoughts he returned to her side, and noticed joyfully that she moved her tail with an almost imperceptible motion. He sat down beside her fearlessly, and they began to play with each other. He held her paws and her muzzle, twisted her ears, threw her over on her back, and stroked her soft warm flanks. She allowed him to do so; and when he began to smooth the fur of her paws, she carefully drew in her murderous claws, which were sharp and curved like a Damascus blade. The Frenchman kept one hand on his dagger, again watch-

ing his opportunity to plunge it into the belly of the too-confiding beast; but the fear that she might strangle him in her last convulsions once more stayed his hand. Moreover, he felt in his heart a foreboding of a remorse which warned him not to destroy a hitherto inoffensive creature. He even fancied that he had found a friend in the limitless desert. His mind turned back, involuntarily, to his first mistress, whom he had named in derision "Mignonne," because her jealousy was so furious that throughout the whole period of their intercourse he lived in dread of the knife with which she threatened him. This recollection of his youth suggested the idea of teaching the young panther, whose soft agility and grace he now admired with less terror, to answer to the caressing name. Towards evening he had grown so familiar with his perilous position that he was half in love with its dangers, and his companion was so far tamed that she had caught the habit of turning to him when he called, in falsetto tones, "Mignonne!"

As the sun went down Mignonne uttered at intervals a prolonged, deep, melancholy cry.

"She is well brought up," thought the gay soldier. "She says her prayers." But the jest only came into his mind as he watched the peaceful attitude of his comrade.

"Come, my pretty blonde, I will let you go to bed first," he said, relying on the activity of his legs to get away as soon as she fell asleep, and trusting to find some other resting-place for the night. He waited anxiously for the right moment, and when it came he started vigorously in the direction of the Nile. But he had scarcely marched for half an hour through the sand before he heard the panther bounding after him, giving at intervals the saw-like cry which was more terrible to hear than the thud of her bounds.

"Well, well!" he cried, "she must have fallen in love with me! Perhaps she has never met any one else. It is flattering to be her first love."

So thinking, he fell into one of the treacherous quicksands which deceive the inexperienced traveler in the desert, and from which there is seldom any escape. He felt he was sinking, and he uttered a cry of despair. The panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and sprang vigorously backward, drawing him, like magic, from the sucking sand.

"Ah, Mignonne!" cried the soldier, kissing her with enthusiasm, "we belong to each other now — for life, for death! But play me no tricks," he added, as he turned back the way he came.

From that moment the desert was, as it were, peopled for him. It held a being to whom he could talk, and whose ferocity was now lulled into gentleness, although he could scarcely explain to himself the reason for this extraordinary friendship. His anxiety to keep awake and on his guard succumbed to excessive weariness both of body and mind, and throwing himself down on the floor of the grotto he slept soundly. At his waking Mignonne was gone. He mounted the little hill to scan the horizon, and perceived her

in the far distance returning with the long bounds peculiar to these animals, who are prevented from running by the extreme flexibility of their spinal column.

Mignonne came home with bloody jaws, and received the tribute of caresses which her slave hastened to pay, all the while manifesting her pleasure by reiterated purring.

Her eyes, now soft and gentle, rested kindly on the Provençal, who spoke to her lovingly as he would to a domestic animal.

"Ah! Mademoiselle — for you are an honest girl, are you not? You like to be petted, don't you? Are you not ashamed of yourself? You have been eating a Maugrabin. Well, well! they are animals like the rest of you. But you are not to crunch up a Frenchman; remember that! If you do, I will not love you."

She played like a young dog with her master, and let him roll her over and pat and stroke her, and sometimes she would coax him to play by laying a paw upon his knee with a pretty soliciting gesture.

Several days passed rapidly. This strange companionship revealed to the Provençal the sublime beauties of the desert. The alternations of hope and fear, the sufficiency of food, the presence of a creature who occupied his thoughts—all this kept his mind alert, yet free: it was a life full of strange contrasts. Solitude revealed to him her secrets, and wrapped him with her charm. In the rising and the setting of the sun he saw splendors unknown to the world of men. He quivered as he listened to the soft whirring of the wings of a bird — rare visitant! — or watched the blending of the fleeting clouds — those changeful and many-tinted voyages. In the waking hours of the night he studied the play of the moon upon the sandy ocean, where the strong simoon had rippled the surface into waves and ever-varying undulations. He lived in the Eastern day; he worshiped its marvelous glory. He rejoiced in the grandeur of the storms when they rolled across the vast plain, and tossed the sand upward till it looked like a dry red fog or a solid death-dealing vapor; and as the night came on he welcomed it with ecstasy, grateful for the blessed coolness of the light of the stars. His ears listened to the music of the skies. Solitude taught him the treasures of meditation. He spent hours in recalling trifles, and in comparing his past life with the weird present.

He grew fondly attached to his panther; for he was a man who needed an affection. Whether it were that his own will, magnetically strong, had modified the nature of his savage princess, or that the wars then raging in the desert had provided her with an ample supply of food, it is certain that she showed no sign of attacking him, and became so tame that he soon felt no fear of her. He spent much of his time in sleeping; though with his mind awake, like a spider in its web, lest he should miss some deliverance that might chance to cross the sandy sphere marked out by the horizon. He had made his shirt

into a banner and tied it to the top of a palm-tree which he had stripped of its leafage. Taking counsel of necessity, he kept the flag extended by fastening the corners with twigs and wedges; for the fitful wind might have failed to wave it at the moment when the longed-for succor came in sight.

Nevertheless, there were long hours of gloom when hope forsook him; and then he played with his panther. He learned to know the different inflections of her voice and the meanings of her expressive glance; he studied the variegation of the spots which shaded the dead gold of her robe. Mignonne no longer growled when he caught the tuft of her dangerous tail and counted the black and white rings which glittered in the sunlight like a cluster of precious stones. He delighted in the soft lines of her lithe body, the whiteness of her belly, the grace of her charming head: but above all he loved to watch her as she gamboled at play. The agility and youthfulness of her movements were a constantly fresh surprise to him. He admired the suppleness of the flexible body as she bounded, crept, and glided, or clung to the trunk of palm-trees, or rolled over and over, crouching sometimes to the ground, and gathering herself together as she made ready for her vigorous spring. Yet, however vigorous the bound, however slippery the granite block on which she landed, she would stop short, motionless, at the one word "Mignonne."

One day, under a dazzling sun, a large bird hovered in the sky. The Provençal left his panther to watch the new guest. After a moment's pause the neglected sultana uttered a low growl.

"The devil take me! I believe she is jealous!" exclaimed the soldier, observing the rigid look which once more appeared in her metallic eyes. "The soul of Sophronie has got into her body!"

The eagle disappeared in ether, and the Frenchman, recalled by the panther's displeasure, admired afresh her rounded flanks and the perfect grace of her attitude. She was as pretty as a woman. The blonde brightness of her robe shaded, with delicate gradations, to the dead-white tones of her furry thighs; the vivid sunshine brought out the brilliancy of this living gold and its variegated brown spots with indescribable luster. The panther and the Provençal gazed at each other with human comprehension. She trembled with delight — the coquettish creature! — as she felt the nails of her friend scratching the strong bones of her skull. Her eyes glittered like flashes of lightning, and then she closed them tightly.

"She has a soul!" cried the soldier, watching the tranquil repose of this sovereign of the desert, golden as the sands, white as their pulsing light, solitary and burning as they.

"Well," she said, "I have read your defense of the beasts. But tell me what was the end of this friendship between two beings so formed to understand each other?"

"Ah, exactly," I replied. "It ended as all great passions end — by a mis-

understanding. Both sides imagine treachery, pride prevents an explanation, and the rupture comes about through obstinacy."

"Yes," she said, "and sometimes a word, a look, an exclamation suffices. But tell me the end of the story."

"That is difficult," I answered. "But I will give it to you in the words of the old veteran, as he finished the bottle of champagne and exclaimed: —

"'I don't know how I could have hurt her, but she suddenly turned upon me as if in fury, and seized my thigh with her sharp teeth; and yet (as I afterwards remembered) not cruelly. I thought she meant to devour me, and I plunged my dagger into her throat. She rolled over with a cry that froze my soul; she looked at me in her death struggle, but without anger. I would have given all the world — my cross, which I had not then gained, all, everything — to have brought her back to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend, a human being. When the soldiers who saw my flag came to my rescue they found me weeping. Monsieur,' he resumed, after a moment's silence, 'I went through the wars in Germany, Spain, Russia, France; I have marched my carcass well-nigh over all the world; but I have seen nothing comparable to the desert. Ah, it is grand! glorious!'

"'What were your feelings there?' I asked.

"'They cannot be told, young man. Besides, I do not always regret my panther and my palm-tree oasis: I must be very sad for that. But I will tell you this: in the desert there is all — and yet nothing.'

"'Stay! — explain that.'

"'Well, then,' he said, with a gesture of impatience, 'God is there, and man is not.'"

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS, SENIOR

NO author is less capable of being illustrated by extracts than Alexandre Dumas; for he is invariably diffuse, though, unlike other diffuse talkers and writers, he is seldom tedious. He is long without *longueurs.* A single example will explain this better than a page of disquisition. The present selector had meant to extract Dumas's first meeting with Charles Nodier at the theater. In memory, that amusing scene appeared to occupy some six pages. In fact, it covers nearly a hundred and thirty pages of the Brussels edition of the 'Memoirs' of Dumas. One reads it with such pleasure that looked back upon, it seems short, while it is infinitely too long to be extracted. He is the Porthos of novelists, gigantic, yet (at his best) muscular and not overgrown.

It is notorious that Dumas was at the head of a "Company" like that which Scott laughingly proposed to form "for writing and publishing the class of books called Waverley Novels." In legal phrase, Dumas "dèviled" his work; he had assistants, "researchers," collaborators. He would briefly sketch a plot, indicate the authorities to be consulted, hand his notes to Maquet or Fiorentino, receive their draft, and expand that into his romance. Work thus executed cannot be equal to itself. Many books signed by Dumas may be neglected without loss. Even to his best works, one or other of his assistants was apt to assert a claim. The answer is convincing. Not one of these ingenious men ever produced, by himself, anything that could be mistaken for the work of the master. All his good things have the same stamp and the same spirit, which we find nowhere else. Again, nobody contests his authorship of his own 'Memoirs,' or of his book about his dogs, birds, and other beasts — 'The Story of My Pets.' Now, the merit of these productions is, in kind, identical with many of the merits of his best novels. There is the same good-humor, gaiety, and fullness of life. We may therefore read Dumas's central romances without much fear of being grateful to the wrong person.

"No man has had so many of his possessions disputed as myself," says Dumas. Not only his right to his novels, but his right to his name and to legitimate birth, was contested. Here we shall follow his own account of himself in his 'Memoirs,' which do not cover nearly the whole of his life. Alexandre Dumas was born at Villers-Cotterets-sur-Aisne, on July 24, 1803 (?). He lived to almost exactly the threescore and ten years of the Psalmist. He saw the fall of Napoleon, the restoration of the Bourbons, the expulsion of the Legitimate monarch in 1830, the Orleans rule, its overthrow in 1848, the

Republic, the Empire, and the Terrible Year, 1870–1871. Then he died, in the hour of the sorrow of his "immortal and indomitable France."

Dumas's full name was noble: he was Alexandre Dumas-Davy de la Pailleterie. His family estate, La Pailleterie, was made a marquisate by Louis XIV in 1707. About 1760 the grandfather of Dumas sold his lands in France, and went to Haiti. There in 1762 was born his father, son of Louise Cossette Dumas and of the Marquis de la Pailleterie. The mother must have been a woman of color; Dumas talks of his father's "mulatto hue," and he himself had undoubted traces of African blood. Yet it appears that the grandparents were duly married. In 1772, his wife having died, the old marquis returned to France. The Revolution broke out, and the father of Alexandre Dumas fought in the armies of the Republic. The cruel mob called him by way of mockery, "Monsieur Humanity," because he endeavored to rescue the victims of their ferocity. He was a man of great courage and enormous physical strength. Napoleon, in honor of one of his feats of arms, called him in a despatch "The Horatius Cocles of the Republic." He was with Napoleon in Egypt, where a quarrel arose, as he suspected and opposed the ambition of the future emperor. Though Dumas found a treasure in a bey's house, he honorably presented it to his government. He died in France, a poor man, in 1806.

Dumas was not at home when his father died. He was staying, a child of four, with his cousin Marianne. He gives us in his 'Memoirs' a vivid account of a strange experience that befell him at the time. "At midnight I was awakened, or rather my cousin and I were awakened, by a great blow struck on the door of our room. By the light of a night lamp I saw my cousin start up, much alarmed. No mortal could have knocked at our chamber door, for the outer doors were locked. [He gives a plan of the house.] I got out of bed to open the door. 'Where are you going, Alexandre?' cried my cousin.

"'To let in papa, who is coming to say adieu.'

"The girl dragged me back to bed; I cried, 'Adieu, papa, adieu!' Something like a sighing breath passed over my face. . . . My father had died at the hour when we heard the knock!"

Young Dumas, like most men of literary genius, taught himself to read. A Buffon with plates was the treasure of the child, already a lover of animals. To know more about the beasts he learned to read for his own pleasure. Of mythology he was as fond as Keats. His intellectual life began (like the imaginative life of our race) in legends of beasts and gods. For Dumas was born *un primitif,* as the French say; his taste was the old immortal human taste for romance, for tales of adventure, love, and war. This predilection is now of course often scouted by critics who are over-civilized and under-educated. Superior persons will never share the love of Dumas which was common to Thackeray and Robert Louis Stevenson. From Buffon he went on to the 'Letters to Émil' (letters on mythology), and to the 'Arabian Nights.'

An imaginative child, he knew the "pains of sleep" as Coleridge did, and the terrors of vain imagination. Many children whose manhood is not marked by genius are visionaries. A visionary too was little Dumas, like Scott, Coleridge, and George Sand in childhood. To the material world he ever showed a bold face. "I have never known doubt or despair," he says; his faith in God was always unshaken; the doctrine of immortality he regarded rather with hope than absolute belief. Yet surely it is a corollary to the main article of his creed.

At ten, Dumas went to a private school kept by an Abbé Grégoire. At the Restoration, a boy of twelve, he made and he adhered to an important resolution. He chose to keep his grandmaternal name of Dumas, like his father, and to drop the name and arms of De la Pailleterie, with all the hopes of boons from the restored Royalists. Dumas remained a man of the popular party, though he had certain relations of friendship with the house of Orleans. But he entertained no posthumous hatred of the old monarchy and the old times. His kings are nearly as good, in his romances, as Sir Walter's own, and his Henri III and Henri IV may be named with Scott's Gentle King Jamie and Louis XI.

Madame Dumas, marquise as she was by marriage, kept a tobacconist's shop; and in education, Dumas was mainly noted for his calligraphy. Poaching was now the boy's favorite amusement; all through his life he was very fond of sport. Napoleon returned from Elba; Dumas saw him drive through Villers-Cotterets on his way to Waterloo. Soon afterwards came in stragglers; the English, they said, had been defeated at five o'clock on June 18, but the Prussians arrived at six o'clock and won the battle. What the English were doing between five and six does not appear; it hardly seems that they quitted the field. The theory of that British defeat at Waterloo was never abandoned by Dumas. He saw Napoleon return through Villers-Cotterets. "Wellington, Bülow, Blücher, were but masks of men; really they were spirits sent by the Most High to defeat Napoleon." It is a pious opinion!

At the age of fifteen Dumas, like Scott, became a notary's clerk. About this time he saw 'Hamlet' played, in the version of Ducis. Corneille and Racine had always been disliked by this born romanticist. 'Hamlet' carried him off his feet. Soon afterwards he read Bürger's 'Lenore,' the ballad which Scott translated at the very beginning of his career as an author.

> Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
> Splash! splash! along the sea;
> The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
> The flashing pebbles flee.

Dumas found that the refrain,

> Hurrah, fantôme, les morts vont vite,

was more to his taste than the French poetry of the eighteenth century. He tried to translate 'Lenore.' Scott finished it in a night; Dumas gave up in despair. But this, he says, was the beginning of his authorship. He had not yet opened a volume of Scott or Cooper, "ces deux grands romanciers." With a friend named Leuven he began to try to write plays (1820–1821). He poached his way to Paris, defraying his expenses with the game he shot on the road. Shakespeare too was a poacher; let us excuse the eccentricities of genius. Dumas made Talma's acquaintance; he went to the play; he resigned his clerkship: "Paris was my future." Thither he went; his father's name served him with General Foy, and he obtained a little post in the household of the Duc d'Orléans — a supernumerary secretaryship at £60 a year. At the play he met Charles Nodier, reading the rarest of Elzevirs, and at intervals (like Charles Lamb) hissing his own piece!

Dumas now made the acquaintance of Frederic Soulié, and became a pillar of theaters. He began to read with a purpose: first he read Scott; "The clouds lifted, and I beheld new horizons." Then he turned to Cooper; then to Byron. One day he entered his office, crying aloud, "Byron is dead!" "Who is Byron?" said one of his chiefs. Here Dumas breaks off in his 'Memoirs' to give a life of Byron! He fought his first duel in the snow, and won an easy, almost a bloodless victory.

For years he and Leuven wrote plays together — plays which were never accepted. At last he, Rousseau (not Jean-Jacques!), and Leuven composed a piece together. Refused at one house, it was accepted at another: 'La Chasse et l'Amour' [The Chase and Love] was presented on September 22, 1823. It succeeded. A volume of three short stories sold to the extent of four copies. Dumas saw that he must "make a name" before he could make a livelihood. "I do not believe in neglected talent and unappreciated genius," says he. Like Mr. Arthur Pendennis, he wrote verses "up to" pictures.

We cannot all be like Dumas. But if any literary beginner reads these lines, let him take Dumas's advice; let him disbelieve in neglected genius, and do the work that comes in his way, as best he can. Dumas had a little anonymous success in 1826, a vaudeville at the Porte-Saint-Martin. At last he achieved a serious tragedy, or melodrama, in verse, 'Christine.' He wrote to Nodier, reminding him of their meeting at the play. The author of 'Trilby' introduced him to Taylor; Taylor took him to the Théâtre Français; 'Christine' was read and accepted unanimously.

Dumas now struck the vein of his fortune. By chance he opened a volume of Anquetil, and read an anecdote of the court of Henri III. This led him to study the history of Saint Megrin, in the Memoirs of L'Estoile, where he met Quelus, and Maugiron, and Bussy d'Amboise, with the stirring tale of his last fight against twelve men. Out of these facts he made his play 'Henri III,' and the same studies inspired that trilogy of romances 'La Reine Margot' [Queen Margot], 'La Dame de Monsoreau' [The Lady

of Monsoreau], and 'Les Quarante-Cinq' [The Forty-Five]. These are, with the trilogy of the 'Mousquetaires,' his central works as a romancer, and he was twenty-five when he began to deal with the romance of history. His habit was to narrate his play or novel to his friends, to invent as he talked, and so to arrive at his general plan. The mere writing gave him no trouble. We shall later show his method in the composition of 'The Three Musketeers.'

'Christine' had been wrecked among the cross-currents of theatrical life. 'Henri III' was more fortunate. Dumas was indeed obliged to choose between his little office and the stage; he abandoned his secretaryship. In 1829 occurred this "duel between his past and his future." Just before the first night of the drama, Dumas's mother, whom he tenderly loved, was stricken down by paralysis. He tended her, he watched over his piece, he almost dragged the Duc d'Orléans to the theater. On that night he made the acquaintance of Hugo and Alfred de Vigny. Dumas passed the evening between the theater and his mother's bedside. When the curtain fell, he was "called on"; the audience stood up uncovered, the Duc d'Orléans and all!

Next morning Dumas, like Byron, "woke to find himself famous." He had "made his name" in the only legitimate way—by his work. Troubles followed, difficulties with the Censorship, duels and rumors of duels, and the whole romantic upheaval which accompanied the Revolution of 1830. Dumas was attached again to the Orléans household. While writing his romance 'Joseph Balsamo' (a tale of the French Revolution), he made studies of animal magnetism, and was, or believed himself to be, an adept. The orthodox party of hypnotists of that time held that by certain physical means, a state of somnambulism could be produced in some people. Once in that state, the patients are subject to "suggestion," and are obedient to the will of the hypnotizer. He for his part exerts no "magnetic current," no novel unexplained force or fluid. Dumas himself believed that he exerted a magnetic force, and without any "passes" or other mechanical means, could hypnotize persons who did not know what he was about, and so were not influenced by "suggestion." In a few cases he held that his patients became clairvoyant; one of them made many political prophecies—all unfulfilled. Another, in trance, improved vastly as a singer; "her normal voice stopped at *contre-si.* I bade her rise to *contre-re,* which she did; though incapable of it when awake." So far, this justifies the plot of Du Maurier's novel 'Trilby.' Dumas offers no theory; he states facts, as he says, including "post-hypnotic suggestion."

These experiments were made by Dumas merely as part of his studies for 'Joseph Balsamo' (Cagliostro); his conclusion was that hypnotism is not yet reduced to a scientific formula. In fiction it is already overworked. Dumas got his 'Christine' acted at last. Then broke out the Revolution of 1830. Dumas's description of his activity is "as good as a novel," but too long and varied for condensation. After the storm had subsided he went on with his

literary work. The record of his life, however, is hard to follow from this point onward because of the lack of memoirs. By dint of successful plays, and later of successful novels, he earned large sums of money — £40,000 in one year, it is said. He traveled far and wide, and compiled books of travel. In the forties, before the Revolution of 1848, he built a kind of Abbotsford of his own, named "Monte Cristo," near St. Germain, and joyously ruined himself. At Monte Cristo Dumas kept but one man-servant, Michel (his "Tom Purdie"), who was groom, keeper, porter, gardener, and everything. Nor did Dumas ruin himself by paying exorbitant prices for poor lands, as Scott did. His collection of books and curios was no rival for that of Abbotsford. But like Scott, he gave away money to right and left, and he kept open house. He was eaten up by parasites — beggars, poor greedy hangers-on of letters, secretaries, above all by tribes of musical people. On every side money flowed from him; hard as he worked, largely as he earned, he spent more. His very dog brought in thirteen other dogs to bed and board. He kept monkeys, cats, eagles, a vulture, a perfect menagerie. His own account of these guests may be read in 'My Pets'; perhaps the most humorous, good-humored, and amusing of all his works.

The Revolution of 1848 impoverished him and drove him from Monte Cristo; not out of debt to his neighbors. Dumas was a cheerful giver, but did not love to "fritter away his money in paying bills." He started newspapers, such as The Musketeer, and rather lost than gained by a careless editorship. A successful play would enrich him, and he would throw away his gains. He went with Garibaldi on his expedition against the King of Naples, and was received with ingratitude by the Neapolitans.

A friend of Daniel Dunglas Home, the "medium," he accompanied him to Russia, where Home married a lady of a noble and wealthy family. Returning to France, Dumas found his popularity waning. His plays often failed; he had outlived his success and his generation; he had saved nothing; he had to turn in need to his son Alexandre, the famous dramatist. Finally he died, doubting the security of his own fame, in 1870, the year of the sorrows of France.

Dumas is described by Michelet as "a force of nature." Never was there in modern literature a force more puissant, more capricious, or more genial. His quantity of mind was out of all proportion to its quality. He could learn everything with ease; he was a skilled cook, a fencer; he knew almost as if by intuition the technique and terminology of all arts and crafts. Ignorant of Greek, he criticized and appreciated Homer with an unmatched zest and appreciation. Into the dry bones of history he breathed life, mere names becoming full-blooded fellow-creatures under his spell. His inspiration was derived from Scott, a man far more learned than he, but scarcely better gifted with creative energy. Like Scott he is long, perhaps prolix; like him he is indifferent to niceties of style, does not linger over the choice of words, but

serves himself with the first that comes to hand. Scott's wide science of human nature is not his; but his heroes, often rather ruffianly, are seldom mere exemplary young men of no particular mark. More brilliantly and rapidly than Scott, he indicates action in dialogue. He does not aim at the construction of rounded plots; his novels are chronicles which need never stop while his heroes are alive. His plan is to take a canvas of fact in memoir or history, and to embroider his fantasies on that. Occasionally the canvas (as Saintsbury says) shows through, and we have blocks of actual history. His 'Joan of Arc' begins as a romance, and ends with a comparatively plain statement of facts too great for any art but Shakespeare's. But as a rule it is not historical facts, it is the fictitious adventures of characters living in an historical atmosphere, that entertain us in Dumas.

The minute inquirer may now compare the sixteenth-century 'Memoirs of Monsieur D'Artagnan' (fictitious memoirs, no doubt) with the use made of them by Dumas in 'The Three Musketeers' and 'Twenty Years After.' The 'Memoirs' gave Dumas his opening scenes; gave him young D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos, Aramis, Rosnay, De Treville, Milady, the whole complicated intrigue of Milady, D'Artagnan, and De Vardes. They gave him several incidents, duels, and "local color." By making Milady the wife of Athos, Dumas knotted his plot; he added the journey to England, after the Queen's diamonds; from a subordinate character he borrowed the clerical character of Aramis; a mere hint in the 'Memoirs' suggested the Bastion Saint-Gervais. The discrimination of character, the dialogue, and many adventures, are Dumas's own; he was aided by Maquet in the actual writing. In a similar way, Brantôme and L'Estoile, in their 'Memoirs,' supply the canvas of the tales of the Valois cycle.

The beginner in Dumas will assuredly find the following his best works. For the Valois period, 'The Horoscope' (a good deal neglected), 'Queen Margot,' 'The Lady of Monsoreau,' 'The Forty-Five.' 'Isabeau of Bavière,' an early novel, deals with the anarchy and misery before the coming of Jeanne d'Arc. For Henri II, 'The Two Dianas' is indicated. For the times of Richelieu, Mazarin, Louis XIV, we have 'The Three Musketeers,' 'Twenty Years After,' and 'The Viscount of Bragelonne.' These deal with the youth, middle age, old age, and death of D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos, and Aramis. The Revolutionary novels, 'Joseph Balsamo,' 'The Queen's Necklace,' and others, are much less excellent. The Regency is not ill done in 'The Regent's Daughter'; and 'The Chevalier of Harmenthal,' with 'Olympe of Cleves,' has many admirers. Quite apart from these is the immense modern fantasy of 'The Count of Monte Cristo'; the opening part alone is worthy of the master. 'The Black Tulip,' so warmly praised by Thackeray, is an innocent little romance of the days of Dutch William. *Les jeunes filles* may read 'The Black Tulip': indeed, Dumas does not sacrifice at all to "the Goddess of Lubricity," even when he describes very lax moralities.

With a knowledge of these books, and of 'My Pets' and the 'Memoirs,' any student will find himself at home in Dumas, and can make wider ranges in that great wilderness of fancy. Some autobiographical details will be found in the novel called 'Ange Pitou.' 'Isaac Laquedem' was meant to be a romance of the Wandering Jew; only two volumes are published. Philosophy a reader will not find, nor delicate analysis, nor "chiseled style"; but he will be in touch with a great sunny life, rejoicing in all the accidents of existence.

ANDREW LANG

THE SHOULDER OF ATHOS, THE BELT OF PORTHOS, AND THE HANDKERCHIEF OF ARAMIS

From 'The Three Musketeers'

[Young D'Artagnan has set out from his home with a letter of introduction to M. de Treville, commander of the King's Musketeers. On the way, he is robbed of the letter. While talking to M. de Treville after his arrival at Paris he sees the thief from a window, and determines to pursue him.]

FURIOUS with rage, D'Artagnan crossed the ante-room in three strides, and began to descend the stairs four steps at a time, without looking where he was going; when suddenly he was brought up short by knocking violently against the shoulder of a musketeer who was leaving the apartments of M. De Treville. The young man staggered backwards from the shock, uttering a cry, or rather a yell.

"Excuse me," said D'Artagnan, trying to pass him, "but I am in a great hurry."

He had hardly placed his foot on the next step, when he was stopped by the grasp of an iron fist on his sash.

"You are in a great hurry!" cried the musketeer, whose face was the color of a shroud; "and you think that is enough apology for nearly knocking me down? Not so fast, my young man. I suppose you imagine that because you heard M. De Treville speaking to us rather brusquely to-day, that everybody may treat us in the same way? But you are mistaken, and it is as well you should learn that you are not M. De Treville."

"Upon my honor," replied D'Artagnan, recognizing Athos, who was returning to his room after having his wound dressed, "upon my honor, it was an accident, and therefore I begged your pardon. I should have thought that was all that was necessary. I repeat that I am in a very great hurry, and I should be much obliged if you would let me go my way."

"Monsieur," said Athos, loosening his hold, "you are sadly lacking in courtesy, and one sees that you must have had a rustic upbringing."

D'Artagnan was by this time half-way down another flight; but on hearing Athos's remark he stopped short.

"My faith, monsieur!" exclaimed he, "however rustic I may be, I shall not come to you to teach me manners."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Athos.

"Oh, if I was only not in such haste," cried D'Artagnan; "if only I was not pursuing somebody—"

"Monsieur, you will find me without running after me. Do you understand?"

"And where, if you please?"

"Near Carmes-Deschaux."

"At what hour?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"Very good. At twelve I will be there."

"And don't be late, for at a quarter past twelve I will cut off your ears for you."

"All right," called out D'Artagnan, dashing on down-stairs after his man; "you may expect me at ten minutes before the hour."

But he was not to escape so easily. At the street door stood Porthos, talking to a sentry, and between the two men there was barely space for a man to pass. D'Artagnan took it for granted that he could get through, and darted on swift as an arrow, but he had not reckoned on the gale that was blowing. As he passed, a sudden gust wrapped Porthos's mantle tight round him; and though the owner of the garment could easily have freed him had he so chosen, for reasons of his own he preferred to draw the folds still closer.

D'Artagnan, hearing the volley of oaths let fall by the musketeers, feared he might have damaged the splendor of the belt, and struggled to unwind himself; but when he at length freed his head, he found that like most things in this world the belt had two sides, and while the front bristled with gold, the back was mere leather; which explains why Porthos always had a cold and could not part from his mantle.

"Confound you!" cried Porthos, struggling in his turn, "have you gone mad, that you tumble over people like this?"

"Excuse me," answered D'Artagnan, "but I am in a great hurry. I am pursuing some one, and—"

"And I suppose that on such occasions you leave your eyes behind you?" asked Porthos.

"No," replied D'Artagnan, rather nettled; "and thanks to my eyes, I often see things that other people don't."

Possibly Porthos might have understood this allusion, but in any case he did not attempt to control his anger, and said sharply:—

"Monsieur, we shall have to give you a lesson if you take to tumbling against the musketeers like this!"

"A lesson, monsieur!" replied D'Artagnan; "that is rather a severe expression."

"It is the expression of a man who is always accustomed to look his enemies in the face."

"Oh, if that is all, there is no fear of *your* turning your back on anybody," and enchanted at his own wit, the young man walked away in fits of laughter.

Porthos foamed with rage, and rushed after D'Artagnan.

"By-and-by, by-and-by," cried the latter; "when you have not got your mantle on."

"At one o'clock then, behind the Luxembourg."

"All right; at one o'clock," repiled D'Artagnan as he vanished around the corner.

But he could see no one either in the street he had passed through, or in the one his eager gaze was searching; however slowly the stranger might have walked, he had gone his way, or perhaps into some house. D'Artagnan inquired of everybody he met, but could find nothing at all about him. This chase however did him good in one way; for in proportion as the sweat started out on his forehead, his heart began to cool.

He began to think over the many unlucky things which had happened. It was scarcely eleven in the morning, and yet this morning had already brought him into disgrace with M. Treville, who must think the way D'Artagnan had left him was rather boorish.

Moreover, he had gotten himself into two fierce duels with two men, each able to kill three D'Artagnans; in a word, with two musketeers — beings he set so high that he placed them above all other men.

It was a sad lookout. To be sure, as the youth was certain to be killed by Athos, he was not much disturbed about Porthos. As hope is the last thing to die in a man's heart, however, he ended by hoping that he might come out alive from both duels, even if dreadfully injured; and on that supposition he scored himself in this way for his conduct: —

"What a rattle-headed dunce I am! That brave and unfortunate Athos was wounded right on that shoulder I ran against head-foremost, like a ram. The only thing that surprises me is that he didn't strike me dead on the spot; he had provocation enough, for I must have hurt him savagely. As to Porthos — oh! as to Porthos — that's a funny affair!"

And the youth began to laugh aloud in spite of himself; looking round carefully, however, to see if his laughing alone in public without apparent cause aroused any suspicion.

"As to Porthos, it is funny enough, to be sure, but I am a crazy blockhead all the same. Are people to be run into without warning? No! And have I any right to peep under their cloaks to see what they haven't got? He would have

forgiven me, I am sure, if I had said nothing to him about that cursed cloak — with a double meaning, it is true, but too broad a joke in one of them! Ah! cursed Gascon that I am, I believe I should crack a joke if I was being roasted over a slow fire. Friend D'Artagnan," he went on, speaking to himself with the gentleness he thought fair, "if you get away, which there is not much chance of, I would advise you to practice entire politeness for the future. You must henceforth be admired and quoted as a model of it. To be obliging and civil does not necessarily make a man a coward. Look at Aramis, now: mildness and grace embodied; and did anybody ever dream of calling Aramis a Coward? No indeed, and from this instant I will try to model myself after him. And luckily, here he is."

D'Artagnan, walking and soliloquizing, had come within a few steps of the Aiguillon House, and in front of it saw Aramis chatting gaily with three of the King's Guards. Aramis also saw D'Artagnan; but not having forgotten that it was in his presence M. de Treville had got so angry in the morning, and as a witness of the rebuke was not at all pleasant, he pretended not to see him. D'Artagnan, on the other hand, full of his plans of conciliation and politeness, approached the young man with a profound bow accompanied by a most gracious smile. Aramis bowed slightly but did not smile. Moreover, all four immediately broke off their conversation.

D'Artagnan was not so dull as not to see he was not wanted; but he was not yet used enough to social customs to know how to extricate himself dexterously from his false position, which his generally is who accosts people he is little acquainted with, and mingles in a conversation which does not concern him. He was mentally casting about for the least awkward manner of retreat, when he noticed that Aramis had let his handkerchief fall, and (doubtless by mistake) put his foot on it. This seemed a favorable chance to repair his mistake of intrusion: he stooped down, and with the most gracious air he could assume, drew the handkerchief from under the foot in spite of the efforts made to detain it, and holding it out to Aramis, said: —

"I believe, sir, this is a handkerchief you would be sorry to lose?"

The handkerchief was in truth richly embroidered, and had a cornet and a coat of arms at one corner. Aramis blushed excessively, and snatched rather than took the handkerchief.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed one of the guards, "will you go on saying now, most discreet Aramis, that you are not on good terms with Madame de Bois-Tracy, when that gracious lady does you the favor of lending you her handkerchief!"

Aramis darted at D'Artagnan one of those looks which tell a man that he has made a mortal enemy; then assuming his mild air he said: —

"You are mistaken, gentlemen: this handkerchief is not mine, and I cannot understand why this gentleman has taken it into his head to offer it to me rather than to one of you. And as a proof of what I say, here is mine in my pocket."

So saying, he pulled out his handkerchief, which was also not only a very dainty one, and of fine linen (though linen was then costly), but was embroidered and without arms, bearing only a single cipher, the owner's.

This time D'Artagnan saw his mistake; but Aramis's friends were by no means convinced, and one of them, addressing the young musketeer with pretended gravity, said: —

"If things were as you make out, I should feel obliged, my dear Aramis, to reclaim it myself; for as you very well know, Bois-Tracy is an intimate friend of mine, and I cannot allow one of his wife's belongings to be exhibited as a trophy."

"You make the demand clumsily," replied Aramis; "and while I acknowledge the justice of your reclamation, I refuse it on account of the form."

"The fact is," D'Artagnan put in hesitatingly, "I did not actually see the handkerchief fall from M. Aramis's pocket. He had his foot on it, that's all, and I thought it was his."

"And you were deceived, my dear sir," replied Aramis coldly, very little obliged for the explanation; then turning to the guard who had professed himself Bois-Tracy's friend — "Besides," he went on, "I have reflected, my dear intimate friend of Bois-Tracy, that I am not less devotedly his friend than you can possibly be, so that this handkerchief is quite as likely to have fallen from your pocket as from mine!"

"On my honor, no!"

"You are about to swear on your honor, and I on my word; and then it will be pretty evident that one of us will have lied. Now here, Montaran, we will do better than that: let each take a half."

"Perfectly fair," cried the other two guardsmen; "the judgment of Solomon! Aramis, you are certainly full of wisdom!"

They burst into a loud laugh, and as may be supposed, the incident bore no other fruit. In a minute or two the conversation stopped, and the three guards and the musketeer, after heartily shaking hands, separated, the guards going one way and Aramis another.

"Now is the time to make my peace with this gentleman," said D'Artagnan to himself, having stood on one side during all the latter part of the conversation; and in this good spirit drawing near to Aramis, who was going off without paying any attention to him, he said: —

"You will excuse me, I hope."

"Ah!" interrupted Aramis, "permit me to observe to you, sir, that you have not acted in this affair as a man of good breeding ought."

"What!" cried D'Artagnan, "do you suppose —"

"I suppose that you are not a fool, and that you knew very well, even though you come from Gascony, that people do not stand on handkerchiefs for nothing. What the devil! Paris is not paved with linen!"

"Sir, you do wrong in trying to humiliate me," said D'Artagnan, in whom

his native pugnacity began to speak louder than his peaceful resolutions. "I come from Gascony, it is true; and since you know it, there is no need to tell you that Gascons are not very patient, so that when they have asked pardon once, even for a folly, they think they have done at least as much again as they ought to have done."

"Sir, what I say to you about this matter," said Aramis, "is not for the sake of hunting a quarrel. Thank Heaven, I am not a swashbuckler, and being a musketeer only for a while, I only fight when I am forced to do so, and always with great reluctance; but this time the affair is serious, for here is a lady compromised by you."

"By us, you mean," cried D'Artagnan.

"Why did you give me back the handkerchief so awkwardly?"

"Why did you let it fall so awkwardly?"

"I have said that the handkerchief did not fall from my pocket."

"Well, by saying that you have told two lies, sir; for I saw it fall."

"Oh ho! you take it up that way, do you, Master Gascon? Well, I will teach you how to behave yourself."

"And I will send you back to your pulpit, Master Priest. Draw, if you please, and instantly —"

"Not so, if you please, my good friend; not here, at least. Do you not see that we are opposite Aiguillon House, full of the Cardinal's creatures? How do I know that it is not his Eminence who has honored you with the commission to bring him in my head? Now, I entertain an absurd partiality for my head, it seems to suit my shoulders so finely. I have no objection to killing you, you may be sure, but quietly, in a snug distant spot, where you will not be able to boast of your death to anybody."

"I agree, but don't be too confident; and take away your handkerchief — whether it belongs to you or somebody else, perhaps you may stand in need of it to bandage up a wound. As a Gascon, I don't put off engagements for prudence's sake."

"Prudence is a virtue useless enough to musketeers, I know, but indispensable to churchmen; and as I am only a temporary musketeer, I hold it best to be prudent. At two o'clock I shall have the honor of expecting you at Treville's. There I will point out the best place and time to you."

The two bowed and separated. Aramis went up the street which led to the Luxembourg; while D'Artagnan, seeing that the appointed hour was coming near, took the road to the Carmes-Deschaux, saying to himself, "I certainly cannot hope to come out of these scrapes alive; but if I am doomed to be killed, it will be by a royal musketeer."

THE DEFENSE OF THE BASTION SAINT-GERVAIS

From 'The Three Musketeers'

WHEN D'Artagnan arrived, he found his three friends all together. Athos was thinking deeply, Porthos was twirling his mustache, and Aramis was reading his prayers out of a beautiful little book bound in blue velvet.

"My faith, gentlemen!" exclaimed he, "I hope that what you have to tell me is very important, or I shall owe you a grudge for dragging me here, out of my bed, after a whole night passed in taking and dismantling a bastion! Ah, it is a thousand pities you were not there! It was warm work!"

"We were somewhere else, where it was not very cold either," replied Porthos, giving his mustache another twist. . . .

"Aramis," said Athos, "didn't you breakfast the other day at Parpaillot's?"

"Yes."

"Were you comfortable there?"

"No, I did not like it at all. It was a fast day, and they had nothing but meat."

"What, no fish to be had in a seaport town?"

"They say," replied Aramis, taking up his book, "that they have all taken to the deep sea, since the Cardinal built that dike."

"That is not what I was asking," replied Athos. "Were you quite free and at your ease, or did any one pay attention to you?"

"Oh, nobody paid any attention to me. And if *that* is your object, Athos, Parpaillot's will suit us very well."

"Let us go at once then," said Athos, "for these walls are like paper."

On the way they met Grimaud [the valet of Athos], whom Athos beckoned silently to follow them. Grimaud, according to his custom, obeyed without a word. The poor fellow had almost forgotten how to speak!

It did not take them long to reach Parpaillot's, but unluckily the hour was ill chosen for a private conference. The *réveille* had just been sounded, and the sleepy soldiers were all pouring into the inn. This state of matters delighted the landlord, but was hardly so agreeable to the four friends, who merely nodded sulkily at the salutations of the crowd.

"If we are not careful," said Athos, rousing himself, "we shall find ourselves landed in some quarrel, which would be highly inconvenient at this moment. D'Artagnan, tell us about your night's work, and then we will tell you about ours."

"Ah yes," said a light-horse soldier, who was slowly sipping a glass of

brandy, "you were down at the trenches last night, I think, and I believe you had a brush with the Rochellois."

D'Artagnan looked at Athos, to see if he ought to answer or not.

"My dear fellow," replied Athos, "I don't think you are aware that M. De Busigny did you the honor to address you! Since these gentlemen are interested in last night's affair, tell them about it."

"Is it true that you captured a bastion?" asked a Swiss, who had filled his beer up with rum.

"Yes, monsieur," replied D'Artagnan, "we had that honor. We also introduced a barrel of powder into a corner, which in exploding opened a really beautiful breach; and as the bastion was not built yesterday, the whole building was severely shaken."

"What bastion was it?" said a dragoon, who was holding a goose on the point of his sword, and cooking it at the fire.

"The Bastion Saint-Gervais," replied D'Artagnan; "the Rochellois behind it were always annoying our men."

"And there was a good deal of sharp-shooting?"

"A good deal. We lost five men, and the Rochellois eight or ten."

"But this morning," went on the light-horseman, "they will probably send down some pioneers to rebuild the bastion."

"Yes, probably," answered D'Artagnan.

"Gentlemen," broke in Athos, "I want to propose a bet."

"What bet?" asked the light-horseman.

"I bet you, M. De Busigny, that I and my three friends, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, will breakfast in the Bastion Saint-Gervais, and will hold it an hour by the clock, against all comers."

Porthos and Aramis looked at each other. They were beginning to understand what Athos had in his head.

"But," objected D'Artagnan, leaning over to whisper to Athos, "we shall be killed without a chance of escape."

"We shall be killed a great deal more certainly if we don't go," replied Athos.

"Ah!" ejaculated Porthos, twirling his mustache, "that is a grand bet."

"I take it," said M. De Busigny; "let us fix the stakes."

"That is easily done,' replied Athos. "We are four and you are four. The loser shall give the whole eight a dinner."

"Very well, let us agree to that," said M. De Busigny and the dragoon.

"Your breakfast is ready, gentlemen," broke in the landlord at this instant.

"Then bring it here," answered Athos.

The landlord obeyed, and Athos, making a sign to Grimaud, pointed out a large basket standing in a corner, which he was to fill with wine and food.

"But where are you going to eat it?" asked the landlord.

"What does that matter to you as long as you are paid?" replied Athos, throwing two pistoles on the table. Then, turning to M. De Busigny, he observed: —

"Will you have the kindness, monsieur, to set your watch by mine, or let me set mine by yours?"

"Certainly, monsieur," said the light-horseman, drawing out a beautiful watch incrusted with diamonds; "half-past seven."

"Five-and-twenty minutes to eight. So I am five minutes faster than you;" and bowing to the rest of the company, the four young men took the road to the Bastion Saint-Gervais, followed by Grimaud carrying the basket. He had not the faintest idea where they were going, or what they were to do, but Athos had given his orders, and he always obeyed without questioning.

As long as they were within the camp, the four friends remained silent; but once they had passed the wall of circumvallation, D'Artagnan, who was completely in the dark, thought it was time to ask for an explanation.

"And now, my dear Athos," said he, "will you be good enough to tell me where we are bound for?"

"Why, for the bastion, of course."

"And what are we to do when we get there?"

"I told you before. We are going to breakfast."

"But why didn't we do that at Parpaillot's?"

"Because we had some important matters to discuss, and it was impossible to talk for five minutes at that inn, with all those people coming and going, and perpetually bowing and speaking to you. Here at least," continued Athos, pointing to the bastion, "we shall not be interrupted."

"It seems to me," said D'Artagnan, with the caution which was as much his characteristic as his foolhardy courage, "it seems to me that we might have found some secluded place among the sand-hills on the sea-shore."

"Oh, somebody would have seen, and in a quarter of an hour spies would have informed the Cardinal that we were holding council."

"Yes," said Aramis. "Athos is right. *Animadvertuntur in desertis*" [Things are perceived in the deserts].

"A desert would have done very well," replied Porthos; "but first we should have to find it."

"There is no desert where a bird cannot fly overhead, or a fish jump out of the water, or a rabbit run out of his hole; and bird, fish, and rabbit have all become spies of the Cardinal. Much better to go on with our adventure, which we cannot now give up without dishonor. We have made a bet, and a bet on the spur of the moment; a bet of which I defy any one to guess the true meaning. To win it, we must hold the bastion for an hour. Either they will attack us, or they won't. If we are left unmolested, we shall have plenty of time to talk without any one overhearing us, for I will answer for the walls of this bastion having no ears. If they try to dislodge us, we can talk all the

same, and in defending our position shall cover ourselves with glory. You see that from every point of view we have the whip hand."

"Yes," said D'Artagnan, "but most certainly we shall attract some stray bullet."

"My good fellow," remarked Athos, "do you really think that the enemy's bullets are those we have most cause to fear?"

"But surely, if we were embarking on such an expedition, we ought to have brought our muskets?"

"Porthos, you are a goose! What would be the good of burdening ourselves with anything so useless?"

"I should hardly think that a heavy musket, a dozen cartridges, and a powder flask would be useless when one is in the presence of an enemy."

"Dear me!" said Athos, "didn't you hear what D'Artagnan was saying?"

"What did D'Artagnan say?" asked Porthos.

"He said that during last night's attack eight or ten Frenchmen were killed, and as many Rochellois."

"Well?"

"Well, hasn't everybody been too busy ever since to think of stripping the dead bodies?"

"What then?"

"What then? Why, we shall find their muskets, their flasks, and their cartridges, all waiting for us; and instead of four muskets and twelve charges, there will be fifteen pieces and a hundred bullets."

"O Athos," exclaimed Aramis, "you are a great man!"

Porthos nodded approval; only D'Artagnan did not seem to be convinced; and Grimaud appeared to have his doubts, for seeing they were still making for the bastion (which up to that moment he had declined to believe), he plucked his master by the coat.

"Where are we going?" he asked by a sign.

Athos pointed out the bastion.

"But," objected Grimaud, speaking always in pantomime, "we shall leave our bodies there."

Athos raised his hands and eyes to heaven. Grimaud placed his basket on the ground and sat down, shaking his head.

Athos took a pistol from his belt, looked to see if it was well primed, cocked it, and approached the barrel to Grimaud's ear. Grimaud was on his legs again, as if by magic. Athos then signed to him to take up the basket and go on.

Grimaud obeyed.

When they reached the bastion, the four friends turned round and beheld over three hundred soldiers assembled at the gate of the camp; M. De Besigny, the dragoon, the Swiss, and their silent companion forming a group apart.

Athos removed his hat, put it on the edge of his sword, and waved it in the air.

The spectators returned his salute and gave a great hurrah, which penetrated to their ears even at that distance. Then all four disappeared inside the bastion, where Grimaud had preceded them.

As Athos had assumed, the bastion was only occupied by a dozen dead men, French and Rochellois.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, to whom the command of the exepedition naturally fell, "while Grimaud lays out breakfast, we will begin by picking up the muskets and cartridges, and of course there is nothing in this employment to prevent our talking. Our friends here," he added, pointing to the dead, "will pay no attention to us."

"But after we have made sure they have nothing in their pockets, we had better throw them into the trench," said Porthos.

"Yes," replied Athos, "that is Grimaud's business."

"Well then," said D'Artagnan, "let Grimaud search them, and after he has done so, throw them over the wall."

"He shall do nothing of the sort," replied Athos; "we may find them useful yet."

"You are going mad, my good fellow! Of what use can these dead men be?"

"Don't judge hastily, say the gospel and the Cardinal," replied Athos. "How many guns have we got?"

"Twelve," said Aramis.

"How many charges?"

"A hundred."

"That will do. Now let us load."

They set to work; and as they finished loading the last gun, Grimaud made a sign that breakfast was ready.

By a gesture Athos replied that they were ready also, and then pointed out a pepper-box turret, where Grimaud was to keep watch. To help him pass the time Athos allowed him to take some bread, two cutlets, and a bottle of wine. . . .

"Now," said D'Artagnan, "that there is no chance of our being overheard, I hope you will tell us your secret."

"I trust, gentlemen, to give you both pleasure and glory at once," replied Athos. "I have made you take a charming walk, and now here is an excellent breakfast; while below, as you may see through the loop-holes, are five hundred persons, who consider us to be either lunatics or heroes — two classes of idiots who have much in common. . . ."

"What is the matter, Grimaud? As the circumstances are grave, I will allow you to speak, but be short, I beg. What is it?"

"A troop."

"How many?"

"Twenty?"

"What are they?"

"Sixteen pioneers, four soldiers."

"How far off?"

"Five hundred paces."

"Then we have just time to finish this fowl and drink your health, D'Artagnan."

A few minutes later the troop hove in sight, marching along a narrow trench that connected the bastion and the town.

"Bah!" said Athos. "It was scarcely worth while disturbing ourselves for a mere handful of rascals armed with pickaxes, hoes, and shovels. Grimaud had only got to make them a sign to return whence they came, and I am sure they would have left us in peace."

"I doubt it," said D'Artagnan, "for they are advancing steadily. And besides the sappers, there are four soldiers and a brigadier, all armed with muskets."

"It is only because they have not seen us," replied Athos.

"Upon my honor," cried Aramis, "I feel quite ashamed to fire on poor devils like that."

"False priest!" exclaimed Porthos, "to have pity on heretics."

"Aramis is right," said Athos. "I will warn them."

"What on earth are you doing?" said D'Artagnan. "You will get yourself shot, my good fellow."

But Athos paid no attention to this remark, and mounting the breach, his hat in one hand and his musket in the other, he addressed the troop, who were so astonished at this unexpected apparition that they halted about fifty paces distant. "Gentlemen," he said, bowing courteously as he spoke, "I am at this moment breakfasting with some friends in the shelter of this bastion. As you know, there is nothing so unpleasant as to be disturbed during your meals; therefore we should be greatly obliged if you would postpone any business you may have here, till we have finished, or else call again. Unless, indeed, you have the happy inspiration to quit the side of rebellion, and to drink, with us, to the health of the King of France."

"Do take care, Athos!" exclaimed D'Artagnan; "don't you see they are aiming at you?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Athos; "but they are only civilians, who don't know how to shoot; and they will never touch me."

He had scarcely uttered the words when four muskets fired simultaneously. The balls fell round Athos, but not one grazed him.

Four muskets immediately answered, but these were better directed than the others. Three of the soldiers fell dead, and one of the sappers was wounded.

"Grimaud, another musket," said Athos, who was still on the breach. Grimaud obeyed; a second volley was fired; the brigadier and two pioneers fell dead, and the rest of the troop took flight.

"Now we must make a sortie," cried Athos; and the four comrades dashed out of the fort, picked up the muskets belonging to the dead soldiers, and retreated to the bastion, carrying the trophies of their victory. . . .

"To arms!" called Grimaud.

The young men jumped up and ran for their muskets.

This time the advancing troop was composed of twenty or twenty-five men, but they were no longer sappers, but soldiers of the garrison.

"Hadn't we better return to the camp?" said Porthos. "The fight is not equal at all."

"Impossible, for three reasons," said Athos. "First, because we haven't finished breakfast; second, because we have several important things to discuss; and third, because there are still ten minutes before the hour is up."

"Well, anyway," remarked Aramis, "we had better have some plan of campaign."

"It is very simple," replied Athos. "The moment the enemy is within reach, we fire. If they still come on, we fire again, and go on firing as long as our guns are loaded. If any of them are left, and they try to carry the place, by assault, we will let them get well into the ditch, and then drop on their heads a piece of the wall, that only keeps poised by a kind of miracle."

"Bravo," cried Porthos. "Athos, you were born to be a general; and the Cardinal, who thinks himself a great commander, is not to be compared to you."

"Gentlemen," replied Athos, "remember, one thing at a time. Cover your man well."

"I have mine," said D'Artagnan.

"And I," said Porthos and Aramis.

"Then fire;" and as Athos gave the word, the muskets rang out and four men fell. Then the drum beat, and the little army advanced to the charge, while all the while the fire was kept up, irregularly, but with a sure aim. The Rochellois however did not flinch, but came on steadily.

When they reached the foot of the bastion, the enemy still numbered twelve or fifteen. A sharp fire received them, but they never faltered, and leaping the trench, prepared to scale the breach.

"Now, comrades!" cried Athos. "Let us make an end of them. To the wall!"

And all four, aided by Grimaud, began to push with their guns a huge block of wall, which swayed as if with the wind, and then rolled slowly down into the trench. A horrible cry was heard, a cloud of dust mounted upwards; and all was silent.

"Have we crushed them all, do you think?" asked Athos.

"It looks like it," answered D'Artagnan.

"No," said Porthos, "for two or three are limping off."

Athos looked at his watch.

"Gentlemen," he said, "an hour has elapsed since we came here, and we have won our bet." . . .

"What is going on in the town?" asked Athos.

"It is a call to arms."

They listened, and the sound of a drum reached their ears.

"They must be sending us an entire regiment," said Athos.

"You don't mean to fight a whole regiment?" said Porthos.

"Why not?" asked the musketeer. "If we had only had the sense to bring another dozen bottles, I could make head against an army!"

"As I live, the drum is coming nearer," said D'Artagnan.

"Let it," replied Athos. "It takes a quarter of an hour to get from here to the town, so it takes a quarter of an hour to get from the town here. That is more than enough time for us to arrange our plans. If we leave this, we shall never find such a good position. . . . But I must first give Grimaud his orders;" and Athos made a sign to his servant.

"Grimaud," said he, pointing to the dead who were lying on the bastion, "you will take these gentlemen and prop them up against the wall, and put their hats on their heads and their guns in their hands."

"Great man!" ejaculated D'Artagnan; "I begin to see."

"You do?" asked Porthos.

"Do *you* understand, Grimaud?" said Aramis.

Grimaud nodded.

"Then we are all right," said Athos. . . .

"On guard!" cried D'Artagnan. "Look at those red and black points moving down there! A regiment, did you call it, Athos? — it is a perfect army!"

"My word, yes!" said Athos, "there they come! How cunning to beat neither drums nor trumpets. Are you ready, Grimaud?"

Grimaud silently nodded, and showed them a dozen dead men, arranged skilfully in various attitudes, some porting arms, some taking aim, others drawing their swords.

"Well done!" exclaimed Athos, "it does honor to your imagination."

"If it is all the same to you," said Porthos, "I should like to understand what is going on."

"Let us get away first," replied D'Artagnan, "and you will understand after."

"One moment, please! Give Grimaud time to clear away the breakfast."

"Ah!" said Aramis; "the red and black specks are becoming more distinct, and I agree with D'Artagnan that we have no time to lose before we regain the camp."

"Very well," rejoined Athos, "I have nothing to say against retreating. The wager was for an hour, and we have been here an hour and a half. Let us be off at once."

The four comrades went out at the back, following Grimaud, who had already departed with the basket.

"Oh!" cried Athos, stopping suddenly, "what the devil is to be done?"

"Has anything been forgotten?" asked Aramis.

"Our flag, man, our flag! We can't leave our flag in the enmey's hands, if it is nothing but a napkin." And Athos dashed again into the bastion, and bore away the flag unhurt, amid a volley of balls from the Rochellois.

He waved his flag, while turning his back on the troops of the town, and saluting those of the camp. From both sides arose great cries, of anger on the one hand and enthusiasm on the other, and the napkin, pierced with three bullet-holes, was in truth transformed into a flag. "Come down, come down!" they shouted from the camp.

Athos came down, and his friends, who had awaited him anxiously, received him with joy.

"Be quick, Athos," said D'Artagnan; "now that we have got everything but money, it would be stupid to get killed."

But Athos would not hurry himself, and they had to keep pace with him.

By this time Grimaud and his basket were well beyond bullet range, while in the distance the sounds of rapid firing might be heard.

"What are they doing?" asked Porthos; "what are they firing at?"

"At our dead men," replied Athos.

"But they don't fire back."

"Exactly so; therefore the enemy will come to the conclusion that there is an ambuscade. They will hold a council, and send an envoy with a flag of truce, and when they at last find out the joke, we shall be out of reach. So it is no use getting apoplexy by racing."

"Oh, I understand," said Porthos, full of astonishment.

"That is a mercy!" replied Athos, shrugging his shoulders, as they approached the camp, which was watching their progress in a ferment of admiration.

This time a new fusillade was begun, and the balls whistled close to the heads of the four victors and fell about their ears. The Rochellois had entered the bastion.

"What bad shooting!" said D'Artagnan. "How many was it we killed? Twelve?"

"Twelve or fifteen."

"And how many did we crush?"

"Eight or ten."

"And not a scratch to show for it."

"Ah, what is that on your hand, D'Artagnan? It looks to me like blood."

"It's nothing," replied D'Artagnan. . . .

"Here we are at the camp, and they are coming to meet us and bring us in triumphantly."

And he only spoke the truth, for the whole camp was in a turmoil. More than two thousand people had gazed, as at a play, at the lucky bit of braggadocio of the four friends—braggadocio of which they were far from suspecting the real motive. The cry of "Long live the musketeers," resounded on all sides, and M. De Busigny was the first to hold out his hand to Athos and to declare that he had lost his wager. The dragoon and the Swiss had followed him, and all the others had followed the dragoon and the Swiss. There was nothing but congratulations, hand-shakings, embraces; and the tumult became so great that the Cardinal thought there must be a revolt, and sent La Houdinière, his captain of guards, to find out what was the matter.

"Well?" asked the Cardinal, as his messenger returned.

"Well, monseigneur," replied La Houdinière, "it is about three musketeers and a guardsman who made a bet with M. De Busigny to go and breakfast at the Bastion Saint-Gervais, and while breakfasting, held it for two hours against the enemy, and killed I don't know how many Rochellois."

"You asked the names of these gentlemen?"

"Yes, monseigneur."

"What are they?"

"Athos, Porthos, and Aramis."

"Always my three heroes," murmured the Cardinal. "And the guardsman?"

"M. D'Artagnan."

"Always my young rogue! I must gain over these men."

And the same evening, the Cardinal had a conversation with M. De Treville about the morning's exploit, with which the whole camp was still ringing. M. De Treville, who had heard it all at first hand, gave his Eminence all the details, not forgetting the episode of the napkin.

"Very good, M. De Treville," said the Cardinal; "but you must get me that napkin, and I will have three golden lilies embroidered on it, and give as a banner to your company."

"Monseigneur," replied M. De Treville, "that would be an injustice to the guards. M. D'Artagnan does not belong to me, but to M. Des Essarts."

"Then you must take him," said the Cardinal. "As these four brave soldiers love each other so much, they ought certainly to be in the same regiment."

That evening M. De Treville announced the good news to the three musketeers and to D'Artagnan, and invited them all to breakfast the following day.

D'Artagnan was nearly beside himself with joy. As we know, it had been the dream of his life to be a musketeer.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

From 'The Viscount of Bragelonne'

[Dumas adopts the theory that the Man in the Iron Mask was the suppressed twin brother of Louis XIV. Aramis, now Bishop of Vannes, heads a plot to release this brother, Philippe, from the Bastille, and imprison the King. The Superintendent of Finance, Fouquet, foils this scheme, already half-successful, by getting the King out of the Bastille and confronting the masquerading prince with him.]

"WHAT is all this noise?" asked Philippe, turning towards the door of the concealed staircase. And as he spoke a voice was heard saying, "This way, this way. Still a few steps, sire."

"It is M. Fouquet's voice," said D'Artagnan, who was standing near the Queen Mother.

"Then M. D'Herblay will not be far off," added Philippe; but little did he expect to see the person who actually entered.

All eyes were riveted on the door, from which the voice of M. Fouquet proceeded; but it was not he who came through.

A cry of anguish rang through the room, breaking forth simultaneously from the King and the spectators, and surely never had been seen a stranger sight.

The shutters were half closed, and only a feeble light struggled through the velvet curtains, with their thick silk linings, and the eyes of the courtiers had to get accustomed to the darkness before they could distinguish between the surrounding objects. But once discerned, they stood out as clear as day.

So, looking up, they saw Louis XIV in the doorway of the private stair, his face pale and his brows bent; and behind him stood Fouquet.

The Queen Mother, whose hand held that of Philippe, uttered a shriek at the sight, thinking that she beheld a ghost.

Monsieur staggered for a moment and turned away his head, looking from the King who was facing him to the King who was by his side.

Madame on the contrary stepped forward, thinking it must be her brother-in-law reflected in a mirror. And indeed, this seemed the only rational explanation of the double image.

Both young men, agitated and trembling, clenching their hands, darting flames of fury from their eyes, dumb, breathless, ready to spring at each other's throats, resembled each other so exactly in feature, figure, and even, by pure accident, in dress, that Anne of Austria herself stood confounded. For as yet the truth had not dawned on her. There are some torments that

we all instinctively reject. It is easier far to accept the supernatural, the impossible.

That he should encounter such obstacles had never for one moment occurred to Louis. He imagined he had only to show himself, for the world to fall at his feet. The Sun-king could have no rival; and where his rays did not fall, there must be darkness—

As to Fouquet, who could describe his bewilderment at the sight of the living portrait of his master? Then he thought that Aramis was right, and that the new-comer was every whit as much a king as his double, and that after all, perhaps he had made a mistake when he had declined to share in the *coup d'état* so cleverly plotted by the General of the Jesuits.

And then, it was equally the blood royal of Louis XIII that Fouquet had determined to sacrifice to blood in all respects identical; a noble ambition, to one that was selfish. And it was the mere aspect of the pretender which showed him all these things.

D'Artagnan, leaning against the wall and facing Fouquet, was debating in his own mind the key to this wonderful riddle. He felt instinctively, though he could not have told why, that in the meeting of the two Louis XIV's lay the explanation of all that had seemed suspicious in the conduct of Aramis during the last few days.

Suddenly Louis XIV, by nature the more impatient of the two young men, and with the habit of command that was the result of training, strode across the room and flung open one of the shutters. The flood of light that streamed through the window caused Philippe involuntarily to recoil, and to step back into the shelter of an alcove.

The movement struck Louis, and turning to the Queen he said:

"Mother, do you not know your own son, although every one else has denied his King?"

Anne trembled at his voice and raised her arms to heaven, but could not utter a single word.

"Mother," retorted Philippe in his quietest tones, "do you not know your own son?"

And this time it was Louis who stepped back.

As for Anne, pierced to the heart with grief and remorse, she could bear it no longer. She staggered where she stood, and unaided by her attendants, who seemed turned into stone, she sank down on a sofa with a sigh.

This spectacle was too much for Louis. He rushed to D'Artagnan, whose brain was going round with bewilderment, and who clung to the door as his last hope.

"To me, musketeer! Look us both in the face, and see which is the paler, he or I."

The cry awoke D'Artagnan from his stupor, and struck the chord of obedience strong in the bosom of every soldier. He lifted his head, and

striding straight up to Philippe laid his hand on his shoulder, saying quietly: —

"Monsieur, you are my prisoner."

Philippe remained absolutely still, as if nailed to the floor, his eyes fixed despairingly on the King who was his brother. His silence reproached him as no words could have done, with the bitterness of the past and the tortures of the future.

And the King understood, and his soul sank within him. His eyes fell, and drawing his brother and sister-in-law with him, he hastily quitted the room; forgetting in his agitation even his mother, lying motionless on the couch beside him, not three paces from the son whom for the second time she was allowing to be condemned to a death in life.

Philippe drew near to her, and said softly: —

"If you had not been my mother, madame, I must have cursed you for the misery you have caused me."

D'Artagnan overheard, and a shiver of pity passed through him. He bowed respectfully to the young prince, and said: —

"Forgive me, monseigneur; I am only a soldier, and my faith is due to him who has left us."

"Thank you, M. D'Artagnan. But what has become of M. D'Herblay?"

"M. D'Herblay is safe, monseigneur," answered a voice behind them; "and while I am alive and free, not a hair of his head shall be hurt."

"M. Fouquet!" said the prince, smiling sadly.

"Forgive me, monseigneur," cried Fouquet, falling on his knees; "but he who has left the room was my guest."

"Ah!" murmured Philippe to himself with a sigh, "you are loyal friends and true hearts. You make me regret the world I am leaving. M. D'Artagnan, I will follow you."

As he spoke, Colbert entered and handed to the captain of the musketeers an order from the King; then bowed, and went out.

D'Artagnan glanced at the paper, and in a sudden burst of wrath crumpled it in his hand.

"What is the matter?" asked the prince.

"Read it, monseigneur," answered the musketeer.

And Philippe read these words, written hastily by the King himself: —

"M. D'Artagnan will conduct the prisoner to the Iles Sainte-Marguerite. He will see that his face is covered with an iron mask, which must never be lifted on pain of death."

"It is just," said Philippe; "I am ready."

"Aramis was right," whispered Fouquet to D'Artagnan, "this is as good a king as the other."

"Better," replied D'Artagnan; "he only needed you and me."

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

ONE of the magisterial critics of Mérimée's day, passing judgment upon his writings, dismisses personal details about the author with the remark: "As for the biography of Prosper Mérimée, it is like the history of a happy people — it does not exist. One knows only that he was educated in a college of Paris, that he has studied law, that he has been received as a lawyer, that he has never pleaded; and the papers have taken pains to inform us that he is today secretary to M. le Comte d'Argout. Those who know him familiarly see in him nothing more than a man of very simple manners, with a solid education, reading Italian and modern Greek with ease, and speaking English and Spanish with remarkable purity."

This was written in 1832, when Mérimée in his thirtieth year had attained celebrity not only in the literary world of Paris, but in the world of literary Europe, as the author of 'Le Théâtre de Clara Gazul'; 'La Guzla'; 'La Chronique de Charles IX'; 'Mateo Falcone'; 'Le Vase Étrusque'; and 'La Double Méprise.'

No tribute could have been better devised to please Mérimée, and praise his writings, than this one to the impersonality of his art, and the dispensation of it from any obligation to its author. "We should write and speak," he held, "so that no one would notice, at least immediately, that we were writing or speaking differently from any one else." But as that most impersonal of critics, Walter Pater, keenly observes: "Mérimée's superb self-effacement, his impersonality, is itself but an effective personal trait, and transferred to art, becomes a markedly peculiar quality of literary beauty." And he pronounces in a sentence the judgment of Mérimée's literary posterity upon him: "For in truth this creature who had no care for half-lights, and like his creations, had no atmosphere about him — gifted as he was with pure mind, with the quality which secures flawless literary structures — had on the other hand nothing of what we call soul in literature."

Prosper Mérimée was born in Paris in 1803, of parentage that made his vocation, it would seem, mandatory. His father was an artist of note, a pupil of David's, and long secretary of the École des Beaux-Arts. His mother was also, and in a double measure, an artist. Her talent was for portraits of children, whose quiet sittings she secured by her other talent of relating stories — a gift inherited from her grandmother, Madame de Beaumont, a charming writer of children's stories, and the author of the famous and entrancing 'Beauty and the Beast.' At twenty, having finished his collegiate studies, Mérimée, in obedience to the will of his parents, began to fit himself for the

legal profession. Following his own tastes, however, he had already sought and gained admission into the salons of the men of letters, and was already under his first and only literary influence — that of Henri Beyle, the progenitor of modern French realism. A collection of dramatic sketches was brought out in 1825, by a stroke of audacious wit, as the 'Théâtre de Clara Gazul' (an imaginary Spanish actress), with the portrait of Mérimée, in low-necked dress and mantilla, for frontispiece.

The strong individuality of Mérimée's art is as easily discernible today, under the thin disguise of his pseudonym, as his features under his travesty: his clear, cold, impartial realism, unflinching wit, and — a trait attributed also to his mother — his invincible irreligion. The success of the mystification was immediate and effective. His next adventure was of the same kind: the publication of 'La Guzla,' a collection of prose ballads, pseudo-translations from the Dalmatian folk-songs, with prefatory notices, appendices, and biographical sketch of the author, the bard Magdanovitch, accompanied by a dissertation on vampires and the evil eye. The intrinsic beauty of the ballads, the barbaric strength of the imagination, in the musical rhythm of French prose, contributed to render the mystification one of the most perfect in literary history. Goethe wrote an article upon it, Pushkin made translations from it, and German scholars rejoiced in print to find in it some long-lost Illyrian metrical measure. This success disgusted Mérimée with "local color" — the shibboleth of the young French Romantic school — seeing, as he said, how easy it was to fabricate it.

The 'Famille Carvajal,' a continuation of the Spanish vein — a weird, gruesome, and pitiless tale — and 'Le Jacquerie,' a dramatic historical recital in the Shakespearean vein, followed. His next venture was in historical fiction: 'The Chronicle of Charles IX,' an evident inspiration from Walter Scott. From an English point of view, it is the masterpiece of French historical fiction; and one, with a few reservations, not unworthy the hand of "Waverley" himself.

In 1830 came the visit to Spain, described in his published letters, and the forming of the friendship with the Countess of Montijo which led to a correspondence. To her Mérimée owes the Spanish inspiration, as it may well be called, which bore fruit in his incomparable relation of 'Carmen.' And while a guest of his friend, listening to her charming tales of the Alhambra and the Generalife, Mérimée formed his historic friendship with the Empress Eugénie, then a little girl playing around her mother's knee.

Appointed inspector-general of the historical monuments of France, Mérimée threw his archæological erudition into diligent performance of official duties. His reports, written with minute and even pedantic conscientiousness, bear out Faguet's assertion that — archæologist, traveler, art critic, historian, and philologist, man of the world and senator, and competent and sure as each — he would and should have belonged to four academies; it was only his dis-

cretion that restricted him to two — the Académie Française and the Académie des Inscriptions.

It was at this point of his life, at the meridian of age and success, that he received his first letter from the Inconnue — a graceful tribute from the graceful pen of a woman, who yielded to an impulse to express her admiration, yet guarded her identity beyond possibility of discovery. A correspondence ensued which a posthumous publication revealed to the public. In it, for one who knows how to read the letters, Mérimée shows himself gracious, tender, delicate, truly in love, and a poet. After nine years of expostulation and entreaty he obtained an interview; and his mysterious friend proved to be a Mademoiselle Jenny Dacquin, the daughter of a notary of Boulogne. The friendship that ensued waxed into love through the thirty succeeding years, and waned again into a friendship that ended only with Mérimée's life; his last letter to the Inconnue, a few lines, was written two hours before he died.

In 1844 Mérimée was elected to the French Academy. On the following day he published 'Arsène Guillot.' Had the publication preceded the election, the result might have been different; for repentant Academicians pronounced immoral the tale which Anglo-Saxon critics have generally selected for high praise.

In 1852, the little girl whose growth and development Mérimée had watched with tenderest interest became Empress of the French. He was appointed life senator in the reconstructed government; and became one of the most familiar members of the new and brilliant court at the Tuileries, and always a conspicuous one. His conversational charm, his wit, and his ever ready response to demands upon his artistic and historical lore, in questions of etiquette, costumes, and precedent; his versatility as dramatist and actor, and his genius for friendship with women — made him not only a favorite, but a spoiled favorite, in the royal circle. He nevertheless lost none of his diligence in literature. It was the period of his edition of Henri Beyle and of Brantôme, of numerous miscellaneous articles in reviews, and of his pioneer excursions into Russian literature.

So shrewd an observer of men and politics could not be unprepared for the catastrophe of 1870. He had never been free from vague apprehensions, and the acute presentiment overshadows the gaiety in his letters. In addition he was growing old, and infirm health drove him during the winter months into annual exile at Cannes. It was there that, in a crisis of his malady, the journals, in anticipation of the end, published his death, and Guizot in consequence made official announcement of it at the Academy. Mérimée lived, however, to return to Paris, and suffer through to the end of the tragedy. He dragged himself to the Tuileries, had a last interview with his mistress, sat for the last time in his seat in the Senate, and voted for adjournment to a morrow which never came. Four days afterwards he departed for Cannes, where a fortnight later he died. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery.

GRACE KING

A DUEL TO THE DEATH

From 'Carmen'

[The narrator of the story is a Navarrese who has fallen under the spell of the gipsy Carmen, married to the contraband-runner, Garcia. He has followed her to Gibraltar.]

AFTER having spent two days in a vain search, I had obtained no news of La Rollona or of Carmen, and I was thinking of going back to my comrades, after making a few purchases, when just at sunset, as I was walking along the street, I heard from a window a woman's voice saying to me, "Orange-seller!" I raised my head and saw Carmen leaning over a balcony, next to a red-clad officer with gold epaulettes and curly hair and all the look of a great "mylord." As for her, she was superbly dressed, all in silks, with a shawl over her shoulders and a golden comb. The sly hussy — she was always the same — was splitting her sides with laughter. The Englishman, in his outlandish Spanish, called to me to come up; Madam wanted some oranges. And Carmen said to me in Basque, "Come up and don't be surprised at anything." Well, nothing should have surprised me where she was concerned, but I don't know whether I was more pleased or sorry at finding her again. There was a big English servant at the door, all powdered up, who led me into a magnificent sitting-room. Carmen immediately said to me in Basque, "You don't know a word of Spanish, and you have never seen me before." Then, turning to the Englishman, she said, "I told you so. I recognized him for a Basque right away; just listen, what a funny lingo it is. And what a stupid look he has, hasn't he? You'd think he was a cat caught in the pantry."

"And you," I said in my own language, "look like a brazen wench, and I've a good mind to put my mark on your face, right before your gallant here."

"My gallant!" said she. "Well, did you guess that all by yourself? And so you're jealous of this ninny? You're a bigger stupid than before our evenings in Candilejo Street. Don't you see, you fool, that I'm working my Egyptian tricks on him, and in the primest style, too. This house is mine, and the crayfish's guineas will be mine [the English soldiers were called "crayfish" on account of their red coats]; I'm leading him about by the nose, and I'll take him to a place he won't come back from."

"And I," I said, "if you play your Egyptian tricks the next time like that, will see to it that you never do it again."

"Indeed? Are you my *rom* [husband], to give me orders? One-eyed Garcia

thinks he's all right; what have you to do with it? Shouldn't you be well pleased to be the only one who can call himself my *minchorro* [lover]?"

"What's he saying?" asked the Englishman.

"He says he is thirsty, and could do with a drink," answered Carmen. And she fell back on a sofa with a burst of laughter, the traitress!

Well, sir, when that girl laughed, there was no talking sense. Everyone laughed with her. The big Englishman, like the fool he was, laughed too, and told them to bring me a drink.

While I was drinking, she said: "Do you see that ring he has on his finger? If you like, I'll give it to you."

"I'd give a finger," I replied, "to have your mylord out in the hills, each of us with a *maquila* [iron-shod staff] in his fist."

"Maquila, what's that mean?" asked the Englishman.

"Maquila," said Carmen, still laughing, "is an orange. Isn't it a funny name for an orange? He says he'd like to have you eat some maquila."

"Yes?" said the Englishman. "Well, bring some more maquila tomorrow." [Carmen then invites her lover to the house and plans that he and Garcia are to waylay and kill the English officer.]

When she said to me, "Go!", I had to go. I promised to leave Gibraltar, return to my comrades, and wait for the Englishman. I went back to our rendezvous, after having been told the time and the place where the Englishman and Carmen were to pass. I found Le Dancaïre and Garcia waiting for me, and we passed the night in a wood around a fire of pine-cones that blazed up in fine style. I suggested to Garcia a game of cards; he accepted. At the second hand, I told him he was cheating. He began to laugh. I threw the cards in his face. He tried to seize his blunderbuss, but I put my foot on it and said: "They say you can handle a knife with the best lad in Malaga; would you like to try it with me?"

Le Dancaïre tried to separate us; but I had given Garcia two or three blows, and rage had made him brave. He had his knife out, and I had mine. We both told Le Dancaïre to give us room and see fair play done. He saw there was no means of stopping us, and got out of the way.

Garcia was already doubled up like a cat ready to pounce on a mouse. He had his hat in his left hand, to stop my thrusts, and his knife held out in front — that's their Andalusian guard. I took up the Navarrese stance, straight in front of him, left arm up, left foot forward, and my knife along my right thigh. I felt stronger than any giant.

He was on me like a flash. I spun on my left heel, and he found thin air in front of him; but I got him in the throat, and the knife went in until my hand was under his chin. I twisted the blade so hard that it broke. That settled it. The blade was shot out of the wound by a jet of blood the size of my arm. He fell on his face as dead as a herring.

"What have you done?" said Le Dancaïre.

"Look here," said I. "We couldn't both of us go on living together. I love Carmen, and I want to have her to myself. Besides, Garcia was a rascal, and I haven't forgotten what he did to poor Remendado. Now there are only the two of us, but we are decent chaps. Come, will you have me for a friend, through life and death?"

Le Dancaïre stretched out his hand. He was a man of fifty. "To the devil with these love-affairs!" cried he. "If you had asked him for Carmen, he'd have sold her to you for a dollar. Now there are just the two of us left, how shall we manage tomorrow?"

"Leave it all to me," replied I. "I don't give a hang for anything in the world now."

We buried Garcia, and moved our camp a couple of hundred paces farther on. Next day, Carmen and her Englishman passed with two muleteers and a servant. I said to Le Dancaïre, "I'll look after the Englishman. Frighten off the others; they aren't armed."

That Englishman had courage. If Carmen had not shoved his arm, he'd have killed me. To cut a long story short, I won Carmen back that day, and the first word I spoke to her was to tell her that she was a widow. When she heard how it had happened, she said, "You'll always be a *lillipendi* [fool]. Garcia ought to have killed you; your Navarrese guard is all stuff, and he has put smarter lads than you under the sod. It was only that his time had come. Yours will too."

"—And yours," answered I, "if you aren't a true *romï* to me."

"Good!" said she. "I have seen more than once in the coffee-grounds that we should finish together. Bah! Let it come!" And she rattled her castanets, as she always did when she wished to drive away some uncomfortable thought.

Translated by A. Smillie Noad

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE, who was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23, 1804, and died at Paris, October 13, 1869, was one of the most brilliant French essayists and one of the finest critical minds of the world's literature. He takes in the France of the nineteenth century the place that Dr. Johnson held in the England of the eighteenth; while his culture was as delicate as, and his sympathies wider than, those of Matthew Arnold, with whom it is natural to compare him. He gave himself so wholly to the humane life, to the joy that he found in books, and to the views of human nature that they opened to him, that his literary studies, his 'Portraits' and 'Monday Chats,' form his best biography, and almost make superfluous the recollections of his secretaries, Levallois, Pons, and Troubat, or the labored biography of his fellow-academician Haussonville. It is worth noting however that his first studies were medical; for it was to this that he attributed "the spirit of philosophy, the love of exactness and physiological reality," that always marked his critical method — even in those first contributions to the Globe, the present 'Premiers Lundis,' where, as he said himself in later years, "youth painted youth."

The landmarks in Sainte-Beuve's uneventful life are his meeting with Victor Hugo in 1827, his election to the Academy in 1845, his nominations as Commander of the Legion of Honor in 1859 and as Senator in 1865. For a half-century he was almost continuously a resident of Paris. Twice he left it, to lecture at Lausanne and at Liége; but wherever he was and whatever his functions — journalist, professor, senator — he was always the unwearied "naturalist of human minds," the clear-sighted critic and generous advocate of literary freedom.

To most men, Sainte-Beuve is known as the author of fifteen volumes of 'Monday Chats' (the 'Causeries du Lundi') and of their continuation in the thirteen volumes of the 'New Monday Chats,' the 'Nouveaux Lundis.' And it is for these that he best deserves to be known; but before we turn to an attempt to estimate their qualities and worth, the reader may be reminded that he is also the author of two volumes of poetry, 'Poems of Joseph Delorme' (1829) and 'Consolations' (1830), which are very significant in the history of French prosody, where his signature can often be recognized in the verses of Baudelaire and Banville, and in that of the lyric of democracy as it afterward came to be represented by Manuel and Coppée. He wrote also a novel, 'Volupté' (1834), which found "fit audience though few"; and a 'History of Port-Royal,' the Jansenist seminary made illustrious by Pascal,

of which the seven volumes, published between 1840 and 1860, are a monument of astounding industry and critical acumen. But the 'Monday Chats' by no means exhaust his purely literary work; which under various titles—'Literary Critiques and Portraits,' 'Literary Portraits,' 'Contemporary Portraits,' 'Portraits of Women,' 'Chateaubriand and his Literary Group'—makes up a total of from forty to fifty volumes.

This imposing mass is divided by the Revolution of 1848. Before that date he is striving for the critical mastery, but making incursions also into other fields. After his return from Liége in 1849 he is the critical autocrat, always honored though not always beloved. Yet the work of his apprentice years was of great importance in its day. The portraits have not indeed the charm and winning grace of the mature artist who wrote the passages that have been chosen here to illustrate his genius; but they are full of art as well as scholarship, and constructed almost from the very first on the critical lines that he has laid down in his essay on Chateaubriand. To the young Sainte-Beuve is due, more than to any of his contemporaries, the revival of interest in the sixteenth century and in Ronsard. These studies influenced, and for a time guided, the development of romanticism, and stirred in Sainte-Beuve himself a faint poetic flame; but even in verse he was a critic of his own sensations, and wooed a refractory muse.

With the weekly 'Monday Chats,' begun in the Constitutionnel newspaper in 1850, and continued in various journals with but one considerable interruption until his death, began the epoch-making work that will long keep his memory green among all lovers of the humanities. Already he had made criticism a fine art; but he had been too generous in his praise of his fellow-romanticists. Now the critical touch became more precise, the shading more exact. Nor was the least remarkable thing about these essays the speed and regularity of their production. Week after week, for year after year, saw its acute and learned study of from 7,000 to 7,500 words, full of minute research and profound erudition, written, corrected, published. He became, as he said of himself, "a workman by the piece and the hour." This method of production left no place for correction and repentance. As the tree fell so it must lie. But this only seemed to enhance the spontaneity of his essays. As a contemporary said, "He had no time to spoil them." And under this pressure his style grew ever more supple, more concise and yet more popular, though it never ceased to be scholarly and profound.

The subjects of his criticism were as world-wide as literature; and into everything that he touched he put, as he said he sought to do, "a sort of charm and at the same time more reality." To all his work he brought the calm temper of the scientific mind, rarely crossed by querulous clouds or heated by the passion of controversy, and not often roused to a glowing and self-forgetful enthusiasm. "I have but one diversion, one pursuit," he said:

"I analyze, I botanize. I am a naturalist of minds. What I would fain create is literary natural history."

This mood is naturally drawn to the serious and austere. And so Pascal, Bossuet, Shakespeare, and the Lake Poets attract Sainte-Beuve more than Rabelais and Molière, or Chaucer and Byron. But nothing human is wholly foreign to this collector of talents. He passes with easy flight from Firdausī to General Jomini, from Madame Desbordes-Valmore to the Comte de Saxe. He is naturally tolerant of rising talent and of eccentric natures, and perhaps too stern to those contemporaries who have achieved success and need correction rather than encouragement. The unclassified attracts him; for to the last he remains essentially subjective in his judgments, praising what pleases him without measuring it on the procrustean bed of any critical code. And yet he felt that his method had in it the possibilities of an exact science; and with this prophetic vision he prepared the chosen people of literature to enter (with Taine for their Joshua) the Canaan of critical naturalism.

BENJAMIN W. WELLS

SAINTE-BEUVE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN CRITICAL METHOD

From the 'Nouveaux Lundis'

IT is understood then that today [July 22, 1862] you will allow me to enter into some details about the course and method that I have thought best to follow in studying books and talents. For me, literature — literary production — is not distinct, or at least not separable, from the rest of the man and from its environment. I can enjoy a work, but I can hardly judge it, independently of a knowledge of the man himself. "The tree is known by its fruits," as I might say; and so literary study leads me quite naturally to the study of morals.

A day will come of which I have caught glimpses in the course of my observations — a day when the science [of criticism] will be established, when the great mental families and their principal divisions will be known and determined. Then, when the principal characteristic of a mind is given, we shall be able to deduce many others from it. With men, no doubt, one can never work exactly as with animals or plants. Man is ethically more complex. He has what we call liberty, and what in any case presupposes a great mobility of possible combinations. But however that may be, we shall succeed in time, I think, in establishing moral science on a broader basis. Today it is at the point where botany was before Jussieu and comparative anatomy

before Cuvier — in the stage, so to speak, of anecdote. We for our part are making mere monographs, amassing detailed observations: but I catch glimpses of connections, relations; and a broader mind, more enlightened and yet keen in the perception of detail, will be able some day to discover the great natural divisions that represent the genera of minds.

But even when mental science shall be organized as one may imagine it from afar, it will be always so delicate and so mobile that it will exist only for those who have a natural vocation and talent for observation. It will always be an art that will demand a skilful artist; just as medicine demands medical tact in him who practises it, as philosophy ought to demand philosophic tact from those who pretend to be philosophers, as poetry demands to be essayed only by a poet.

Suppose we have under observation a superior man, or one merely noteworthy for his productions; an author whose works we have read, and who may be worth the trouble of a searching study. How shall we go about it if we wish to omit nothing important and essential, if we wish to shake off the old-fashioned rhetorical judgments — to be as little as possible the dupes of phrases, words, conventional sentiments, and to attain the truth as in a study of nature?

We shall surely recognize and rediscover the superior man, at least in part, in his parents, especially in the mother; in his sisters too, in his brothers, and even in his children. We shall find there essential characteristics that in the great man are often masked, because they are too condensed or too amalgamated. In others of his blood we shall find his character more in its simple, naked state. Nature herself has done the analysis for us.

It is enough to indicate my thought. I will not abuse it. When you have informed yourself as far as possible about the origin, the immediate and near relations of an eminent writer, the essential point, after discussing his studies and his education, is his first environment — the first group of friends and contemporaries in which he found himself at the moment when his talent was revealed, took material form and became adult. For be sure his talent will bear the mark of it, and whatever he may do later he will feel it always.

The very great men depend on no group; they make centers themselves; people gather around them: but it is the group, association, alliance, and active exchange of ideas — a perpetual emulation in presence of one's equals and peers — that gives to the man of talent all his productive energy, his development, and his value. There are talents that share at the same time in several groups, and never cease to pass through successive environments; perfecting, transforming, or deforming themselves. Then it is important to note, even in these variations and slow or sudden conversions, the hidden and unchanging impulse, the persistent force.

Each work of an author examined in this way, in its place, after you have

put it back into its framework and surrounded it with all the circumstances that marked its birth, acquires its full significance — its historic, literary significance; it recovers its just degree of novelty, originality, or imitation: and you run no risk in your criticism of discovering beauties amiss, and admiring beside the mark, as is inevitable when you depend on rhetorical criticism alone.

For the critic who is studying a talent, there is nothing like catching it in its first fire, its first outpouring; nothing like breathing it in its morning hour, in its efflorescence of soul and youth. The first proof of an engraved portrait has for the artist and the man of taste a price which nothing that follows can equal. I know no joy for the critic more exquisite than to comprehend and portray a young talent in its freshness, in its frank and primitive aspect, anticipating all the foreign and perhaps factitious elements that may mingle with it.

O first and fruitful hour from which all takes its date; Ineffable moment! It is among men of the same age, and of the same hour almost, that talent loves to choose for the rest of its career, or for the longer half of it, its companions, its witnesses, its emulators — its rivals too, and its adversaries. Each chooses his own opponent, his own point of view. There are such rivalries, challenges, piques, among equals or almost equals, that last a whole lifetime. But even though we should be a little inferior, let us never desire that a man of our generation should fall and disappear, even though he were a rival and though he should pass for an enemy. For if we have true worth, he too, at need and on occasion, will warn the coming ignorant generations and the insolence of youth, that in us they have to do with an old athlete whom they may not despise or dismiss with levity. His own self-esteem is interested in it. He has measured himself with us in the good old times. He has known us in our best days. — I will clothe my thought with illustrious names. It is still Cicero who renders the noblest homage to Hortensius. A phrase of Æschines remains the fairest eulogy of Demosthenes. And the Greek hero Diomedes, speaking of Æneas in Virgil, and wishing to give a lofty idea of him: "Trust him," said he, "who has measured his own strength with him."

It is not only important to catch a talent at the moment of its first essay, at its first outburst, when it appears full-formed and more than adolescent, when it declares its own majority. There is a second period to note, not less decisive if one wishes to take in the whole man. It is the moment when he begins to spoil, to decay, to fail, or to err. Some stiffen and dry, some yield and lose their hold, some grow hard, some heavy, some bitter. The smile becomes a wrinkle. After the first moment when talent in its brilliant blossoming has become man — the young man confident and proud — one must note this second, sad moment when age unmakes and changes him.

One cannot take too many ways to know a man, nor approach him from too many sides; for a man is something quite different from pure spirit.

Until you have asked yourself a certain number of questions about an author, and answered them, though only to yourself and under your breath, you are not sure that you have him wholly, though those questions may seem most foreign to the nature of his writings: What did he think about religion? How was he affected by the spectacle of nature? How did he bear himself in regard to women, and to money? Was he rich? Was he poor? What was his regimen, his daily habit of life? And so on. In short, What was his vice or his foible? Everybody has one. None of these responses is indifferent to the judgment of the author of a book, and of the book itself, unless the book be a treatise on pure geometry; not if it is at all a literary work — that is to say, a book into which he enters at all. . . .

Up to a certain point one can study talents in their moral posterity, in their disciples and natural admirers. That is a last easy and convenient means of observation. Such affinities either proclaim or betray themselves. Genius is a king who creates his people. . . . Tell me who loves, who admires you, and I will tell you who you are. . . . The disciples who imitate the manner and taste of their model in writing are very curious to follow, and best suited in their turn to cast light on him. The disciple usually exaggerates or parodies his master without suspecting it. In rhetorical schools he enfeebles, in picturesque and naturalistic schools he forces, heightens to excess, exaggerates. He is an enlarging mirror. When the master is negligent, and the disciple careful and dressed in Sunday clothes, they resemble one another. On days when Chateaubriand writes badly and Marchangy does his best, they have a deceptive resemblance. From a little farther off, from behind, and by moonlight, you might mistake them for one another.

If it is just to judge a talent by his friends and natural followers, it is not less legitimate to judge him and counter-judge him (for it is in fact a sort of counter-proof) by the enemies whom he rouses and unwittingly attracts; by his contraries, his antipathies; by those who instinctively cannot bear him. Nothing serves better to mark the limits of a talent, to circumscribe its sphere and domain, than to know the exact points where revolt against it begins. In its detail this even becomes piquant to watch. In literature people detest one another sometimes all their lives, and yet have never met. So the antagonism between mental genera grows clear. What would you have? It's in the blood, in the temperament, in first prejudices which often do not depend on ourselves. When it is not low envy, it is racial hatred. How will you make Boileau enjoy Quinault, and Fontenelle think highly of Boileau, and Joseph de Maistre or Montalembert love Voltaire? But I have said enough today about the natural method in literature.

ALFRED DE MUSSET

From 'Causeries du Lundi,' May 11, 1857. (Abridged.)

IT is the duty of each generation, as it is of an army, to bury its dead and to do them the last honors. It would not be just that the charming poet who has just been taken away should disappear without receiving — amid all that has been said and what will be said, true and heart-felt, of his talent — some special words of farewell from an old friend, from a witness of his first steps. The melodious strain of Alfred de Musset was so familiar to us, so dear from the very first; it had so penetrated our hearts in its freshness and buoyant novelty; it was, though more youthful, so part of our own generation — a generation then all poetry and all devoted to feeling and expression. It is nineteen years ago; and I see him still making his entry in the literary world — first in the intimate circle of Victor Hugo, then in that of Alfred de Vigny and the Deschamps brothers. What a début! What easy graciousness! and at the very first verses that he recited — his 'Andalouse,' his 'Don Paez,' and his 'Juana' — what surprise, what rapture he aroused among us! It was spring itself; a whole springtime of poetry that budded before our eyes. He was not eighteen. His forehead was strong and proud. His downy cheek still preserved the roses of childhood, his nostrils swelled with the breath of desire. He advanced with firm tread and eye upcast, as though sure of conquest and full of the pride of life. No one at the first sight gave a better idea of adolescent genius. All those brilliant couplets, those outpourings of verse that their very success has since caused to be outworn, but which were then so new in French poetry; all those passages marked as if with a Shakespearean accent, those furious rushes mingled with petulant audacities and smiles, those flashes of heat and precocious storm — seemed to promise a Byron to France.

The graceful delicate songs that flitted each morning from his lips, and presently were running over the lips of all, were indeed of his age. But passion was to him a divination. He breathed it in with might, he sought to outrun it. He asked its secret of friends richer in experience, still dripping from their shipwreck. . . . At the dance, at receptions and gay festivals, when he met pleasure he did not restrain himself; he sought by reflection to distil its sadness, its bitterness. He said to himself, even as he gave himself up with an appearance of self-surrendering transport, and even as it were to increase its savor, that this was only a fleeting instant, soon to be irreparable, that would never recur in this same light. And in all he sought a stronger, keener sensation, in accord with the key to which he had tuned his soul. He found that the roses of a day did not fade fast enough. He would gladly uproot them all that he might the better breathe them in and press from them their essence. . . .

I only touch the subject; but if we take up and glance over again, now that he is no more, many of the pieces and personages of Alfred de Musset, we shall now perceive in this child of genius just the opposite of Goethe: of that Goethe who detached himself in time from his creations, even from those most intimate in their origin; who worked out his characters only to a certain point; who cut the bond in time, abandoned them to the world, being already himself altogether elsewhere; and for whom "poetry was a deliverance." Goethe, even from his youth, from the time of Werther, was preparing to live till past eighty. For Alfred de Musset, poetry was the opposite of that. His poetry was himself. He was riveted wholly to it. He cast himself into it recklessly. It was his youthful soul, it was his flesh and blood that flowed; and when he had cast to others these shreds, these glorious limbs of the poet, that seemed at times like limbs of Phaëthon and of a young god (recall, for instance, the magnificent apostrophes and invocations of 'Rolla'), he still kept his own shred, his bleeding heart, his burning weary heart. Why was he not patient? All would have come in due time. But he hasted to condense and to devour the years. . . .

Musset was poet only. He wished to feel. He was of a generation whose password, the first wish inscribed at the bottom of their hearts, had been, Poetry for its own sake, Poetry above all. "In all the period of my fair youth," one of the poets of that same epoch has said, "there was nothing that I desired or summoned so with prayers or adored as I did holy Passion"—passion; that is to say, the living substance of poetry. So Musset was superlatively prodigal above all. Like a reckless soldier, he would not provide in advance for the second half of the journey. He would have disdained to accept what men call wisdom, and what seemed to him the gradual ebbing of life. It was not for him to transform himself. When he attained the summit, and even while he was still climbing the hillside, it seemed to him that he had reached and passed the goal of all desires. Satiety had laid hold on him. . . .

Recall his first songs of page or knightly lover, . . . and put opposite to this that admirable and pitiful final sonnet: the whole poetic career of Alfred de Musset is embraced between these two—Glory and Pardon. What a brilliant track, boldly traced; what light, what eclipse, and what shadow! Poet who was but a dazzling type of many obscurer souls of his age, who has symbolized their flights and their falls, their grandeurs and their miseries—his name will not die. Let us guard it engraven with peculiar care; us to whom he left the burdens of age, and who could say that day, with truth, as we returned from his funeral, "For years our youth was dead, but we have just buried it with him." Let us admire, let us continue to love and honor in its better part, the spirit, deep or fleeting, that he breathed into his songs. But let us draw from it also this witness to the infirmity that clings to our being, and never let us presume in pride on the gifts that human nature has received.

GOETHE: AND BETTINA BRENTANO

From 'Portraits of Men'

IT may be remembered that we have already seen Jean-Jacques Rousseau in correspondence with one of his admirers, whose partiality towards him ultimately developed into a warmer sentiment. After reading 'La Nouvelle Heloïse,' Madame de la Tour-Franqueville became extremely enthusiastic, believing herself to be a Julie d'Etange; and thereupon indited somewhat ardent love-letters to the great author, who in his misanthropical way treated her far from well. It is curious to note, in a similar case, how differently Goethe, the great poet of Germany, behaved to one of his admirers who declared her love with such wild bursts of enthusiasm. But not more in this case than in the other must we expect to find a true, natural and mutual affection, the love of two beings who exchange and mingle their most cherished feelings. The adoration in question is not real love: it is merely a kind of worship, which requires the god and the priestess. Only, Rousseau was an invalid — a fretful god, suffering from hypochondria, who had fewer good than bad days; Goethe, on the other hand, was a superior god, calm and equable, in good health and benevolent — in fact, the Olympian Jupiter, who looks on smiling.

In the spring of 1807 there lived at Frankfort a charming young girl nineteen years of age [she was in fact twenty-two, having been born April 4, 1785], though of such small stature that she only appeared to be twelve or thirteen. Bettina Brentano, the child of an Italian father, who had settled and married at Frankfort, came of a family noted for its originality, each member having some singular or fantastic characteristic. It was said in the town that "madness only began in the Brentano family where it ended in other people." Little Bettina considered this saying as a compliment. "What others call eccentricity is quite comprehensible to me," she would remark, "and is part of some esoteric quality that I cannot define." She had in her much of the devil and the imp; in fact, all that is the reverse of the *bourgeois* and conventional mind, against which she waged eternal war. A true Italian as regards her highly colored, picturesque, and vivid imagination, she was quite German in her dreamy enthusiasm, which at times verged on hallucination. She would sometimes exclaim, "There is a demon in me, opposed to all practical reality." Poetry was her natural world. She felt art and nature as they are only felt in Italy; but her essentially Italian conceptions, after having assumed all the colors of the rainbow, usually ended in mere vagaries. In short, in spite of the rare qualities with which little Bettina was endowed, she lacked what might be called sound common-sense — a quality hardly in keeping with all her other gifts. It seemed as if Bettina's family, in leaving

Italy for Germany, had instead of passing through France come by the way of the Tyrol, with some band of gay Bohemians. The faults to which I have just alluded grow sometimes graver the older one becomes; but at nineteen they merely lend an additional charm and piquancy. It is almost necessary to apologize in speaking so freely in relation to Bettina; for Signorina Brentano — having become Frau d'Arnim, and subsequently widow of Achim d'Arnim, one of the most distinguished poets of Germany — is now living in Berlin, surrounded by some of the most remarkable men of the day. She receives a homage and consideration not merely due to the noble qualities of her mind, but to the excellence of her character. This woman, who was once such a frolicsome imp, is now known as one of the most unselfish and true-hearted of her sex.

However, it was she herself who in 1835, two years after Goethe's death, published the correspondence that enables us to glean an accurate knowledge of her character; allowing us — in fact, compelling us — to speak so unconstrainedly in relation to her. This book — translated into French by a woman of merit, who has concealed her identity under the *nom de guerre* of "St. Sebastien Albin" — is a most curious work, enabling us to realize the difference that distinguishes the German genius from our own. The preface, as written by the authoress, is thus worded: "This book is intended for good, not bad people." This is similar to saying, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." It was quite suddenly that Bettina fell in love with the great poet Goethe; but her romantic feeling was of a purely ideal nature, for as yet she had never seen him. While musing alone one summer morn in the redolent and silent garden, Goethe's image presented itself to her mind. She only knew him through his renown and his works — in fact, through the very evil she heard spoken in relation to his cold and indifferent character. But the idea instantly captivated her imagination; she had discovered an object for her worship. Goethe was then fifty-eight years of age. In his youth he had conceived a slight affection for Bettina's mother. For many years he had lived at Weimar, at the small court of Charles Augustus; in favor or rather intimate friendship with the prince. There he calmly pursued his vast studies, forever creating with prolific ease; he was then at the height of contentment, genius, and glory.

Goethe's mother lived at Frankfort. She and Bettina became great friends; and the young girl began to love, study, and understand the son in the person of this remarkable mother, so worthy of him to whom she had given birth. Goethe's aged parent — "Goethe's Lady Counselor," as she was called — with her noble (I was about to say august) character, and her mind so replete with great sayings and memorable conversations, liked nothing better than to converse about her son. In speaking of him "her eyes would dilate like those of a child," and beam with contentment. Bettina became the old lady's favorite; and on entering her room would take a stool at her feet,

rush at random into conversation, disturb the order of everything around her, and being certain of forgiveness, would allow herself every freedom. The worthy Frau Goethe, being gifted with great discernment and common-sense, perceived from the very first that Bettina's love for her son would lead to no serious consequences, and that this flame would injure no one. She would laugh at the child's fancy, and in so doing would profit by it. Not a day passed without this happy mother thinking of her son; "and these thoughts," she would say, "are gold to me." If not to Bettina, to whom could she express them, before whom could she count her gold—this treasure not intended for the ears of the profane? So, when the frolicsome young creature was absent, running along the banks of the Rhine, and playing the truant in every old tower and rock, she would be greatly missed by her dear "Lady Counselor." The old lady would write to her in the following manner: —

"Hasten homeward. I do not feel so well this year as last. At times I long, with a certain foreboding, for your presence, and for hours together I sit thinking of Wolfgang" (Goethe's Christian name); "of the days when he was a child playing at my feet, or relating fairy tales to his little brother James. It is absolutely necessary that I should have some one with whom I can converse in relation to all this, and *nobody listens to me as well as yourself*. I truly wish you were here."

On returning to the mother of the man she adored, Bettina would hold long conversations with the venerable lady about Goethe's childhood, his early promise, the circumstances attendant on his birth; about the pear-tree his grandfather planted to celebrate its anniversary, and which afterwards flourished so well; about the *green arm-chair* where his mother would sit, relating to him tales that made him marvel. Then they would speak about the first signs of his awakening genius. Never was the childhood of a god studied and watched in its minutest details with more pious curiosity. One day, while he was crossing the road with several other children, his mother and a friend, who were at the window, remarked that he walked with "great majesty," and afterwards told him his upright bearing distinguished him from the other boys of his age. "That is how I wish to begin," he replied: "later on I shall distinguish myself in many different ways." "And this has been realized," his mother would add on relating the incident.

Bettina knew everything about Goethe's early life better than he did himself, and later on he had recourse to her knowledge when wishing to write his memoirs. She was right in saying, "As to me, what is my life but a profound mirror of your own?"

In his boyhood Goethe was considered one of the finest fellows of his age. He was fond of skating, and one fine afternoon he persuaded his mother to come and watch him sporting on the ice. Goethe's mother, liking sumptuous apparel, arrayed herself in "a pelisse, trimmed with crimson velvet, that had a long train and gold clasps," and she drove off in a carriage with friends.

"On arriving at the river Mein, we found my son energetically skating. He flew like an arrow through the throng of skaters; his cheeks were rosy from the fresh air, and his auburn locks were denuded of their powder. On perceiving my crimson pelisse, he immediately came up to the carriage, and looked at me with a gracious smile. 'Well, what do you require?' I said to him. 'Mother, you are not cold in the carriage, so give me your velvet mantle.'—'But you do not wish to array yourself in my cloak, do you?'—'Yes, certainly.'—There was I, taking off my warm pelisse, which he donned; and throwing the train over his arm, he sprang on the ice like a very son of the gods. Ah, Bettina! if you had only seen him! Nothing could have been finer. I clapped my hands with joy. All my life I shall see him as he was then, proceeding from one archway and entering through the other, the wind the while raising the train of the pelisse, that had fallen from his arm."

And she added that Bettina's mother was on the bank, and it was her whom her son wished to please that day.

Have you not perceived in this simple tale told by the mother, all the pride of a Latona? "He is a son of the gods!" These were the words of a Roman senator's wife, of a Roman empress, or Cornelia, rather than the utterance of a Frankfort citizen's spouse! The feeling that then inspired this mother in regard to her son, ultimately permeated the heart of the German nation. Goethe is "the German fatherland." In reading Bettina's letters, we find ourselves, like her, studying Goethe through his mother; and in so doing we discover his simple and more natural grandeur. Before the influence of court etiquette had distorted some of his better qualities, we see in him the true sincerity of his race. We wish his genius had been rather more influenced by this saying of his mother—"There is nothing grander than when the man is to be felt in the man."

It is said that Goethe had but little affection for his mother; that he was indifferent towards her—not visiting her for years, though he was only a distance of about forty miles from where she lived. And on this point he has been accused of coldness and egotism. But here, I think, there has been exaggeration. Before denying any quality to Goethe it is necessary to think twice. At first sight we imagine him to be cold; but this very coldness often conceals some underlying quality. A mother does not continue to love and revere her son when he has been guilty of a really serious wrong towards her. Goethe's mother did not see anything wrongful in her son's conduct, and it does not beseem us to be severer than she. This son loved his mother in his own way; and though his conduct could not perhaps be exactly regarded as the model of filial behavior, it cannot be said that he was in any wise ungrateful. "Keep my mother's heart warm," he would say in writing to Bettina. . . . "I should like to be able to reward you for the care you take of my mother. A chilling *draught* seemed to emanate from her surround-

ings. Now that I know you are near her I feel comforted — I feel warm." The idea of a *draught* makes us smile. Fontenelle could not have expressed himself better. I have sometimes thought Goethe might be defined as a *Fontenelle invested with poetry.*

At the time of his mother's death, Bettina wrote to him, alluding to the cold disposition that was supposed to characterize him — a disposition inimical to all grief: "It is said that you turn away from all that is sad and irreparable: do not turn away from the image of your dying mother; remember how loving and wise she was up to the last moment, and how the *poetic element* predominated in her." By this last touch, Bettina evinced her knowledge of how to affect the great poet. Goethe responded in words replete with gratitude for the care she had shown his mother in her old age. But from that day their relationship suffered by the loss of the being who had forged the link between them. However, as I have already mentioned, Bettina was in love with Goethe. We might ask what were the signs of this feeling. It was not an ordinary affection; it was not even a passionate love, which, like that of Dido, Juliet, or Viriginia, burns and consumes until the desire is satisfied. It was an ideal sentiment; better than a love purely from the imagination, and yet dissimilar to one entirely from the heart. I scarcely know how to explain the feeling, and even Bettina herself could hardly define what she felt. The fact is that, gifted with a vivid imagination, exquisite poetical feeling, and a passionate love of nature, she personified all her tastes and youthful inspirations in Goethe's image, loving him with rapture as the incarnation of all her dreams. Her love did not sadden her, but on the contrary, rendered her happier. "I know a secret," she would say: "the greatest happiness is when two beings are united, and the Divine genius is with them."

It generally sufficed her to be thus united in spirit. Goethe, whose insight into life and human nature was as profound as his knowledge of the ideal, had from the first understood the quality of this love, and did not shun it, though at the same time he avoided too close a contact. The privilege of the gods is, as we all know, the possession of eternal youth: even at fifty-eight years of age, Goethe would not have been able to endure every day with impunity the innocent familiarities and enticements of Bettina. But the girl lived far away. She wrote him letters, full of life, brilliant with sensibility, coloring, sound, and manifold fancies. These epistles interested him, and seemed to rejuvenate his mind. A new being, full of grace, was revealing herself to the observation of his poetical and withal scientific mind. She opened for his inspection "an unlooked-for book, full of delightful images and charming depictions." It seemed to him as much worth his while reading this book as any other; especially as his own name was to be found on every page, encircled with a halo of glory. He called Bettina's letters "the gospel of nature." "Continue," he would say, "preaching your gospel of nature." He felt that he was the *god-made man* of that evangel. She recalled to his

mind (and his artistic talent needed it) the impressions and the freshness of the past, all of which he had lost in his somewhat artificial life. "All you tell me brings me back remembrances of youth; it produces the effect of events gone by, which all of a sudden we distinctly remember, though for a long time we may have forgotten them."

Goethe never lavished his attention on Bettina, although he never once repulsed her. He would reply to her letters in a sufficiently encouraging way for her to continue writing. There was a strange scene the very first time Bettina met Goethe; and from the way she describes the meeting, we perceive that she does not write for the benefit of the cynical scoffer. Towards the end of April, in 1807, she accompanied her sister and her brother-in-law to Berlin, and they promised to return by the way of Weimar. They were obliged to pass through the regiments that were then occupying the land. On this journey Bettina was arrayed in male attire, and sat on the box of the coach in order to see farther; while at every halting-place she assisted in harnessing and unharnessing the horses. In the morning she would shoot off a pistol in the forests, and clamber up the trees like a squirrel, for she was peculiarly agile (Goethe called her the Little Mouse). One day, when in an uncommonly frolicsome mood she had ascended into one of the Gothic sculptures of the Cologne Cathedral, she commenced a letter in the following way to Goethe's mother:

"Lady Counselor, how alarmed you would be to see me now, seated in a Gothic rose."

Somewhere else she says: "I prefer dancing to walking, and I prefer flying to dancing."

Bettina arrived at Weimar after passing several sleepless nights on the box of the coach. She immediately called on Wieland, who knew her family; and obtained from him a letter, introducing her to Goethe. On arriving at the house of the great poet, she waited a few minutes before seeing him. Suddenly the door opened, and Goethe appeared.

"He surveyed me solemnly and fixedly. I believe I stretched out my hands towards him — I felt my strength failing me! Goethe folded me to his heart, murmuring the while, 'Poor child! have I frightened you?' These were the first words he uttered, and they entered my soul. He led me into his room, and made me sit on the sofa before him. We were then both speechless. He at last broke the silence. 'You will have read in the paper," he said, 'that a few days ago we sustained a great loss through the death of the Duchess Amelia' (the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Weimar). 'Oh!' I answered, 'I never read the papers.' — 'Indeed! I imagined that everything in relation to Weimar interested you.' — 'No, nothing interests me excepting yourself; moreover, I am much too impatient to read a newspaper.' — 'You are a charming child.' Then came a long pause. I was still exiled on that fatal sofa, shy and trembling. You know it is impossible for me to remain sitting like a well-

bred person. Alas! mother" (it was Goethe's mother to whom she was writing), "my conduct was utterly disgraceful. I at last exclaimed, 'I cannot remain on this couch!' and I arose suddenly. 'Well, do as you please,' he replied. I threw my arms round his neck, and he drew me on his knee, pressing me to his heart."

In reading this scene, we must remember that it took place in Germany, not in France! She remained long enough on his shoulder to fall asleep; for she had been traveling for several nights, and was exhausted with fatigue. Only on awakening did she begin conversing a little. Goethe plucked a leaf off the vine that clustered round his window, and said, "This leaf and your cheek have the same freshness and the same bloom." My readers may be inclined to think this scene quite childish; but Goethe soon divulged to her his most serious and intimate thoughts. He became nearly emotional in speaking of Schiller, saying that he had died two springs ago; and on Bettina interrupting him to remark that she did not care for Schiller, he explained to her all the beauties of this poetical nature — so dissimilar to his own, but one of infinite grandeur; a nature he himself had the generosity to fully appreciate.

The evening of the next day Bettina saw Goethe again at Wieland's; and on her appearing to be jealous regarding a bunch of violets he held, which she supposed had been given him by a woman, he threw her the flowers, remarking, "Are you not content if I give them to you?" These first scenes at Weimar were childlike and mystic, though from the very first marked by great intensity; it would not have been wise to enact them every day. At their second meeting, which took place at Wartburg after an interval of a few months, Bettina could hardly speak, so deep was her emotion. Goethe placed his hand on her lips and said, "Speak with your eyes — I understand everything;" and when he saw that the eyes of the charming child, "the dark, courageous child," were full of tears, he closed them, adding wisely, "Let us be calm — it beseems us both to be so!" But in recalling these scenes, are you not tempted to exclaim, "What would Voltaire have said?"

HISTORIANS AND PUBLICISTS

THE period between the restoration of the Bourbons after Napoleon's overthrow and their final expulsion from France in 1848 was one singularly rich in historical works of lasting value. It seemed as though the country, having for a quarter of a century brought forth an abundance of men of action, with the colossal figure of Napoleon towering above them, was now turning all her energies to the production of men who could set down in fitting form the heroic deeds of the past. Thus we have as contemporaries, during this phase of France's development, such great historians as Augustin Thierry, François Guizot, Adolphe Thiers, and Jules Michelet.

The causes for this outburst of historical genius, apart from those which are to be found in the personalities of these writers, may be traced to two main sources. In the first place, there had been a fresh interest taken in the past by readers generally after the French Revolution. This interest was fostered in part by the feeling that with 1789 a new world had come into being, and the old world had receded so far into the background as to be the object of peculiar curiosity, and in part by the fact that one by one fresh materials for the examination of early history had been placed at the disposal of students. How eagerly these materials were awaited and made use of might be gaged by the extraordinary interest taken in the publication, in 1829–1830, of the 'Memoirs' of Saint-Simon. In the second place there had been manifested in several works appearing about the beginning of the nineteenth century a tendency towards a new reading of history, something quite distinct from the disordered chronicles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and from the clear, brilliant, but hard and dry accounts produced by the eighteenth. The outstanding example of this new style was Chateaubriand, whose 'Martyrs' showed a warmth, a color, a feeling for the men of the past, that had been practically unknown in historical writing up to his time. The historical novels of Walter Scott came to add fuel to the fire kindled by Chateaubriand; we have shown how strongly they were admired and how readily they were imitated by French writers of fiction, but French historians assimilated them with hardly less delight, and with results perhaps even more important for literature. About the year 1825 the seeds began to come to their fruition. Guizot had already published a 'History of Representative Government' (1822), and an 'Essay on the History of France' (1823); François Mignet (1796–1884) had brought out his 'History of the French Revolution' (1824); Edgar Quinet (1803–1875) was

translating Herder's remarkable 'Ideas on the Philosophy of History'; Thiers had already completed part of his monumental 'History of the French Revolution'; and Thierry was publishing his 'History of the Norman Conquest.'

Out of the vast wealth of material presented to us by these years, it will be necessary to select only the most commanding peaks of achievement; and there can be no doubt that these are represented by the works of the four authors mentioned at the beginning of this article. Thierry, Guizot, Thiers, and Michelet are greater as men and as writers than any of their rivals and followers, and their histories illustrate extremely well the two chief tendencies of their time.

The first of these may be called the "animative" tendency. Some historians conceived their task to lie mainly in bringing vividly to the consciousness of their readers the men and events of past time, bending all their energies to the lively, accurate, and colorful depiction of their subjects. History to them was a "re-creation" of other days.

The other school upheld the "interpretative" view of history. They felt that the writer had accomplished only half his duty if he did not seek to read the significance of the events with which he was dealing. He had to make out not merely the occurrences themselves, but also the ideas that lay behind the occurrences, the conceptions of law and morality and life in general which had gone to bring about those occurrences and had in turn been influenced by them. Their history contained a whole philosophy.

AUGUSTIN THIERRY

THE most prominent representative of the first group of historians was Augustin Thierry, the historian of the Norman Conquest. Thierry was born at Blois on May 10, 1795. After studying at the École Normale, he was destined to the teaching profession, but left it to become the secretary of Saint-Simon, the economist and socialist, with whom he spent several years. His reading of Chateaubriand's 'Martyrs,' however, so fired him with the desire to write of the men of long ago that he decided that nothing else could satisfy him. Such dramatic evocations as that of a Roman army sweeping across the marches of Batavia to meet a host of barbarous Franks had given him a vivid glimpse of a new and picturesque manner of resuscitating the dead past.

His early studies were published as newspaper articles, and dealt with English and French history. At first, Thierry showed some readiness to read history philosophically; he saw, for example, in the events between 1789 and 1830 a vindication of the rights of a conquered Gallic middle class, who

had been crushed by the aristocrats, representing the Frankish invaders of ancient times. But very soon after he had plunged deep into the examination of original sources he felt sure that his peculiar strength lay in his power to abstain from such generalizations, and to devote himself entirely to picturing things as they really happened. His dream was of a kind of history which should "join to the broad epic movement of the Greek and Roman historians the naïve colors of the medieval legends and the exacting reason of the modern writers." This conception is well set forth in his 'Letters upon French History,' published in 1827, in which Thierry laid down the principles of the art of restoring to original documents their primitive color and significance, without any loss of truth.

In the meantime, after a period of research so close and unrelenting that it cost him his eyesight, he had completed his great 'History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and Consequences' (1825), a detailed, pictorial, but entirely lucid account of the great national struggle between Normans and Saxons. Undeterred by his blindness, he went on to take up with the same fulness and mastery of the concrete the story of the Franks, which he published in 1840 as 'Narratives of the Merovingian Era.' Here he gave French readers a truly Homeric picture of the fierce Germanic tribes that helped to destroy the Roman Empire, and the Gauls whom they conquered and with whom they later blended, but without losing their individuality. To Thierry, a racial entity was something absolutely permanent; as long as individuals bearing the name existed, their characteristics must be unchanged. While this is the most finished of his works, the pages of 'Ten Years of Study' (1834) gave a charming and candid revelation of the historian's mind, and are well worth reading.

In his later years, Thierry devoted himself to a history of the "Third Estate" or Commons of France, which appeared in 1853. It was rather marred by the bias he showed in favor of the middle class, which he had always regarded as the backbone of the country. Three years after its publication, in 1856, the historian died.

If his work was not always exempt from the charge of partiality, its immense vitality can invariably be pleaded in its defense. Thierry could penetrate into the epoch he was dealing with and make it live, as no one had done before him. With him, history ceased to be either dry-as-dust erudition or mere scandal-mongering, and became a living, breathing picture of the past.

A. Smillie Noad

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

From the 'History of the Conquest of England by the Normans'

ON the ground which afterwards bore, and still bears, the name of "Battle," the Anglo-Saxon lines occupied a long chain of hills, fortified with a rampart of stakes and osier hurdles. In the night of the 13th of October, William announced to the Normans that the next day would be the day of battle. The priests and monks, who had followed the invading army in great numbers, being attracted like the soldiers by the hope of booty, assembled together to offer up prayers and sing litanies, while the fighting men were preparing their arms. The soldiery employed the time which remained to them after this first care in confessing their sins and receiving the sacrament. In the other army the night was passed in quite a different manner: the Saxons diverted themselves with great noise, and sang their old national songs round their watch-fires, while they emptied the horns of beer and of wine.

In the morning the Bishop of Bayeux, who was a son of William's mother, celebrated mass in the Norman camp, and gave a blessing to the soldiers; he was armed with a hauberk under his pontifical habit: he then mounted a large white horse, took a baton of command in his hand, and drew up the cavalry into line. The army was divided into three columns of attack: in the first were the soldiers from the county of Boulogne and from Ponthieu, with most of the adventurers who had engaged personally for pay; the second comprised the auxiliaries from Brittany, Maine, and Poitou; William himself commanded the third, composed of the Norman chivalry. At the head and on the flanks of each division marched several ranks of light-armed infantry, clad in quilted cassocks, and carrying long-bows, or arbalests of steel. The duke mounted a Spanish charger which a rich Norman had brought him when he returned from a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostela in Galicia. From his neck were suspended the most venerated of the relics on which Harold had sworn; and the standard consecrated by the Pope was carried at his side by a young man named Toustain-le-Blanc. At the moment when the troops were about to advance, the duke, raising his voice, thus addressed them: —

"Remember to fight well, and put all to death; for if we conquer we shall all be rich. What I gain, you will gain; if I conquer, you will conquer; if I take this land, you shall have it. Know however that I am not come here only to obtain my right, but also to avenge our whole nation for the felonies, perjuries, and treacheries of these English. They put to death the Danes, men and women, on St. Brice's night. They decimated the companions of my kinsman Alfred, and took his life. Come on, then; and let us, with God's help, chastise them for all these misdeeds."

The army was soon within sight of the Saxon camp, to the northwest of Hastings. The priests and monks then detached themselves from it, and ascended a neighboring height, to pray and to witness the conflict. A Norman named Taillefer spurred his horse forward in front, and began the song — famous throughout Gaul — of the exploits of Charlemagne and Roland. As he sang, he played with his sword; throwing it up with force in the air, and receiving it again in his right hand. The Normans joined in chorus, or cried, "God be our help! God be our help!"

As soon as they came within bowshot, the archers let fly their arrows and the crossbow-men their bolts; but most of the shots were deadened by the high parapet of the Saxon redoubts. The infantry, armed with spears, and the cavalry then advanced to the entrances of the redoubts, and endeavored to force them. The Anglo-Saxons, all on foot around their standard planted in the ground, and forming behind their redoubts one compact and solid mass, received the assailants with heavy blows of their battle-axes, which, with a back-stroke, broke their spears and clove their coats of mail. The Normans, unable either to penetrate the redoubts or to tear up the palisades, and fatigued with their unsuccessful attack, fell back upon the division commanded by William. The duke then commanded all his archers again to advance, and ordered them not to shoot point-blank, but to discharge their arrows upwards, so that they might fall beyond the rampart of the enemy's camp. Many of the English were wounded, chiefly in the face, in consequence of this manœuvre; Harold himself lost an eye by an arrow, but he nevertheless continued to command and to fight. The close attack of the foot and horse recommenced, to the cry of "Notre Dame! Dieu aide! Dieu aide!" But the Normans were repulsed at one entrance of the Saxon camp, as far as a great ravine covered with grass and brambles, in which, their horses stumbling, they fell pell-mell, and numbers of them perished. There was now a momentary panic in the army of the invaders: it was rumored that the duke was killed; and at this news they began to fly. William threw himself before the fugitives, and barred their passage, threatening them, and striking them with a lance; then uncovering his head — "Here I am," he exclaimed; "look at me: I live, and with God's help I will conquer!"

The horsemen returned to the redoubts; but as before, they could neither force the entrance nor make a breach. The duke then bethought himself of a stratagem to draw the English out of their position, and make them quit their ranks. He ordered a thousand horse to advance and immediately take to flight. At the sight of this feigned rout, the Saxons were thrown off their guard; and all set off in pursuit, with their axes suspended from their necks. At a certain distance, a body of troops posted there for the purpose joined the fugitives, who then turned round; and the English, surprised in the midst of their disorder, were assailed on all sides with spears and swords, which they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in wielding their heavy

axes. When they had lost their ranks the gates of the redoubt were forced, and horse and foot entered together; but the combat was still warmly maintained, pell-mell and hand to hand. William had his horse killed under him. King Harold and his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was plucked from the ground, and the banner sent from Rome planted in its stead. The remains of the English army, without a chief and without a standard, prolonged the struggle until the close of day, so that the combatants on each side could recognize one another only by their language.

Having, says an old historian, rendered all which they owed to their country, the remnant of Harold's companions dispersed; and many died on the roads, in consequence of their wounds and the day's fatigue. The Norman horse pursued them without relaxation, and gave quarter to no one. They passed the night on the field of battle; and on the morrow, at dawn of day, Duke William drew up his troops, and had all the men who had followed him across the sea called over from the roll which had been prepared before his departure from the port of St. Valery. Of these, a vast number, dead and dying, lay beside the vanquished on the field. The fortunate survivors had, as the first profits of their victory, the spoils of the dead. In turning over the bodies there were found thirteen wearing under their armor the monastic habit: these were the Abbot of Hilda and his twelve companions; the name of their monastery was the first inscribed in the Black Book of the conquerors.

The mothers and the wives of those who had repaired to the field of battle from the neighboring country to die with the King, came to the field to seek for and to bury the bodies of their sons and husbands. The body of King Harold remained for some time on the battle-field, and no one dared ask for it. At length Godwin's widow, named Githa, overcoming her anguish, sent a message to Duke William demanding his permission to perform the last rites in honor of her son. She offered, say the Norman historians, to give him the weight of her son's body in gold. But the duke refused harshly, saying that the man who had belied his faith and his religion should have no sepulture but the sands of the shore. If we may believe an old tradition on this score, however, he eventually became milder in favor of the monks of Waltham, an abbey founded and enriched in his lifetime by Harold. Two Saxon monks, Osgod and Ailrik, deputed by the Abbot of Waltham, made request and obtained leave to transport to their church the sad remains of its benefactor. They then proceeded to the heap of slain that had been spoiled of armor and of vestments, and examined them carefully one after another; but he whom they sought for had been so much disfigured by wounds that they could not recognize it. Sorrowing, and despairing of succeeding in their search by themselves, they applied to a woman whom Harold, before he was king, had kept as his mistress; and entreated her to assist them. She was called Edith, and poetically surnamed the Swan-necked. She consented to

follow the two monks, and succeeded better than they had done in discovering the corpse of him whom she had loved.

These events are all related by the chroniclers of the Anglo-Saxon race in a tone of dejection which it is difficult to transfuse. They call the day of the battle a day of bitterness, a day of death, a day stained with the blood of the brave. "England, what shall I say of thee?" exclaims the historian of the church of Ely: "what shall I say of thee to our descendants?—That thou hast lost thy national king, and hast fallen under the domination of foreigners; that thy sons have perished miserably; that thy councilors and thy chieftains are vanquished, slain, or disinherited!" Long after the day of this fatal conflict, patriotic superstition believed that the fresh traces of blood were still to be seen on the ground where the battle was. These traces were said to be visible on the heights to the northwest of Hastings whenever a little rain moistened the soil. The conqueror, immediately upon gaining the victory, made a vow to erect on this ground a convent dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and to St. Martin, the patron of the soldiers of Gaul. Soon afterwards, when his good fortune permitted him to fulfil this vow, the great altar of the monastery was placed on the spot where the Saxon standard of King Harold had been planted and torn down. The circuit of the exterior walls was traced so as to inclose all the hill which the bravest of the English had covered with their bodies. All the circumjacent land, a league wide, on which the different scenes of the battle had been acted, became the property of this abbey, which in the Norman language was called "l'Abbaye de la Bataille," or Battle Abbey. Monks from the great convent of Marmoutiers, near Tours, came to establish here their domicile; and they prayed for the repose of the souls of all the combatants who perished on that fatal day.

It is said that when the first stones of the edifice were laid, the architects discovered that there would certainly be a want of water. Being disconcerted, they carried this disagreeable news to William. "Work, work away," replied the Conqueror jocularly: "if God grant me life, there shall be more wine for the monks of Battle to drink than there now is clear water in the best convent in Christendom."

FRANÇOIS GUIZOT

IN the genius of Guizot we have the perfect complement to that of Thierry. Here is a historian who is less interested in events than in what the events mean. And yet Guizot was far from being a pedantic student, living apart from everyday life; on the contrary, he played a most important part in the history of his country, and served France during a stormy period in her political growth.

François Pierre Guillaume Guizot was a Southerner and a Protestant. He

was born at Nîmes on October 4, 1787, of good middle-class family. His father, who was a lawyer, was one of the victims of the Revolution in 1794.

Coming to Paris in 1805, the young man soon made a name for himself as a writer of newspaper articles. In 1812 he was appointed Professor of History at the Sorbonne, and two years later began his political career, when he was made Secretary-General of the Interior. In 1817 he became a Councilor of State, but for a time after this his advancement was hindered by his liberal ideas, which he freely expressed in his lectures. From 1822 to 1828, during the ministry of the reactionary Villèle, he lost his post at the Sorbonne. After its restoration, he devoted himself to a study of the history of civilization in France and Europe. Under Louis-Philippe he was Minister of the Interior, then Minister of Public Instruction, and from 1840 to 1848 at the head of the Cabinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs. In spite of the liberal trend of his thought, there can be little doubt that his opposition to change in the form of government and his readiness to favor the middle class at the expense of the working-men helped to precipitate the Revolution of 1848. After that event, he retired from public life, and devoted himself to the writing of history and of his own memoirs. He died in 1874.

Of his writings, which are very numerous, the most important are: the 'Course on Modern History' (delivered as lectures in 1828–1830, later published as two works, the 'History of Civilization in Europe' and the 'History of Civilization in France,' in 1845); the 'History of the Revolution in England' (1826–27, 1854, 1856); his 'Memoirs' (1858–1868); the 'History of France told to my Grandchildren' (1870–1875); besides an early book of literary criticism, 'Corneille and his Times' (1813) and a revision of Letourneur's translation of Shakespeare (1821).

As a historian, Guizot is justly noted for his philosophic grasp of important movements, his clear discernment of the broad lines of historical development, and his insight into the relations of cause and effect. Two main truths he read out of his studies and these he strove to make plain to his readers — that even the most soundly established monarchy that ever existed had no rights against the representatives of a whole nation, and that government and power should be settled in the hands of a middle class of prosperous and enlightened citizens. To him, the "bourgeois" revolution of 1830 represented a culmination of all the previous history of his country.

While paying comparatively little attention to picturesque details or the exploits of national heroes, Guizot tried to determine the dominant ideas which had governed the growth of each period of history. All his works are marked by a seriousness of purpose which often assumes the form of an ardent patriotism, even a religious conviction. He held that the study of the past had an ethical value, in that an understanding of the past must help us to comprehend and sympathize with the present, and to provide for the future. Guizot's faith in the advance of man through succeeding ages, and his ultimate mastery over

his surroundings, appears to have been unswerving. He always felt that the word "civilization" meant progress.

Such a philosophic treatment of history, though stimulating to thoughtful students, may easily degenerate into vague and misleading generalizations. The philosophic historian is tempted to weave his own ideas into the tissue which he fabricates, allowing the imagination to dominate over reason. In consequence, the successful application of the philosophic method presupposes not merely a high order of mental capacity, but also an accurate knowledge of facts; this was less attainable in Guizot's time than it is at present. When he wrote his lectures on 'Civilization in Europe' and 'Civilization in France' (1828–30), the modern method of historical research was still in its infancy; Ranke, the great German historian, had just begun his epoch-making career. It must be admitted, however, that Guizot's books are still suggestive and instructive; despite the fact that critical investigation during the past seventy-five years has revolutionized our knowledge of events and institutions, many of the broad lines of development that he laid down still remain unchanged. It should also be said that Guizot did much for the advancement of historical research by aiding to establish the Society for the History of France and by creating the Historical Commission, both of which have actively promoted this branch of study in France since 1835.

CIVILIZATION

From the 'General History of Civilization in Europe'

THE situation in which we are placed, as Frenchmen, affords us a great advantage for entering upon the study of European civilization; for without intending to flatter the country to which I am bound by so many ties, I cannot but regard France as the center, as the focus, of the civilization of Europe. It would be going too far to say that she has always been, upon every occasion, in advance of other nations. Italy at various epochs has outstripped her in the arts; England, as regards political institutions, is by far before her; and perhaps at certain moments we may find other nations of Europe superior to her in various particulars; but it must still be allowed that whenever France has set forward in the career of civilization, she has sprung forth with new vigor, and has soon come up with or passed by all her rivals.

Not only is this the case, but those ideas, those institutions which promote civilization but whose birth must be referred to other countries, have, before they could become general or produce fruit, before they could be transplanted to other lands or benefit the common stock of European civilization, been obliged to undergo in France a new preparation; it is from France, as from

a second country more rich and fertile, that they have started forth to make the conquest of Europe. There is not a single great idea, not a single great principle of civilization, which in order to become universally spread has not first passed through France.

There is indeed in the genius of the French something of a sociableness, of a sympathy — something which spreads itself with more facility and energy than in the genius of any other people: it may be in the language or the particular turn of mind of the French nation; it may be in their manners, or that their ideas, being more popular, present themselves more clearly to the masses, penetrate among them with greater ease; but in a word, clearness, sociability, sympathy, are the particular characteristics of France, of its civilization; and these qualities render it eminently qualified to march at the head of European cvilization.

In studying then the history of this great fact, it is neither an arbitrary choice nor a convention that leads us to make France the central point from which we shall study it; but it is because we feel that in so doing we in a manner place ourselves in the very heart of civilization itself — in the heart of the very fact which we desire to investigate. . . .

Civilization is just one of this kind of facts: it is so general in its nature that it can scarcely be seized, so complicated that it can scarcely be unraveled, so hidden as to be scarcely discernible. The difficulty of describing it, of recounting its history, is apparent and acknowledged; but its existence, its worthiness to be described and to be recounted, are not less certain and manifest. Then, respecting civilization, what a number of problems remain to be solved! It may be asked, it is even now disputed, whether civilization be a good or an evil. One party decries it as teeming with mischief to man, while another lauds it as the means by which he will attain his highest dignity and excellence. Again, it is asked whether this *fact* is universal; whether there is a general civilization of the whole human race, a course for humanity to run, a destiny for it to accomplish; whether nations have not transmitted from age to age something to their successors which is never lost, but which grows and continues as a common stock, and will thus be carried on to the end of all things. For my part, I feel assured that human nature has such a destiny; that a general civilization pervades the human race; that at every epoch it augments, and that consequently there is a universal history of civilization yet to be written. Nor have I any hesitation in asserting that this history is the most noble, the most interesting of any, and that it comprehends every other.

Is it not indeed clear that civilization is the great fact in which all others merge; in which they all end, in which they are all condensed, in which all others find their importance? Take all the facts of which the history of a nation is composed, all the facts which we are accustomed to consider as the elements of its existence — take its institutions, its commerce, its industry, its wars, the various details of its government; and if you would form some idea

of them as a whole, if you would see their various bearings on each other, if you would appreciate their value, if you would pass a judgment upon them, what is it you desire to know? Why, what they have done to forward the progress of civilization; what part they have acted in this great drama; what influence they have exercised in aiding its advance. It is not only by this that we form a general opinion of these facts, but it is by this standard that we try them, that we estimate their true value. These are as it were the rivers, of which we ask how much water they have carried to the ocean. Civilization is as it were the grand emporium of a people, in which all its wealth, all the elements of its life, all the powers of its existence, are stored up. It is so true that we judge of minor facts accordingly as they affect this greater one, that even some which are naturally detested and hated, which prove a heavy calamity to the nation upon which they fall — say for instance despotism, anarchy, and so forth — even these are partly forgiven, their evil nature is partly overlooked, if they have aided in any considerable degree the march of civilization. Wherever the progress of this principle is visible, together with the facts which have urged it forward, we are tempted to forget the price it has cost; we overlook the dearness of the purchase.

Again, there are certain facts which properly speaking cannot be called social — individual facts which rather concern the human intellect than public life; such are religious doctrines, philosophical opinions, literature, the sciences and arts. All these seem to offer themselves to individual man for his improvement, instruction, or amusement, and to be directed rather to his intellectual melioration and pleasure than to his social condition. Yet still, how often do these facts come before us — how often are we compelled to consider them as influencing civilization! In all times, in all countries, it has been the boast of religion that it has civilized the people among whom it has dwelt. Literature, the arts and sciences, have put in their claim for a share of this glory; and mankind has been ready to laud and honor them whenever it has felt that this praise was fairly their due. In the same manner, facts the most important — facts of themselves, and independently of their exterior consequences, the most sublime in their nature — have increased in importance, have reached a higher degree of sublimity, by their connection with civilization. Such is the worth of this great principle that it gives a value to all it touches. Not only so, but there are even cases in which the facts of which we have spoken — in which philosophy, literature, the sciences, and the arts — are especially judged and condemned or applauded according to their influence upon civilization.

ADOLPHE THIERS

LIKE Guizot, who for a time was his political rival, and who succeeded him as minister in 1840, Adolphe Thiers combined the practical ability of the statesman with the theoretical genius of the historian. As the first President of the Third Republic, his place in the affections of the French people is a secure one; it was he who successfully inaugurated the immense task of reconstruction and rehabilitation that faced them after the disastrous war with Prussia.

Thiers was born at Marseilles on April 15, 1797, of comparatively humble parentage, and after studying law came to Paris about 1820, along with his life-long friend, François Mignet, in his own right a historian of no mean ability. Joining the staff of one of the leading Liberal papers, the Constitutionnel, Thiers speedily became known as a brilliant journalist. In 1823 he collaborated with Félix Bodin in producing two volumes of a 'History of the French Revolution,' which he finished alone in four years, bringing out the last of its ten volumes in 1827. As the first exhaustive account of the Revolution written by one who had not been an eye-witness of the event, it showed a cooler detachment and greater impartiality than any preceding work on the subject. The success of the book at once placed its author in the front rank of historical writers.

During the troublous times of 1830, Thiers played a prominent part in the liberal ranks, and penned a vigorously-worded protest against the ill-advised attempts of Charles X to stifle the outcries of the press. For about ten years thereafter, Thiers was exceedingly active in French political life; he was several times a member of the Cabinet, and twice prime minister. In 1834, he was made a member of the French Academy.

On his retirement from office in 1840, perceiving that the forces of reaction were so strong that his chance of resuming it were small, Thiers turned again to the vocation of historian. He began the colossal task of writing the story of Napoleon, from the time he seized the supreme power in 1799 up to his death in 1821. The time was well-chosen for such an undertaking; the generation to which Thiers belonged was experiencing a revulsion of feeling in favor of the great usurper, after having supported for twenty-five years the rule of the restored Bourbons. The enthusiasm shown at the funeral of Napoleon in 1840, when, with the most impressive ceremonies, his coffin was laid in the crypt of the Invalides, was plain enough evidence of that. Thiers went patiently to work, and spent twenty years of his life upon the composition of his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' which was published at intervals between 1845 and 1862.

When revolution swept away the throne of Louis-Philippe in 1848, and the Second French Republic was set up, Thiers at first supported the candida-

ture of Louis Napoleon in the elections for president. Naturally, as soon as the ambitions of this nephew of the first Napoleon became plain, Thiers opposed him, and was duly banished after the success of the *coup d'état* of 1852. He was later permitted to return to France, however, and go on with his historical work.

Entering the political arena once more as a member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1863, Thiers was consistently an opponent of the Imperial régime, and criticized with particular force the foreign policy of Napoleon III. Up to the very eve of the war with Prussia, he continued to denounce the folly of letting that country grow in military power at the expense of Austria, while at the same time neglecting the precaution of building up an army sufficient to check her should she prove dangerous to France. When the unwary Emperor and his ministers let themselves be trapped into a declaration of war in 1870, the voice of Thiers was uplifted in impassioned warning of the disaster that was coming. Although at the time it was unheeded, after the collapse of the Empire the people of France showed that they had not forgotten the part played by Thiers by electing him in 1871 chief of the French Republic, and shortly afterwards granting him the title of President. His first duty was to make peace with Prussia; this painful duty he carried out with marked dignity and skill. Next, he was faced with the terrible Communist insurrection in Paris, which necessitated the second siege of the capital and its capture by the Republican troops. It was while engaged in the work of pacification that Thiers became finally convinced that anything like a restoration of the monarchy, no matter how carefully limited it might be, was impossible if chaos was to be avoided.

His definite alignment of himself with the Republican party earned him, of course, the suspicion and dislike of the royalists, who at this time were very strong in Parliament. They managed to bring about his defeat in a memorable session of the Assembly, in 1873. While making his plans for a general election, in which he might have triumphed, Thiers died, on September 3, 1877.

As a historian, his fame rests on his two great works, which provide a continuous story of France's development from before the Revolution up to the death of Napoleon. There can be no question of Thiers' sincerity and his belief in his own powers of synthesis. But to many readers it will appear as though he assumes far too much; he makes of history altogether too simple and reasonable a thing. Of course, on the other hand, his history is admirably clear and orderly, and hence can be understood by any reader. It lacks the tremendous graphic power of Thierry's, and does not go into philosophical inquiries as does Guizot's. Thiers could never see that either imagination or speculation had much to do with good historical writing. Intelligence, according to him, was the prime essential. "Intelligence," he wrote, "is, in my opinion, that happy faculty which teaches the historian to distinguish the true from the

false, to paint character fairly, to clear up the secrets of politics and war, to tell the story in luminous order, to be just — in a word, to be a true narrator." The only difficulty here is that the man who could write history with all these qualifications is yet to be born.

WHY THE REVOLUTION CAME

From the 'History of the French Revolution'

EVERYBODY is acquainted with the revolutions of the French monarchy. It is well-known that the Greeks, and afterwards the Romans, introduced their arms and their civilization among the half-savage Gauls; that subsequently the barbarians established their military hierarchy among them; that this hierarchy, transferred from persons to lands, struck root, as it were, and grew up into the feudal system. Authority was divided between the feudal chief called king and the secondary chiefs called vassals, who in their turn were kings over their own dependents. In our times, when the necessity for preferring mutual accusations has caused search to be made for reciprocal faults, abundant pains have been taken to teach us that the supreme authority was first disputed by the vassals, which is always done by those who are nearest to it; that this authority was afterwards divided among them, which constituted feudal anarchy; and that at length it reverted to the throne, where it concentrated itself into despotism, under Louis XI, Richelieu, and Louis XIV.

The French population had progressively enfranchised itself by industry, the primary source of wealth and liberty. Though originally agricultural, it soon devoted its attention to commerce and manufactures, and acquired an importance that affected the entire nation. Introduced as a supplicant to the States-General, it appeared there in no other posture than on its knees, in order to be grievously abused. In process of time even Louis XIV declared that he would have no more of these cringing assemblies; and this he declared, booted and whip in hand, to the Parlement. Thenceforth were seen at the head of the State a king clothed with a power ill defined in theory, but absolute in practice; grandees who had relinquished their feudal dignity for the favor of the monarch, and who disputed by intrigue what was granted to them out of the substance of the people; beneath them an immense population, having no other relation to the court and the aristocracy than habitual submission and the payment of taxes. Between the court and the people were parlements invested with the power of administering justice and registering the royal decrees. Authority is always disputed. If not in the legitimate assemblies of the nation, it is contested in the very palace of the prince.

It is well known that the parlements, by refusing to register the royal edicts, rendered them ineffective; this terminated in "a bed of justice" and a concession when the king was weak, but in entire submission when the king was powerful. Louis XIV had no need to make concessions, for in his reign no parlement durst remonstrate; he drew the nation along in his train, and it glorified him with the prodigies which itself achieved in war and in the arts and sciences. The subjects and the monarch were unanimous, and their actions tended towards one and the same point. But no sooner had Louis XIV expired than the Regent afforded the parlements occasion to revenge themselves for their long nullity. The will of the monarch, so profoundly respected in his lifetime, was violated after his death, and his last testament was canceled. Authority was then thrown into litigation, and a long struggle commenced between the parlements, the clergy, and the court, in sight of a nation worn out with long wars, and exhausted by supplying the extravagance of its rulers, who gave themselves up alternately to a fondness for pleasure and for arms. Till then it had displayed no skill but for the service and the gratification of the monarch: it now began to apply its intelligence to its own benefit and the examination of its interests.

The human mind is incessantly passing from one object to another. From the theater and the pulpit, French genius turned to the moral and political sciences: all then became changed. Picture to yourself, during a whole century, the usurpers of all the national rights quarreling about a worn-out authority; the parlements persecuting the clergy, the clergy persecuting the parlements; the latter disputing the authority of the court; the court, careless and calm amid this struggle, squandering the substance of the people in the most profligate debauchery: the nation, enriched and roused, watching these disputes, arming itself with the allegations of one party against the other, deprived of all political action, dogmatizing boldly and ignorantly because it was confined to theories; aspiring above all to recover its rank in Europe, and offering in vain its treasure and its blood to regain a place which it had lost through the weakness of its rulers. Such was the eighteenth century.

The scandal had been carried to its height when Louis XVI — an equitable prince, moderate in his propensities, carelessly educated, but naturally of a good disposition — ascended the throne at a very early age. He called to his side an old courtier, and consigned to him the care of his kingdom; and divided his confidence between Maurepas and the Queen — an Austrian princess, young, lively, and amiable, who possessed a complete ascendancy over him. Maurepas and the Queen were not good friends. The King, sometimes giving way to his minister, at others to his consort, began at an early period his long career of vacillations. Aware of the state of his kingdom, he believed the reports of the philosophers on that subject; but brought up in

the most Christian sentiments, he felt the utmost aversion for them. The public voice, which was loudly expressed, called for Turgot, one of the class of economists: an honest, virtuous man, endowed with firmness of character; a slow genius, but obstinate and profound. Convinced of his probity, delighted with his plans of reform, Louis XVI frequently repeated, "There are none besides myself and Turgot who are friends of the people." Turgot's reforms were thwarted by the opposition of the highest orders in the State, who were interested in maintaining all kinds of abuses, which the austere minister proposed to suppress. Louis XVI dismissed him with regret. During his whole life, which was only a long martyrdom, he had the mortification to discern what was right, to wish it sincerely, but to lack the energy requisite for carrying it into execution.

The King, placed between the court, the parlements, and the people, exposed to intrigues and to suggestions of all sorts, repeatedly changed his ministers. Yielding once more to the public voice, and to the necessity for reform, he summoned to the finance department Necker, a native of Geneva, who had amassed wealth as a banker: a partisan and disciple of Colbert, as Turgot was of Sully; an economical and upright financier, but a vain man, fond of setting himself up for arbitrator in everything — philosophy, religion, liberty; and, misled by the praises of his friends and the public, flattering himself that he could guide and fix the minds of others at that point at which his own had stopped.

Necker re-established order in the finances, and found means to defray the heavy expenses of the American war. With a mind more comprehensive but less flexible than that of Turgot, possessing more particularly the confidence of capitalists, he found for the moment unexpected resources, and revived public credit. But it required something more than financial artifices to put an end to the embarrassments of the exchequer, and he had recourse to reform. He found the higher orders not less adverse to him than they had been to Turgot; the parlements, apprised of his plans, combined against him, and obliged him to retire.

The conviction of the existence of abuses was universal; everybody admitted it; the King knew and deeply grieved at it. The courtiers, who derived advantage from these abuses, would have been glad to see an end put to the embarrassments of the exchequer, provided it did not cost them a single sacrifice. They descanted at court on the state of affairs, and there retailed philosophical maxims; they deplored, whilst hunting, the oppressions inflicted upon the farmer; nay, they were even seen to applaud the enfranchisement of the Americans, and to receive with honor the young Frenchmen who returned from the New World. The parlements also talked of the interests of the people, loudly insisted on the sufferings of the poor, and yet opposed the equalization of the taxes, as well as the abolition of the remains of feudal barbarism. All talked of the public weal, few desired it; and the people,

not yet knowing who were its true friends, applauded all those who resisted power, its most obvious enemy.

By the removal of Turgot and Necker, the state of affairs was not changed; the distress of the treasury still remained the same. Those in power would have been willing to dispense, for a long time to come, with the intervention of the nation; but it was absolutely necessary to subsist — it was absolutely necessary to supply the profusion of the court. The difficulty, removed for a moment by the dismissal of a minister, by a loan, by the forced imposition of a tax, appeared again in an aggravated form, like every evil injudiciously neglected. The court hesitated, just as a man does who is compelled to take a dreaded but an indispensable step. An intrigue brought forward M. de Calonne, who was not in good odor with the public, because he had contributed to the persecution of La Chalotais. Calonne, clever, brilliant, fertile in resources, relied upon his genius, upon fortune, and upon men, and awaited the future with the most extraordinary apathy. It was his opinion that one ought not to be alarmed beforehand, or to discover an evil till the day before that on which one intends to set about repairing it. He seduced the court by his manners, touched it by his eagerness to grant all that it required, afforded the King and everybody else some happier moments, and dispelled the most gloomy presages by a gleam of prosperity and blind confidence.

That future which had been counted upon now approached: it became necessary at length to adopt decisive measures. It was impossible to burden the people with fresh imposts, and yet the coffers were empty. There was but one remedy which could be applied — that was to reduce the expenses by the suppression of grants; and if this expedient should not suffice, to extend the taxes to a greater number of contributors — that is to the nobility and clergy. These plans, attempted successively by Turgot and Necker and resumed by Calonne, appeared to the latter not at all likely to succeed, unless the consent of the privileged classes themselves could be obtained. Calonne, therefore, proposed to collect them together in an assembly, to be called the Assembly of the Notables, in order to lay his plans before them, and to gain their consent either by address or by conviction.

Translated by Frederic Shoberl

JULES MICHELET

WHEN Michelet said of himself, "My book created me; it was I that was its work," he was, in his figurative way, stating nothing but the truth. His "book" was the immense 'History of France,' which came out in seventeen volumes, and which took up nearly forty years of his life; in its pages we have as complete a revelation of the

man's nature as could have been given by the most painstaking of autobiographies.

Michelet proudly claimed for history "the complete resurrection of the past." His dream was to combine in one effort the two tendencies we have seen illustrated in Thierry and Guizot; he wished to be as vivid, as evocatory, as careful of details as the one, and yet as analytical and interpretative as the other. Besides calling back to life the men of the past, he hoped to make them explain themselves. He had the two supreme gifts in combination: a profound sense of the mystery of human life, and a lively resolve to let no significant manifestation of it escape his eye. He is thus, in a very real way, the culmination of the series of historical writers we have been discussing.

Jules Michelet, born in 1798 at Paris, of poor parents, had a youth of hard toil and suffering. Through the sacrifices of his father he was enabled to get a sound education; he entered the teaching profession, and specialized in history. After the Revolution of 1830, he was appointed, through the good offices of Guizot, to the post of Head of the Historical Section of the Archives, which gave him admirable opportunities for research. He also obtained the chair of history at the Collège de France, where his lectures were popular because of his readiness to attack ecclesiasticism.

In 1833 he began his monumental 'History of France'; by 1844 he had published six volumes. The Revolution of 1848 filled him with joy and hopes for the future, but through his opposition to Napoleon III he lost his official appointments in 1851 and 1852. After this, he devoted himself entirely to his historical studies and to a series of extraordinary books, written in a highly lyrical prose and dealing with such subjects as 'The Bird' (1856), 'The Insect' (1857), 'Love' (1858), 'Woman' (1859), and so on. These works are often inaccurate from the scientific point of view, but show the most brilliantly suggestive flashes of thought, and contain many beautiful descriptions. Meanwhile, the 'History of France' was steadily advancing: by 1853 the second section, devoted entirely to the events of the French Revolution, had been completed; and in 1867 the gap which Michelet had left between his first and his second sections was triumphantly filled, and the whole vast enterprise brought to a close.

From this time until his death, Michelet traveled about in France and Italy, constantly collecting materials for his books. The outbreak of war in 1870 was a severe blow to him, for he had always been an admirer of Germany and the Germans, and it may be said to have contributed to his collapse and death at Hyères in 1874.

Unlike Thierry and Guizot, Michelet did not belong to the middle class; he was of the people. He viewed the whole history of his country in the light of a march towards freedom and happiness by the lower classes. As a result, his comments on recent ages were all too frequently lacking in the impartiality which is usually considered indispensable to the good historian.

Feeling deeply the miseries through which the humble peasant and artisan had been forced to pass, he would call to account the ruling classes, and convict them of selfishness and negligence, without always realizing that they could not be expected to have the ideas and the sympathies of his own day. Where, however, he was dealing with more remote periods — with the Middle Ages, for example — he seemed to be free from this bias, and his measureless enthusiasm made of these earlier volumes of his work a sort of huge epic poem. Gustave Lanson has very aptly called Michelet's history "a masterpiece of romantic art."

MICHELANGELO

From Jules Michelet's 'The Renaissance'

WHERE was the soul of Italy in the sixteenth century? In the placid facility of the charming Raphael? In the sublime ataraxy of the great Leonardo da Vinci, the centralizer of arts, the prophet of sciences? He who wished for insensibility, he who said to himself, "Fly from storms," he nevertheless, whether he wished it or not, left in his 'St. John,' in the 'Bacchus,' and even in the 'Mona Lisa,' in the nervous and sickly memory that all those strange heads express on their lips — he has left a painful trace of the convulsing pains of the Italian mind; of the kind of Maremma fever, which was covered by a false hilarity; of the jesting, rather light than gay, of Pulci and Ariosto. There was a man in these times, a heart, a true hero. Have you seen in the 'Last Judgment,' towards the middle of the immense canvas, him who is disputing with demons and angels — have you seen in that face and in others those swimming eyes struggling to look above; mortal anxiety of a soul in which two opposing infinities are struggling? True image of the sixteenth century, between old and new beliefs; image of Italy among nations; image of the man of the time, and of Michelangelo himself.

It has been marvelously well said, "Michelangelo was the conscience of Italy. From birth to death, his work was the Judgment." One must not pay attention to the first pagan sculptures of Michelangelo, or to the Christian velleities that crossed his life. In St. Peter he had no thought of the triumph of Catholicism; his only dream was the triumph of the new art, the completion of the great victory of his master Brunelleschi, before whose work he had his tomb placed, in order, as he said, to contemplate it throughout eternity. He proceeded from two men, Savonarola and Brunelleschi. He belongs to the religion of the Sibyls, of that of the prophet Elijah, of the savage locust-eaters of the Old Testament. His one glory and his crown —

nothing like it before, nothing afterwards — is his having put into art that eminently novel thing, the thirst for and aspiration towards the good. Ah, how well he deserves to be called the defender of Italy! Not for having fortified the walls of Florence in his last days; but for having, in the infinite number of days that followed and will follow, showed in the Italian soul, martyred like a soul without right, the triumphant idea of a right that the world did not yet see.

To recall his origin is to tell why he alone could do these things. Born in the city of judges, Arezzo, to which all others came to get podestàs, he had a judge for a father. He descended from the counts of Canossa, relatives of the Emperor who founded at Bologna, against the popes, the school of Roman law. We must not be astonished that his family at his birth gave him the name of the angel of justice, Michael, just as the father of Raphael gave him the name of the angel of grace. It was a choleric race. Arezzo, an old Etruscan city, petty fallen republic, was despised by the great banking city; Dante gave it a knock in passing. One of the most ordinary subjects of Italian farces was the podestà, representing the powerlessness of the law in stranger cities that called him, paid him, and drove him out. Again everybody in Italy made mockery of his justice. There was needed a heroic effort, like that of Brancaleone's, to make the sword of justice respected. It needed a lion-hearted man, stranger and isolated as he was, to execute his own judgments disputed by all. Michelangelo would have been one of these warrior judges of the thirteenth century. By heart and stature he belonged to the great Ghibellines of that time; to the one whom Dante honored on his couch of fire; to the other with the tragic face: "Lombard soul, why the slow moving of thine eyes? One would say a lion in his repose." Not wearing the sword, under the reign of men of money, in its place he took the chisel. He was the Brancaleone, the judge and podestà, of Italian art. He exercised in marble and stone the high censure of his time. For nearly a century his life was a combat, a continual contradiction. Noble and poor, he was reared in the house of the Medici, where we have seen him sculpturing statues of snow. Republican, all his life he served princes and popes. Envy disfigures him, a rival has deformed him forever. Made to love and be loved, always he will remain alone.

What was of great assistance to Michelangelo was the fact that the Sistine Chapel, the work of Sixtus IV, uncle of Julius II, was only a second thought of the latter, who attached the glory of his pontificate to the construction of St. Peter's. He obtained the favor of alone having the key of the chapel, and of not having any visitors. The visits of the Pope, which he dared not refuse, he rendered difficult by leaving no access to his scaffolding save by a steep step-ladder, upon which the old Pope had to risk himself. This obscure and solitary vault, in which he passed five years, was for him the cave of Mount Carmel; and he lived in it like Elijah. He had a bed sus-

pended from the arch, upon which he painted with his head stretched back. No company but the prophets and the sermons of Savonarola. It was thus, in the absolute solitude of the years 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510 — it was during the war of the League of Cambray, when the Pope gave a last blow to Italy in killing Venice — that the great Italian made his prophets and his sibyls, realized that work of sorrow, of sublime liberty, of obscure presentments, of interpenetrating lights.

He put four years into it. And I — I have put thirty years into interrogating it. Not a year at longest has passed without my taking up again this Bible, this Testament, which is never old nor new, but of an age still unknown. Born out of the Jewish Bible, it passes and goes far beyond it. One must take care not to go into the chapel, as is done during the solemnities of Holy Week and with the crowd. One must go there alone, slip in as the Pope sometimes did (only Michelangelo would frighten him by throwing down a plank); one must confront it, tête-à-tête, alone. Reassure yourself: that painting, extinguished and obscured by the smoke of incense and of candles, has no longer its old trait of inspiring terror; it has lost something of its frightening power, gained in harmony and sweetness; it partakes of the long patience and equanimity of time. It appears blackened from the depths of ages; but all the more victorious, not surpassed, not contradicted. Dante did not see these things in his last circle. But Michelangelo saw them, foresaw them, dared to paint them in the Vatican, writing the three words of Belshazzar's feast upon the walls, soiled by the Borgias, the murderers of Robera. Happily he was not understood. They would have had it all effaced. We know how for years he defended the door of the Sistine Chapel, and how Julius II told him: "If you are slow, I will throw you down from the top of your scaffold." On the perilous day when the door was at last opened, and when the Pope entered in processional pomp, Michelangelo could see that his work remained a dead letter; that in looking at it they saw nothing. Stunned by the enormous enigma, malicious but not daring to malign those giants whose eyes shot thunderbolts, they all kept silence. The Pope, to put a good countenance upon it, and not let himself be subdued by the terrifying vision, grumbled out these words: "There is no gold in it at all." Michelangelo, reassured now and certain of not being understood, replied to this futile censure, his bitter tragic mouth laughing: "Holy Father, the people up there, they were not rich, but holy personages, who did not wear gold, and made little of the goods of this world."

Translated by Grace King

AUGUSTE COMTE

THE name of August Comte is associated with two such utterly conflicting systems, the "Positive Philosophy" and the "Positive Polity," that the impression conveyed by his name is apt to be a rather confused one. Littré, Comte's most distinguished disciple, takes no notice of his later speculations, attributing them to a nervous malady complicated by a violent passion for Madame de Vaux; while Carid, on the other hand, considers Comte's return to metaphysical ideas the saving grace in his career. His conception of human knowledge, as defined in the Positive Philosophy, is in a measure the general property of the age. He developed the germs latent in the works of Turgot, Condorcet, and Kant, his immediate predecessors in the world of thought. Universality was the essential characteristic of his intellect, enabling him to penetrate profoundly into the domain of abstract science from mathematics to sociology.

Auguste Comte was born at Montpellier on January 19, 1798, and entered college at the age of nine years. Before attaining his fourteenth year he had already felt the need of fundamental reconstruction in politics and philosophy. This maturity is all the more remarkable that philosophical minds mature slowly. In 1814 he entered the Polytechnic School. When Louis XVIII suppressed it, Comte, not having graduated, found himself without a career. At the age of twenty he came in contact with Saint-Simon, whose devoted disciple he became. The attraction mutually felt by them was due to their common conviction of the need of a complete social reform, based on a widespread mental renovation.

There was now no place in the national system of education for freethinkers, and Comte, cut off from all hope of employment in that direction, turned to private instruction for support. At the age of twenty-two, in a pamphlet entitled 'System of Positive Polity,' he announced his discovery of the laws of sociology. The work had no success, and Comte bent his energies during a meditation of twenty-four hours to the conception of a system which would force conviction on his readers. This he so far elaborated that in 1826 he published a plan of the work — a plan requiring twelve years for its execution.

As his ideas were being appropriated by other people, he now began a dogmatic exposition of Positivism in a course of lectures delivered in his own home. These lectures opened under encouraging auspices, but after the third, Comte's mind gave way. The determining cause of this collapse lay in the excessive strain of his method of work, aided by a bad digestion and mental irritability growing out of the violent attacks made upon him by Saint-Simon's followers. In 1827 he was sufficiently recovered to take up intellectual work

again, and the following year he resumed his lectures at the point of their interruption. After the accession of Louis-Philippe, Comte was appointed assistant teacher of mathematics at the Polytechnic, and later, examiner of candidates, while he taught in a private school.

Unshakable firmness in philosophical matters and great disinterestedness were characteristic of this social critic, who cared nothing for the money his books might bring. His early sympathies were with the Revolution; he defended the socialist Marrast, though his position in a government school might have been compromised thereby. When in 1830 the Committee of the Polytechnic undertook to give free lectures to the people, he assumed the department of astronomy and lectured on that subject weekly for sixteen years.

The second and great period of Comte's life extends from his recovery in 1828 to the completion of his 'Positive Philosophy' in 1848; though what he calls his "second life" began after that. The intense satisfaction which he felt on the completion of that work became infatuation. He was no longer capable of judging his position sanely, and by his attacks antagonized the scientists.

In 1842 John Stuart Mill gave his adherence to Positivism. When Comte lost his tutorship in the Polytechnic, and shortly after, his position as examiner, Mill raised a small sum for him in England. Afterward Littré organized a subscription, and this formed henceforth Comte's sole resource. He now threw himself more completely than before into the problems of social life, elucidating them in his 'Positive Polity,' whose really scientific elements are almost crowded out of sight by a mass of extravagant theories.

The Positive Calendar, in which the names of great men replace the saints of the Catholic Church, was adopted by Comte in his correspondence. He consecrated an altar to his friend Madame de Vaux, entitled himself High Priest of Humanity, married people, called his letters his briefs, administered the sacraments of his cult in commemoration of birth, the choice of a profession, marriage, etc. He subordinated the intellect to the feelings, wished to suppress independent thought, to center a dictatorship in a triumvirate of bankers, and to concentrate the entire spiritual power of the world in the hands of a single pontiff. He acquired a hatred of scientific and purely literary pursuits, and considered that men reasoned more than was good for them. Comte's absolute faith in himself passes belief. He lauds the moral superiority of fetishism, pronounces the esthetic civilization of the Greeks inferior to the military civilization of the Romans; is indifferent to proof, provided he attains theoretic coherency; and pushes his spiritual dictatorship to the length of selecting one hundred books to constitute the library of every Positivist, recommending the destruction of all other books, as also that of all plants and animals useless to man. He associates science with sentiment, endows the plants with feeling and will, calls the Earth "le grand fétiche," includes all concrete existence in our adoration along with "le grand fétiche," and names

space "le grand milieu," endowing the latter with feeling as the representative of fatality in general. Many of these conceits can be attributed to his ardor for regulating things in accordance with his peculiar conception of unity. He died in Paris at the age of fifty-nine years, on September 5, 1857.

Throughout life, Comte's method of work was unprecedented. He thought out his subject in its entirety before writing down a word, proceeding from generalization to secondary matters, and thence to details. The general and detailed sketch outlined, he considered the work done. When he began to write, he took up his ideas in their respective order. His memory was wonderful; he did all his reading in his early youth, and the provision then amassed sufficed to elaborate a work for which he had to bear in mind an unusual number of scientific and historical facts. In consequence of his abstention from contemporary literature he became less and less in touch with the age, and missed the corrective force of friction with other minds.

The word "religion," when applied to Comte's later speculations, must not be taken in its ordinary sense. His attitude towards theology was and continued to be purely negative. The obligation of duty was towards the human race as a continuous whole, to whose providence we owe all the benefits conferred by previous generations. If he has not succeeded in suppressing the Absolute, he has co-ordinated all the abstract sciences into one consistent system. Some of them he found ready to hand, and merely revised and rearranged in their philosophical relation, eliminating all non-positive elements. The first three volumes of the 'Positive Philosophy' are devoted to this task. The other three volumes, as well as the last two of the 'Positive Polity,' are dedicated to the solution of the problems of sociology unattempted until then. While they may not have solved these, they have a scientific value independent of any absolute results.

The distinctive characteristic of Positivism is that it subjects all phenomena to invariable laws. It does not pretend to know anything about a future life, but believes that our ideas and intelligence will go to swell the sum total of spirituality, just as our bodies go to fertilize matter.

The complaint has been made that there has been very little serious criticism of the 'Positive Polity,' which Comte regarded as the most original and important of his works. If the form in which he reproduces metaphysics and theology has any value, it is because he has come to see that they are based on perennial wants in man's nature. In the 'Positive Philosophy' he excludes the Absolute; in the 'Positive Polity' he substitutes Humanity in lieu thereof; but his moral intention, however misguided at times, is passionately sincere, and his conviction that his mission was to exalt humanity through all time sustained him during the course of a long life devoted to a generous ideal, fraught with disappointment, saddened by want of recognition and by persecution and neglect.

THE EVOLUTION OF BELIEF

From the 'Positive Philosophy'

EACH of our leading conceptions passes through three different theoretical conditions: the Theological, or fictitious; the Metaphysical, or abstract; and the Scientific, or positive. Hence arise three philosophies, or general systems of conceptions on the aggregate of phenomena, each of which excludes the others. The first is the necessary point of departure of the human understanding, and the third is its fixed and definite state. The second is merely a state of transition.

In the theological state, the human mind, seeking the essential nature of beings, the first and final causes of all effects — in short, absolute knowledge — supposes all phenomena to be produced by the immediate action of supernatural beings.

In the metaphysical state, which is only a modification of the first, the mind supposes, instead of supernatural beings, abstract forces, veritable entities (that is, personified abstractions) inherent in all beings, and capable of producing all phenomena. What is called the explanation of phenomena is, in this stage, a mere reference of each to its proper entity.

In the final, the positive state, the mind has given over the vain search after absolute notions, the origin and destination of the universe, and the causes of phenomena, and applies itself to the study of their laws — that is, their invariable relations of succession and resemblance. Reasoning and observation, duly combined, are the means of this knowledge. What is now understood when we speak of an explanation of facts, is simply the establishment of a connection between single phenomena and some general facts, the number of which continually diminishes with the progress of science.

The Theological system arrived at the highest perfection of which it is capable, when it substituted the providential action of a single Being for the varied operations of numerous divinities which had been before imagined. In the same way, in the last stage of the Metaphysical system, men substitute one great entity (Nature) as the cause of all phenomena, instead of the multitude of entities at first supposed. In the same way, again, the ultimate perfection of the Positive system would be (if such perfection could be hoped for) to represent all phenomena as particular aspects of a single general fact — such as gravitation, for instance.

There is no science which, having attained the positive stage, does not bear marks of having passed through the others.

The progress of the individual mind is not only an illustration but an indirect evidence of that of the general mind. The point of departure of the individual and of the race being the same, the phases of the mind of a man

correspond to the epochs of the mind of the race. Now each of us is aware, if he looks back upon his own history, that he was a theologian in his childhood, a metaphysician in his youth, and a natural philosopher in his manhood.

THE STUDY OF LAW SUBSTITUTED FOR THAT OF CAUSES

From the 'Positive Philosophy'

THE first characteristic of the Positive Philosophy is, that it regards all phenomena as subjected to invariable natural Laws. Our business is — seeing how vain is any research into what are called Causes, whether first or final — to pursue an accurate discovery of these Laws with a view to reducing them to the smallest possible number. By speculating upon causes we could solve no difficulty about origin and purpose. Our real business is to analyze accurately the circumstances of phenomena, and to connect them by their natural relations of succession and resemblance. The best illustration of this is in the case of the doctrine of Gravitation. We say that the general phenomena of the universe are explained by it, because it connects under one head the whole immense variety of astronomical facts; exhibiting the constant tendency of atoms towards each other in direct proportion to their masses, and in inverse proportion to the square of their distances; whilst the general fact itself is but a mere extension of one which is familiar to us, and which we therefore say that we know — the weight of bodies on the surface of the earth. As to what weight and attraction are, we have nothing to do with that, for it is not a matter of knowledge at all. Theologians and metaphysicians may imagine and refine about such questions; but Positive Philosophy rejects them. When any attempt has been made to explain them, it has ended only in saying that attraction is universal weight and that weight is terrestrial attraction: that is, that the two orders of phenomena are identical; which is the point from which the question set out.

Before ascertaining the stage which the Positive Philosophy has reached, we must bear in mind that the different kinds of our knowledge have passed through the three stages of progress at different rates, and have not therefore reached their goal at the same time. Any kind of knowledge reaches the positive stage early in proportion to its generality, simplicity, and independence of other departments. Astronomical science, which is above all made up of facts that are general, simple, and independent of other sciences, arrived first; then terrestrial physics; then chemistry, and at length physiology.

It is difficult to assign any precise date to this revolution in science. It may be said, like everything else, to have been always going on, and especially since the labors of Aristotle and the school of Alexandria; and then from the

introduction of natural science into the west of Europe by the Arabs. But if we must fix upon some marked period to serve as a rallying-point, it must be that about two centuries ago — when the human mind was astir under the precepts of Bacon, the conceptions of Descartes, and the discoveries of Galileo. Then it was that the spirit of the Positive Philosophy rose up, in opposition to that of the superstitious and scholastic systems which had hitherto obscured the true character of all science. Since that date, the progress of the Positive Philosophy and the decline of the other two have been so marked that no rational mind now doubts that the revolution is destined to go on to its completion — every branch of knowledge being, sooner or later, within the operation of Positive Philosophy.

SUBJECTION OF SELF-LOVE TO SOCIAL LOVE

From the 'Positive Polity'

IT is one of the first principles of Biology that organic life always preponderates over animal life. By this principle the sociologist explains the superior strength of the self-regarding instincts, since these are all connected more or less closely with the instinct of self-preservation. But although there is no evading the fact, Sociology shows that it is compatible with the existence of benevolent affections which Catholicism asserted were altogether alien to our nature, and entirely dependent on superhuman grace. The great problem, then, is to raise social feeling by artificial effort to the position which in the natural condition is held by selfish feeling. The solution is to be found in another biological principle; viz., that functions and organs are developed by constant exercise and atrophied by long inaction. Now the effect of the social state is, that while our sympathetic instincts are constantly stimulated, the selfish propensities are restricted; since if free play were given to them, human intercourse would very soon become impossible. Both of the tendencies naturally increase with the progress of humanity, and their increase is the best measure of the degree of perfection that we have attained. Their growth, however spontaneous, may be materially hastened by organized intervention both of individuals and of society; the object being to increase all favorable influences and to diminish unfavorable ones. This is the aim of the science of Morals. Like every other science, it is restricted within certain limits.

The first principle of Positive morality is the preponderance of social sympathy. Full and free expansion of the benevolent emotions is made the first condition of individual and social well-being, since these emotions are at once the sweetest to experience, and the only feelings which can find

expression simultaneously in all. This doctrine is as deep and pure as it is simple and true. It is essentially characteristic of a philosophy which by virtue of its attribute of reality subordinates all scientific conceptions to the social point of view, as the sole point from which they can be co-ordinated into a whole.

THE WORSHIP OF WOMAN

From the 'Positive Polity'

WOMAN'S function in society is determined by the constitution of her nature. As the spontaneous organ of feeling, on which the unity of human nature entirely depends, she constitutes the purest and most natural element of the moderating power; which while avowing its own subordination to the material forces of society, purposes to direct them to higher uses. First as mother, afterwards as wife, it is her office to conduct the moral education of Humanity.

Woman's mission is a striking illustration of the truth that happiness consists in doing the work for which we are naturally fitted. Their mission is always the same; it is summed up in one word—Love. It is the only work in which there can never be too many workers; it grows by co-ordination; it has nothing to fear from competition. Women are charged with the education of sympathy, the source of real human unity; and their highest happiness is reached when they have the full consciousness of their vocation and are free to follow it. It is the admirable feature of their social mission, that it invites them to cultivate qualities which are natural to them, to call into exercise emotions which all allow to be the most pleasurable. All that is required of them in a better organization of society is a better adaptation of their circumstance to their vocation, and improvements in their internal condition. They must be relieved from outdoor labor, and other means must be taken to secure due weight to their moral influence. Both objects are contemplated in the material, intellectual, and moral ameliorations which Positivism is destined to effect in the life of women. But besides the pleasure inherent in their vocation, Positivism offers a recompense for their services which Catholic Feudalism foreshadowed but could not realize. As men become more and more grateful for the blessing of the moral influence of women, they will give expression to this feeling in a systematic form. In a word, the new doctrine will institute the Worship of Woman, publicly and privately, in a far more perfect way than has ever been possible. It is the first permanent step towards the worship of Humanity; which is the central principle of Positivism viewed either as a philosophy or as a polity.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

TO Alexis de Tocqueville belongs the honor of the discovery of political America — a discovery all the more significant because the logical result of a close observation of national affairs in Europe, and of the main current directing them. Tocqueville was the first European politician of the nineteenth century to comprehend fully that the trend of modern civilization is in the direction of democracy; that democratic ideals, whether acceptable or not, must be taken into account, for a complete understanding of certain phenomena of European history not only in the last century, but in the last eight centuries. He was also the first to appreciate that the forces of democracy should be turned to the best advantage whatever the form of government; and the first to look to America as the one country where democracy, having had a logical and consistent growth, could be studied with the greatest edification.

To understand Tocqueville's intense interest in democratic institutions, it is necessary to consider his immediate ancestry, and the environment in which he was reared. His father was of the old and honorable family the Clérels, proprietors of Tocqueville on the coast of Normandy — a family linked more prominently with the magistracy than with the nobility. His mother was the granddaughter of Malesherbes, the learned magistrate who undertook the defense of Louis XVI before the Convention, and for his loyalty was subsequently put to death, together with many of his family. Madame de Tocqueville and her husband were imprisoned, but escaped the guillotine by the opportune death of Robespierre. On the Restoration in 1815, the elder Tocqueville, father of Alexis, reassumed the title of count. His famous son was born at Verneuil, Department of Seine-et-Oise, July 29, 1805, and was educated at the College of Metz; passing from there to Paris, where, after a course of legal studies, he was called to the bar in 1825. Louis XVIII had died in 1824, and the inadequate Charles X occupied the French throne.

After a tour in Italy and Sicily, where with characteristic interest he observed chiefly the political and social condition of the inhabitants, Tocqueville returned to France, entering upon magisterial duties as *juge auditeur* at Versailles. His wonderful sensitiveness to the currents of political life made him aware of the revolutionary forces continually at work under the surface of the monarchical government, and drew him to the consideration of the causes of these disturbances. In 1830 the Revolution of July brought Louis-Philippe to the throne. From the July government Tocqueville and his colleague, Gustave de Beaumont, accepted a commission to inquire into the working of the penitentiary system in America.

This visit to the United States was to be of momentous importance. To Tocqueville, alive to the full import of the political phenomena of his own

generation, and of that preceding, it was nothing less than a pilgrimage to the temple of the strange new god Democracy. He returned to publish in 1833 a treatise on the penitentiary system in the United States, and in 1835 his great work, 'Democracy in America.' The book is one of the most noteworthy of all books on political subjects, not only because it was the first European consideration and exposition of the principles of the United States government, but because it was the first comprehensive treatment of democracy itself, of the spirit underlying the letter. "Democracy is the picture, America the frame," Tocqueville wrote of the book. In the Introduction he says: — "I confess that in America I saw more than America: I sought there the image of democracy itself, with its inclinations, its character, its prejudices, and its passions, in order to learn what we have to fear or to hope from its progress."

It is this detachment from his subject that gives to Tocqueville's work much of its value. He has the disinterestedness of the ideal statesman, who notes the pulse of the times with extreme care only that he and others may know how to deal wisely with the body politic. Personally, Tocqueville might be an absolute monarchist for aught that the book betrays of his preferences. He merges himself in his curiosity concerning this powerful spirit of the age.

Aside from its value as a dispassionate inquiry into the merits of democracy, 'Democracy in America' is remarkable as a sharply drawn picture of political and social institutions in the United States, excluding nothing that could be a source of enlightenment. The first volume is taken up mainly with a consideration of government and organization, of American townships, of the State, of judicial power, of political jurisdiction, of the Federal Constitution, of political parties, of the liberty of the press, and of the government of the democracy; then follow some highly significant chapters on the advantages and disadvantages accruing from democratic government. These show a political subtlety which at times reaches the degree of prophecy. Especially is this true in the discussion of parties in the United States; in the recognition of the tyranny which may lurk in the power of the majority, and from which Tocqueville believes the greatest dangers to the State are to be feared. The second volume is concerned with the influence of democracy upon the intellect of the United States; upon the feelings of the Americans; upon manners; upon political society. Reading the entire work in the light of the subsequent years of national development, this generation can realize, as Tocqueville's contemporaries could not, how deeply he had penetrated to the essence of America's democracy, how few of his observations concerned what was merely superficial or transitory.

Yet this exhaustive study of democracy in the United States was by no means intended as a preliminary to the advocacy of its institutions for European governments, but to demonstrate that the democratic spirit may be linked with social and religious order. Tocqueville perceived that in France this spirit was well-nigh synonymous with anarchy; finding its home among the illiterate and the disordered, and so inducing in the minds of the con-

servative and law-abiding the belief that it could be productive of nothing but evil. This belief he wished to dispel. In concluding his great work he writes: —

"For myself, who now look back from this extreme limit of my task and discover from afar, but at once, the various objects which have attracted my more attentive investigation upon my way, I am full of apprehensions and hopes. I perceive mighty dangers which may be avoided or alleviated; and I cling with a firmer hold to the belief that for democratic nations to be virtuous and prosperous, they require but to will it. . . . The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal; but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness."

'Democracy in America' at once achieved a signal success: it was read throughout Europe, being translated into nearly all European languages. In 1836 Tocqueville received the Montyon prize bestowed each year by the French Institute upon the work of the greatest moral utility produced during the year. In 1837 he was made a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and in 1841 of the French Academy.

As a practical politician, Tocqueville was not entirely successful, although his influence in the legislature was always penetrative and lasting. He was of too exalted a character, of too lofty an idealism, to ride triumphantly upon the surface current of events. He was lacking in diplomacy and in calculation. His opposition to Guizot and to Louis Napoleon was founded strictly upon principle. Predicting the Revolution of 1848, he conformed to the new condition of affairs only so long as Louis Napoleon represented a moderate and reasonable Republicanism. In 1849 he was vice-president of the Assembly, and Minister of Foreign Affairs from June to October of the same year. The *coup d'état* of 1851, by which Louis Napoleon became Napoleon III, forced Tocqueville into private life, from which he did not again emerge.

In 1856 he published the first part of 'L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution,' a work which he was not destined to complete. His health, which had been impaired since his visit to America, began to fail, and in 1858 he was obliged to seek the south of France for the relief of pulmonary trouble. He died on April 16, 1859. His 'Memoirs and Correspondence' were published in the following year. In 1896 appeared an English translation of his 'Recollections' — of the period between the Revolution of 1848 and October 30, 1849. These 'Recollections' have a great personal as well as political interest; throwing light as they do upon a character of unusual charm and beauty, in whom devotion to an ideal was blended with a certain rare acquiescence in the march of events — a patience only possible to the seer. While the absolute element of unqualified admiration must be present always in estimates of Tocqueville, appreciation of his life and work increases with the increasing years, since that life and work were intimate with the future, rather than with his own time and place.

EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES

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NO free communities ever existed without morals; and as I observed in the former part of this work, morals are the work of woman. Consequently, whatever affects the condition of women, their habits and their opinions, has great political importance in my eyes.

Amongst almost all Protestant nations, young women are far more the mistresses of their own actions than they are in Catholic countries. This independence is still greater in Protestant countries like England, which have retained or acquired the right of self-government: freedom is then infused into the domestic circle by political habits and religious opinions. In the United States, the doctrines of Protestantism are combined with great political liberty and a most democratic state of society; and nowhere are young women surrendered so early or so completely to their own guidance.

Long before an American girl arrives at the marriageable age, her emancipation from paternal control begins: she has scarcely ceased to be a child when she already thinks for herself, speaks with freedom, and acts on her own impulse. The great scene of the world is constantly open to her view: far from seeking to conceal it from her, it is every day disclosed more completely; and she is taught to survey it with a firm and calm gaze. Thus the vices and dangers of society are early revealed to her; as she sees them clearly, she views them without illusion, and braves them without fear; for she is full of reliance on her own strength, and her confidence seems to be shared by all around her.

An American girl scarcely ever displays that virginal softness in the midst of young desires, or that innocent and ingenuous grace, which usually attend the European woman in the transition from girlhood to youth. It is rare that an American woman, at any age, displays childish timidity or ignorance. Like the young women of Europe, she seeks to please, but she knows precisely the cost of pleasing. If she does not abandon herself to evil, at least she knows that it exists; and she is remarkable rather for purity of manners than for chastity of mind.

I have been frequently surprised, and almost frightened, at the singular address and happy boldness with which young women in America contrive to manage their thoughts and their language, amidst all the difficulties of free conversation: a philosopher would have stumbled at every step along the narrow path which they trod without accident and without effort. It is easy indeed to perceive that even amidst the independence of early youth, an

American woman is always mistress of herself: she indulges in all permitted pleasures without yielding herself up to any of them; and her reason never allows the reins of self-guidance to drop, though it often seems to hold them loosely.

In France, where traditions of every age are still so strangely mingled in the opinions and tastes of the people, women commonly receive a reserved, retired, and almost conventual education, as they did in aristocratic times; and then they are suddenly abandoned, without a guide and without assistance, in the midst of all irregularities inseparable from democratic society.

The Americans are more consistent. They have found out that in a democracy the independence of individuals cannot fail to be very great, youth premature, tastes ill restrained, customs fleeting, public opinion often unsettled and powerless, paternal authority weak, and marital authority contested. Under these circumstances, believing that they had little chance of repressing in woman the most vehement passions of the human heart, they held that the surer way was to teach her the art of combating those passions for herself. As they could not prevent her virtue from being exposed to frequent danger, they determined that she should know how best to defend it; and more reliance was placed on the free vigor of her will than on safeguards which have been shaken or overthrown. Instead, then, of inculcating mistrust of herself, they constantly seek to enhance her confidence in her own strength of character. As it is neither possible nor desirable to keep a young woman in perpetual and complete ignorance, they hasten to give her a precocious knowledge on all subjects. Far from hiding the corruptions of the world from her, they prefer that she should see them at once, and train herself to shun them; and they hold it of more importance to protect her conduct than to be over-scrupulous of the innocence of her thoughts.

Although the Americans are a very religious people, they do not rely on religion alone to defend the virtue of woman: they seek to arm her reason also. In this respect they have followed the same method as in several others: they first make vigorous efforts to cause individual independence to control itself, and they do not call in the aid of religion until they have reached the utmost limits of human strength.

I am aware that an education of this kind is not without danger; I am sensible that it tends to invigorate the judgment at the expense of the imagination, and to make cold and virtuous women instead of affectionate wives and agreeable companions to man. Society may be more tranquil and better regulated, but domestic life has often fewer charms. These however are secondary evils, which may be braved for the sake of higher interests. At the stage at which we are now arrived, the choice is no longer left to us: a democratic education is indispensable to protect women from the dangers with which democratic institutions and manners surround them.

POLITICAL ASSOCIATION

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IT must be acknowledged that the unrestrained liberty of political association has not hitherto produced, in the United States, the fatal results which might perhaps be expected from it elsewhere. The right of association was imported from England, and it has always existed in America; the exercise of this privilege is now incorporated with the manners and customs of the people. At the present time, the liberty of association has become a necessary guaranty against the tyranny of the majority. In the United States, as soon as a party has become dominant, all public authority passes into its hands; its private supporters occupy all the offices, and have all the force of the administration at their disposal. As the most distinguished members of the opposite party cannot surmount the barrier which excludes them from power, they must establish themselves outside of it; and oppose the whole moral authority of the minority to the physical power which domineers over it. Thus a dangerous expedient is used to obviate a still more formidable danger.

The omnipotence of the majority appears to me to be so full of peril to the American republics, that the dangerous means used to bridle it seem to be more advantageous than prejudicial. And here I will express an opinion which may remind the reader of what I said when speaking of the freedom of townships. There are no countries in which associations are more needed to prevent the despotism of faction or the arbitrary power of a prince, than those which are democratically constituted. In aristocratic nations, the body of the nobles and the wealthy are in themselves natural associations, which check the abuses of power. In countries where such associations do not exist, if private individuals cannot create an artificial and temporary substitute for them, I can see no permanent protection against the most galling tyranny; and a great people may be oppressed with impunity by a small faction, or by a single individual.

The meeting of a great political convention (for there are conventions of all kinds), which may frequently become a necessary measure, is always a serious occurrence, even in America, and one which judicious patriots cannot regard without alarm. This was very perceptible in the convention of 1831, at which all the most distinguished members strove to moderate its language, and to restrain its objects within certain limits. It is probable that this convention exercised a great influence on the minds of the malcontents, and prepared them for the open revolt against the commercial laws of the Union which took place in 1832.

It cannot be denied that the unrestrained liberty of association for political

purposes is the privilege which a people is longest in learning how to exercise. If it does not throw the nation into anarchy, it perpetually augments the chances of that calamity. On one point, however, this perilous liberty offers a security against dangers of another kind: in countries where associations are free, secret associations are unknown. In America there are factions, but no conspiracies.

CAUSE OF LEGISLATIVE INSTABILITY IN AMERICA

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I HAVE already spoken of the natural defects of democratic institutions: each one of them increases in the same ratio as the power of the majority. To begin with the most evident of them all, the mutability of the laws is an evil inherent in a democratic government, because it is natural to democracies to raise new men to power. But this evil is more or less sensible in proportion to the authority and the means of action which the legislature possesses.

In America, the authority exercised by the legislatures is supreme; nothing prevents them from accomplishing their wishes with celerity and with irresistible power, and they are supplied with new representatives every year. That is to say, the circumstances which contribute most powerfully to democratic instability, and which admit of the free application of caprice to the most important objects, are here in full operation. Hence America is, at the present day, the country of all where laws last the shortest time. Almost all the American constitutions have been amended within thirty years: there is therefore not one American State which has not modified the principles of its legislation in that time. As for the laws themselves, a single glance at the archives of the different States of the Union suffices to convince one that in America the activity of the legislator never slackens. Not that the American democracy is naturally less stable than any other; but it is allowed to follow, in the formation of the laws, the natural instability of its desires.

The omnipotence of the majority, and the rapid as well as absolute manner in which its decisions are executed in the United States, not only render the law unstable, but exercise the same influence upon the execution of the law and the conduct of the administration. As the majority is the only power which it is important to court, all its projects are taken up with the greatest ardor; but no sooner is its attention distracted than all its ardor ceases: whilst in the free States of Europe, where the administration is at once independent and secure, the projects of the legislature continue to be executed, even when its attention is directed to other objects.

TYRANNY OF THE MAJORITY

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I HOLD it to be an impious and detestable maxim, that politically speaking the people have a right to do anything; and yet I have asserted that all authority originates in the will of the majority. Am I then in contradiction with myself?

A general law, which bears the name of justice, has been made and sanctioned, not only by a majority of this or that people, but by a majority of mankind. The rights of every people are therefore confined within the limits of what is just. A nation may be considered as a jury which is empowered to represent society at large, and to apply justice, which is its law. Ought such a jury, which represents society, to have more power than the society itself whose laws it executes?

When I refuse to obey an unjust law, I do not contest the right of the majority to command, but I simply appeal from the sovereignty of the people to the sovereignty of mankind. Some have not feared to assert that a people can never outstep the boundaries of justice and reason in those affairs which are peculiarly its own; and that consequently, full power may be given to the majority by which they are represented. But this is the language of a slave.

A majority taken collectively is only an individual, whose opinions, and frequently whose interests, are opposed to those of another individual, who is styled a minority. If it be admitted that a man possessing absolute power may misuse that power by wronging his adversaries, why should not a majority be liable to the same reproach? Men do not change their characters by uniting with each other; nor does their patience in the presence of obstacles increase with their strength. For my own part I cannot believe it: the power to do everything, which I should refuse to one of my equals, I will never grant to any number of them.

I do not think that for the sake of preserving liberty, it is possible to combine several principles in the same government so as really to oppose them to one another. The form of government which is usually termed *mixed* has always appeared to me a mere chimera. Accurately speaking, there is no such thing as a *mixed government,* in the same sense usually given to that word; because in all communities some one principle of action may be discovered which preponderates over the others. England in the last century — which has been especially cited as an example of this sort of government — was essentially an aristocratic State, although it comprised some great elements of democracy; for the laws and customs of the country were such that the

aristocracy could not but preponderate in the long run, and direct public affairs according to its own will. The error arose from seeing the interests of the nobles perpetually contending with those of the people, without considering the issue of the contest, which was really the important point. When a community actually has a mixed government — that is to say, when it is equally divided between adverse principles — it must either experience a revolution or fall into anarchy.

I am therefore of opinion that social power superior to all others must always be placed somewhere; but I think that liberty is endangered when this power finds no obstacle which can retard its course, and give it time to moderate its own vehemence.

Unlimited power is in itself a bad and dangerous thing. Human beings are not competent to exercise it with discretion. God alone can be omnipotent, because his wisdom and his justice are always equal to his power. There is no power on earth so worthy of honor in itself, or clothed with rights so sacred, that I would admit its uncontrolled and all-predominant authority. When I see that the right and the means of absolute command are conferred on any power whatever, be it called a people or a king, an aristocracy or a democracy, a monarchy or a republic, I say there is a germ of tyranny; and I seek to live elsewhere, under other laws.

In my opinion, the main evil of the present democratic institutions of the United States does not arise, as is often asserted in Europe, from their weakness, but from their irresistible strength. I am not so much alarmed at the excessive liberty which reigns in that country, as at the inadequate securities which one finds there against tyranny.

When an individual or a party is wronged in the United States, to whom can he apply for redress? If to public opinion, public opinion constitutes the majority; if to the legislature, it represents the majority, and implicitly obeys it; if to the executive power, it is appointed by the majority, and serves as a passive tool in its hands. The public force consists of the majority under arms; the jury is the majority invested with the right of hearing judicial cases; and in certain States, even the judges are elected by the majority. However iniquitous or absurd the measure of which you complain, you must submit to it as well as you can.

If, on the other hand, a legislative power could be so constituted as to represent the majority without necessarily being the slave of its passions, an executive so as to retain a proper share of authority, and a judiciary so as to remain independent of the other two powers, a government would be formed which would still be democratic, while incurring hardly any risk of tyranny.

I do not say that there is a frequent use of tyranny in America at the present day; but I maintain that there is no sure barrier against it, and that the causes which mitigate the government there are to be found in the circumstances and the manner of the country, more than in its laws.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER was born in Tarbes (Department of the Hautes-Pyrénées) in Southern France, August 31, 1811. Like all French boys, he was sent to the lycée [academy], where he promised to be a brilliant scholar; but his father was really his tutor, and to him Gautier attributed his instruction. Young Théophile showed marked preference for the so-called authors of the Decadence — Claudian, Martial, Petronius, and others; also for the old French writers, especially Villon and Rabelais, whom he says he knew by heart. This is significant, in view of the young man's strong tendencies, later on, towards the new romantic school. The artistic temperament was very strong in him; and while still carrying on his studies at college he entered the painter Rioult's studio. His introduction to Victor Hugo in 1830 may be considered the decisive point in Gautier's career: from that day he gave up painting and became a fanatical admirer of the romantic leader.

A short time afterwards, the first representation of 'Hernani' took place (February 25, 1830), an important date in the life of Gautier. It was on this occasion that he put on for the only time that famous red waistcoat, which, with his long black mane streaming down his back, so horrified the staid Parisian bourgeois. This red waistcoat turns out, after all, not to have been a waistcoat at all, but a doublet; nor was it red, but pink. No truer is the legend, according to Gautier, that on this memorable occasion, armed with his two formidable fists, he felled right and left the terrified bourgeois. He says that he was at this time rather delicate, and had not yet developed that prodigious strength which later on enabled him to strike a 520-pound blow on a Turk's-head. In appearance Gautier was a large corpulent man with a leonine countenance, swarthy complexion, long black hair falling over his shoulders, black beard, and brilliant black eyes; an Oriental in looks as well as in some of his tastes. He had a passion for cats. His house was overrun by them, and he seldom wrote without having one on his lap. The privations he underwent during the siege of Paris, doubly hard to a man of Gautier's Gargantuan appetite, no doubt hastened his death. He died on October 23, 1872, of hypertrophy of the heart.

Some critics think that if Gautier is remembered at all it will be solely as the author of 'Émaux et Camées' [Enamels and Cameos]. He wrote in his youth a book that did him great harm in the eyes of the public; but he has written something else besides 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' and both in prose and poetry we shall find a good deal to admire in him. One thing is certain:

he is a marvelous stylist. In his earliest poems Gautier already possesses that admirable artistic skill that prompts him to choose his words as a painter his colors, or a jeweler his gems and stones, so as to produce the most brilliant effects: these first compositions also have a grace, a charm, that we shall find lacking later on, for as he proceeds with his work he pays more and more attention to form and finish.

'Albertus, or Soul and Sin,' published in 1832, is a "semi-diabolic, semi-fashionable" legend; a work in which the poet has given free scope to his brilliant imagination, and showered by the handful the gems and jewels in his literary casket. It is however as the poet of 'Émaux et Camées,' which was published in 1852, that Théophile Gautier will be chiefly remembered. Every poem but one in this collection is written in short octosyllabic verse, and every one is what the title implies — a precious stone, a chiseled gem. Gautier's wonderful and admirable talent for grouping together certain words that produce on one's eye and mind the effect of a beautiful picture, his intense love of art, of the outline, the plastic, appear throughout this work. You realize on reading 'Émaux et Camées,' more perhaps than in any other work by Gautier, that this poet is fully conscious of his powers and knows just how to use them. Any poem may be selected at random, and will be found a work of art.

The same qualities that distinguish Gautier as a poet are to be found in his novels, narratives of travels, criticisms — in short, in everything he wrote; intense love for the beautiful — physically beautiful — wonderful talent for describing it. Of his novels, properly speaking, there are four that stand out prominently, each very different in its subject — a proof of Gautier's great versatility — all perfect in their execution. The first is 'Mademoiselle de Maupin' (1835); it is perhaps an immoral book, but it is a beautiful book, not only because written with a rare elegance of style, but also because it makes one love beauty.

Gautier's other remarkable novels are 'Le Capitaine Fracasse' [Captain Smash-All] (1861–63), 'Le Roman de la Momie' [The Romance of the Mummy] (1858), and 'Spirite' (1866). 'Captain Fracasse,' although not finally completed until 1863, had been announced long beforehand; and Gautier had worked at it, off and on, for twenty years. It belongs to that class of novel known as picaresque — romances of adventure and battle — and is certainly the most popular of Gautier's works.

'The Romance of the Mummy' is a remarkable book, in which science and fiction have been blended in the most artistic and clever manner; picturesque, like all of Gautier's writings, but the work of a savant as well as of a novelist. Here more than in any other tale by this author — with the exception perhaps of 'Arria Marcella' — Gautier has revived an entire civilization, long extinct. 'The Romance of the Mummy' abounds in graphic evocations. The description of the finding of the mummy, that of the royal

tombs, of Thebes with its hundred gates, the triumphal entrance of Pharaoh into that city, the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites, are all marvelous pictures, that not only fill the reader with the same admiration he would evince at the sight of a painting by one of the great masters, but give him the illusion of witnessing in the body the scenes so admirably described.

Gautier also wrote a number of *nouvelles* or short novels, and tales, and left fascinating accounts of travel in Spain, Italy, and the Orient. To many this is not the least interesting portion of Gautier's work. The same qualities that are so striking in his poems and novels — vividness of description, love of the picturesque, wonderful power of expression — are likewise apparent in his relations of travels.

As a literary and especially as an art critic, Gautier ranks high. Bringing to this branch of literature the same qualities that distinguish him in others, he created a descriptive and picturesque method of criticism of his own. Of his innumerable articles on art and literature, some have been collected under the names of 'Les Grotesques,' a series of essays on a number of poets of the end of the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries, ridiculed by Boileau, but in whom Gautier finds some wheat among the chaff.

The last book written by Gautier before his death was 'Tableaux de Siège' [Siege Pictures] (1871). The subjects are treated, as we might expect with such a writer, from a purely artistic point of view.

ROBERT SANDERSON

THE ENTRY OF PHARAOH INTO THEBES

From 'The Romance of the Mummy'

AT length their chariot reached the manœuvering-ground, an immense inclosure, carefully leveled, used for splendid military displays. Terraces, one above the other, which must have employed for years the thirty nations led away into slavery, formed a frame *en relief* for the gigantic parallelogram; sloping walls built of crude bricks lined these terraces; their tops were covered, several rows deep, by hundreds of thousands of Egyptians, whose white or brightly colored costumes blazed in the sun with that perpetually restless movement which characterizes a multitude, even when it appears motionless; behind this line of spectators the cars, chariots, and litters, with their drivers, grooms, and slaves, looked like the encampment of an emigrating nation, such was their immense number; for Thebes, the marvel of the ancient world, counted more inhabitants than did some kingdoms.

The fine, even sand of the vast arena, bordered with a million heads, gleamed like mica dust beneath the light, falling from a sky as blue as the

enamel on the statuettes of Osiris. On the south side of the field the terraces were broken, making way for a road which stretched towards Upper Ethiopia, the whole length of the Libyan chain. In the corresponding corner, the opening in the massive brick walls prolonged the roads to the Rhamses-Maïamoun palace. . . .

A frightful uproar, rumbling, deep, and mighty as that of an approaching sea, arose in the distance and drowned the thousand murmurs of the crowd, like the roar of the lion which hushes the barking of the jackals. Soon the noise of instruments of music could be distinguished amidst this terrestrial thunder, produced by the chariot wheels and the rhythmic pace of the foot-soldiers. A sort of reddish cloud, like that raised by the desert blasts, filled the sky in that direction, yet the wind had gone down; there was not a breath of air, and the smallest branches of the palm-trees hung motionless, as if they had been carved on a granite capital; not a hair moved on the women's moist foreheads, and the fluted streamers of their head-dresses hung loosely down their backs. This powdery fog was caused by the marching army, and hung over it like a fallow cloud.

The tumult increased; the whirlwinds of dust opened, and the first files of musicians entered the immense arena, to the great satisfaction of the multitude, who in spite of its respect for his Majesty were beginning to tire of waiting beneath a sun which would have melted any other skulls than those of the Egyptians.

The advance guard of musicians halted for several instants; colleges of priests, deputations of the principal inhabitants of Thebes, crossed the manœuvering-ground to meet the Pharaoh, and arranged themselves in a row in postures of the most profound respect, in such a manner as to give free passage to the procession.

The band, which alone was a small army, consisted of drums, tabors, trumpets, and sistra.

The first squad passed, blowing a deafening blast upon their short clarions of polished brass, which shone like gold. Each of these trumpeters carried a second horn under his arm, as if the instrument might grow weary sooner than the man. The costume of these men consisted of a short tunic, fastened by a sash with ends falling in front; a small band, in which were stuck two ostrich feathers hanging over on either side, bound their thick hair. These plumes, so worn, recalled to mind the antennæ of scarabæi, and gave the wearers an odd look of being insects.

The drummers, clothed in a simple gathered skirt, and naked to the waist, beat the onager-skin heads of their rounded drums with sycamore-wood drum-sticks, their instruments suspended by leathern shoulder-belts, and observed the time which a drum-major marked for them by repeatedly turning towards them and clapping his hands.

After the drummers came the sistrum-players, who shook their instruments

by a quick, abrupt motion, and made at measured intervals the metal links ring on the four bronze bars.

The tabor-players carried their oblong instruments crosswise, held up by a scarf passed around the neck, and struck the lightly stretched parchment with both hands.

Each company of musicians numbered at least two hundred men; but the hurricane of noise produced by trumpets, drums, tabors, and sistra, and which would have drawn blood from the ears inside a palace, was none too loud or too unbearable beneath the vast cupola of heaven, in the midst of this immense open space, amongst this buzzing crowd, at the head of this army which would baffle nomenclators, and which was now advancing with a roar as of great waters.

And was it too much to have eight hundred musicians preceding a Pharaoh who was the best loved of Ammon-Ra, represented by colossal statues of basalt and granite sixty cubits high, whose name was written in cartouches on imperishable monuments, and his history painted and sculptured on the walls of the hypostyle chambers, on the sides of pylons, in interminable *bas-reliefs,* in frescoes without end? Was it indeed too much for a king who could raise a hundred conquered races by the hair of their heads, and from his high throne corrected the nations with his whip; for a living sun burning their dazzled eyes; for a god, almost eternal?

After the musicians came the barbarian captives, strangely formed, with brutish faces, black skins, woolly hair, resembling apes as much as men, and dressed in the costume of their country, a short skirt above the hips, held by a single brace, embroidered in different colors.

An ingenious and whimsical cruelty had suggested the way in which the prisoners were chained. Some were bound with their elbows drawn behind their backs; others with their hands lifted above their heads, in a still more painful position; one had his wrists fastened in wooden cangs [instruments of torture, still used in China]; another was half strangled in a sort of pillory; or a chain of them were linked together by the same rope, each victim having a knot round his neck. It seemed as if those who had bound these unfortunates had found a pleasure in forcing them into unnatural positions; and they advanced before their conqueror with awkward and tottering gait, rolling their large eyes and contorted with pain.

Guards walked beside them, regulating their step by beating them with staves.

Tawny women, with long flowing hair, carrying their children in ragged strips of cloth bound about their foreheads, came behind them; bent, covered with shame, exhibiting their naked squalor and deformity: a wretched company, devoted to the most degrading uses.

Others, young and beautiful, with lighter skin, their arms encircled by broad ivory bracelets, their ears pulled down by large metal discs, were enveloped

in long tunics with wide sleeves, an embroidered hem around the neck, and falling in small flat folds to their ankles, upon which anklets rattled. Poor girls, torn from country, family, perhaps lovers, smiling through their tears! For the power of beauty is boundless; strangeness gives rise to caprice; and perhaps the royal favor awaited one of these barbarian captives in the depths of the gynæceum.

They were accompanied by soldiers who kept away the crowd.

The standard-bearers came next, lifting high the gilded staves of their flags, representing mystic *baris*, sacred hawks, heads of Hathor crowned with ostrich plumes, winged ibexes, inscriptions embellished with the King's name, crocodiles, and other religious or warlike emblems. Long white streamers, spotted with black, were tied to these standards, and floated gracefully with every motion. At sight of the standards announcing the appearance of Pharaoh, the deputations of priests and notables raised towards him their supplicating hands, or let them hang, palm outwards, against their knees. Some even prostrated themselves, with elbows pressed to their sides, their faces in the dust, in attitudes of absolute submission and profound adoration. The spectators waved their large palm-leaves in every direction.

A herald, or reader, holding in one hand a roll covered with hieroglyphics, came forward quite alone between the standard-bearers and the incense-bearers who preceded the King's litter.

He proclaimed in a loud voice, resounding as a brass trumpet, the victories of the Pharaoh; he recounted the results of the different battles, the number of captives and war chariots taken from the enemy, the amount of plunder, the measures of gold dust, and the elephants' tusks, the ostrich feathers, the masses of fragrant gum, the giraffes, lions, panthers, and other rare animals; he mentioned the names of the barbarian chiefs killed by the javelins or the arrows of his Majesty, Aroëris, the all-powerful, the loved of the gods.

At each announcement the people sent up an immense cry, and from the top of the slopes strewed the conqueror's path with long green palm-branches they held in their hands.

At last the Pharaoh appeared!

Priests, turning towards him at regular intervals, stretched out their *amschiras* to him, first throwing incense on the coals blazing in the little bronze cup, holding them by a handle formed like a scepter, with the head of some sacred animal at the other end; they walked backwards respectfully, while the fragrant blue smoke ascended to the nostrils of the triumpher, apparently as indifferent to these honors as a divinity of bronze or basalt.

Twelve *oëris*, or military chiefs, their heads covered by a light helmet surrounded by ostrich feathers, naked to the waist, their loins enveloped in a narrow skirt with stiff folds, their targes suspended from the front of their belts, supported a sort of huge shield, on which rested the Pharaoh's throne.

It was a chair, with arms and legs in the form of a lion, high-backed, with large full cushion, adorned on the sides with a kind of trellis-work of pink and blue flowers; the arms, legs, moldings of the seat were gilded, and the parts which were not flamed with bright colors.

On either side of the litter, four fan-bearers waved enormous semicircular fans, fixed to gilded staves; two priests held aloft a large richly decorated horn of plenty, from which fell bunches of enormous lotus blooms. The Pharaoh wore a miter-like helmet, cut out to make room for the ear, and brought down over the back of the neck to protect it. On the blue ground of the helmet scintillated a quantity of dots like the eyes of birds, made of three circles, black, white, and red; a scarlet and yellow border ran along the edge, and the symbolic viper, twisting its golden coils at the back, stood erect above the royal forehead; two long curled feathers, purple in color, floated over his shoulders, and completed his majestically elegant head-dress.

A wide gorget, with seven rows of enamels, precious stones, and golden beads, fell over the Pharaoh's chest and gleamed brightly in the sunlight. His upper garment was a sort of loose shirt, with pink and black squares; the ends, lengthening into narrow slips, were wound several times about his bust and bound it closely; the sleeves, cut short near the shoulder, and bordered with intersecting lines of gold, red, and blue, exposed his round, strong arms, the left furnished with a large metal wristband, meant to lessen the vibration of the string when he discharged an arrow from his triangular bow; and the right, ornamented by a bracelet in the form of a serpent in several coils, held a long gold scepter with a lotus bud at the end. The rest of his body was wrapped in drapery of the finest linen, minutely plaited, bound about the waist by a belt inlaid with small enamel and gold plates. Between the band and the belt his torso appeared, shining and polished like pink granite shaped by a cunning workman. Sandals with upturned toes, like skates, shod his long narrow feet, placed together like those of the gods on the temple walls.

His smooth beardless face, with large clearly cut features, which it seemed beyond any human power to disturb, and which the blood of common life did not color, with its death-like pallor, sealed lips, enormous eyes enlarged with black lines, the lids no more lowered than those of the sacred hawk, inspired by its very immobility a feeling of respectful fear. One might have thought that these fixed eyes were searching for eternity and the Infinite; they never seemed to rest on surrounding objects. The satiety of pleasures, the surfeit of wishes satisfied as soon as expressed, the isolation of a demi-god who has no equal among mortals, the disgust for perpetual adoration, and as it were the weariness of continual triumph, had forever frozen this face, implacably gentle and of granite serenity. Osiris judging the souls could not have had a more majestic and calm expression.

A large tame lion, lying by his side, stretched out its enormous paws like a sphinx on its pedestal, and blinked its yellow eyes.

A rope, attached to the litter, bound the war chariots of the vanquished chiefs to the Pharaoh. He dragged them behind him like animals in leash. These men, with fierce despairing faces, their elbows drawn together by a strap and forming an ungraceful angle, tottered awkwardly at every motion of the chariots, driven by Egyptians.

Next came the chariots of the young princes royal, drawn by thoroughbred horses, elegantly and nobly formed, with slender legs, sinewy hocks, their manes cut short like a brush, harnessed by twos, tossing their red-plumed heads, with metal-bossed headstalls and frontlets. A curved pole, upheld on their withers, covered with scarlet panels, two collars surmounted by balls of polished brass, bound together by a light yoke bent like a bow with upturned ends; a bellyband and breastband elaborately stitched and embroidered, and rich housings with red or blue stripes and fringed with tassels, completed this strong, graceful, and light harness.

The body of the chariot, painted red and white, ornamented with bronze plaques and half-spheres, something like the boss of the shields, was flanked with two large quivers placed diagonally opposite each other, one filled with arrows and the other with javelins. On the front of each, a carved, gilded lion, with set paws, and muzzle wrinkled into a frightful grin, seemed ready to spring with a roar upon the enemy.

The young princes had their hair bound with a narrow band, in which the royal viper was twisted; their only garment was a tunic gaudily embroidered at the neck and sleeves, and held in at the waist by a belt of black leather, clasped with a metal plate engraved with hieroglyphics. In this belt was a long dagger, with triangular brass blade, the handle channeled crosswise, terminated by a hawk's head.

In the chariot, by the side of each prince, stood the charioteer, who drove it in battle, and the groom, whose business it was to ward off with the shield the blows aimed at the combatant, while the latter discharged the arrows or threw the javelins which he took from the quivers on either side of the car.

In the wake of the princes followed the chariots, the Egyptian cavalry, twenty thousand in number, each drawn by two horses and holding three men. They advanced ten in a line, the axletrees perilously near together, but never coming in contact with each other, so great was the address of the drivers.

Several lighter chariots, used for skirmishing and reconnoitring, marched at the head and carried one warrior only, who in order to leave his hands free for fighting wound the reins around his body: by bending to the right or the left, or backwards, he guided or stopped his horses; and it was really wonderful to see the noble animals, apparently left to themselves, but governed by imperceptible movements, keep up an undisturbedly regular pace. . . .

The stamping of the horses, held in with difficulty, the thundering of the bronze-covered wheels, the metallic clash of weapons, gave to this line some-

thing formidable and imposing enough to raise terror in the most intrepid bosoms. The helmets, plumes, and breastplates dotted with red, green, and yellow, the gilded bows and brass swords, glittered and blazed terribly in the light of the sun, open in the sky, above the Libyan chain, like a great Osirian eye; and it was felt that the onslaught of such an army must sweep away the nations like a whirlwind which drives a light straw before it.

Beneath these innumerable wheels the earth resounded and trembled, as if it had been moved by some convulsion of nature.

To the chariots succeeded the battalions of infantry, marching in order, their shields on the left arm; in the right hand the lance, curved club, bow, sling or axe, according as they were armed; the heads of these soldiers were covered with helmets, adorned with two horsehair tails, their bodies girded with a crocodile-skin cuirass. With their impassable look, the perfect regularity of their movements, their reddish copper complexions, deepened by a recent expedition to the burning regions of Upper Ethiopia, their clothing powdered with the desert sand, they awoke admiration by their discipline and courage. With soldiers like these, Egypt could conquer the world. After them came the allied troops, recognizable from the outlandish form of their head-pieces, which looked like truncated miters, or were surmounted by crescents spitted on sharp points. Their wide-bladed swords and jagged axes must have produced wounds which could not be healed.

Slaves carried on their shoulders or on barrows the spoils enumerated by the herald, and wild-beast tamers dragged behind them leashed panthers, cheetahs, crouching down as if trying to hide themselves, ostriches fluttering their wings, giraffes which overtopped the crowd by the entire length of their necks, and even brown bears — taken, they said, in the Mountains of the Moon.

The procession was still passing, long after the King had entered his palace.

FROM 'THE MARSH'

IT is a pond, whose sleepy water
Lies stagnant, covered with a mantle
Of lily pads and rushes. . . .
Under the creeping duck-weed
The wild ducks dip
Their sapphire necks glazed with gold;
At dawn the teal is seen bathing,
And when twilight reigns,
It settles between two rushes and sleeps.

FROM 'THE DRAGON-FLY'

UPON the heather sprinkled
With morning dew;
Upon the wild-rose bush;
Upon the shady trees;
Upon the hedges
Growing along the path;

Upon the modest and dainty
Daisy,
That droops its dreamy brow;
Upon the rye, like a green billow
Unrolled
By the winged caprice of the wind,
The dragon-fly gently rocks.

Paul Laune

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